

MUSEUM

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE CHILD READING THE BIBLE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, to waylay.
* * * *
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death."
Wordsworth.

I saw him at his sport erewhile,
The bright exulting boy,
Like summer's lightning came the smile
Of his young spirit's joy;
A fish that wheresoe'er it broke,
To life undreamt-of beauty woke.

His fair locks waved in sunny play,
By a clear fountain's side,
Where jewel-colour'd pebbles lay
Beneath the shallow tide;
And pearly spray at times would meet
The glancing of his fairy feet.

He twined him wreaths of all spring-flowers,
Which drank that streamlet's dew;
He flung them o'er the wave in showers,
Till, gazing, scarce I knew
Which seem'd more pure, or bright, or wild,
The singing fount or laughing child.

To look on all that joy and bloom
Made Earth one festal scene,
Where the dull shadow of the tomb
Seem'd as it ne'er had been.
How could one image of decay
Seal o'er the dawn of such clear day?

I saw once more that aspect bright—
The boy's meek head was bow'd
In silence o'er the Book of Light,
And like a golden cloud,
The still cloud of a pictured sky—
His locks droop'd round it lovingly.

And if my heart had deem'd him fair,
When in the fountain glade,
A creature of the sky and air,
Almost on wings he play'd;
Oh! how much holier beauty now
Lit the young human Being's brow!

The Being born to toil, to die,
To break forth from the tomb,
Unto far nobler destiny
Than waits the sky-lark's plume!
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I saw him, in that thoughtful hour,
Win the first knowledge of his dower.

The soul, the awakening soul I saw,
My watching eye could trace
The shadows of its new-born awe,
Sweeping o'er that fair face;
As o'er a flower might pass the shade
By some dread angel's pinion made!

The soul, the Mother of deep fears,
Of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears,
Of sleepless inner sight;
Lovely, but solemn, it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.

The red-leaved tablets,* undefiled,
As yet, by evil thought—
Oh! little dream'd the brooding child,
Of what within me wrought,
While his young heart first burn'd and stirr'd,
And quiver'd to the Eternal Word.

And reverently my spirit caught
The reverence of his gaze;
A sight with dew of blessing fraught
To hallow after-days;
To make the proud heart meekly wise,
By the sweet faith in those calm eyes.

It seem'd as if a temple rose
Before me brightly there,
And in the depths of its repose
My soul o'erflow'd with prayer,
Feeling a solemn presence nigh—
The power of Infant Sanctity!

O Father! mould my heart once more,
By thy prevailing breath!
Teach me, oh! teach me to adore
Ev'n with that pure One's faith;
A faith, all made of love and light,
Child-like, and, therefore, full of might!

From the same.

A DOZEN YEARS HENCE.

"Let's drink and be merry,
Dance, sing, and rejoice,"
So runs the old carol,
"With music and voice."

* "All this, and more than this, is now engraved upon
the red-leaved tablets of my heart."—Haywood.

Had the Bard but survived
Till the year thirty-three,
Methinks he'd have met with
Less matter for glee;
To think what we were
In our days of good sense,
And think what we shall be
A dozen years hence.

O! once the wide Continent
Rang with our fame,
And nations grew still
At the sound of our name;
The pride of Old Ocean,
The home of the free,
The scourge of the despot,
By shore and by sea,
Of the fallen and the feeble
The stay and defence—
But where shall our fame be
A dozen years hence?

The peace and the plenty
That spread over all,
Blithe hearts and bright faces
In hamlet or hall;
Our yeomen so loyal
In greenwood or plain,
Our true-hearted burghers
We seek them in vain;
For Loyalty's now
In the pluperfect tense,
And freedom's the word
For a dozen years hence.

The Nobles of Britain,
Once foremost to wield
Her wisdom in council,
Her thunder in field,
Her Judges, where learning
With purity vied,
Her sound-headed Churchmen,
Time-honour'd and tried;
To the gift of the prophet
I make no pretence,
But where shall they all be
A dozen years hence?

Alas! for old Reverence,
Faded and flown;
Alas! for the Nobles,
The Church and the Throne,
When to Radical creeds,
Peer and Prince must conform,
And Catholics dictate
Our new Church Reform;
While the schoolmaster swears
'Tis a useless expense,
Which his class won't put up with
A dozen years hence.

Perhaps 'twere too much
To rejoice at the thought,
That its authors will share
In the ruin they wrought;
That the tempest which sweeps
All their betters away,
Will hardly spare Durham,
Or Russell, or Grey:

For my part I bear them
No malice prepose,
But I'll scarce break my heart for't,
A dozen years hence.

When Cobbett shall rule
Our finances alone,
And settle all debts
As he settled his own;
When Hume shall take charge
Of the National Church,
And leave his old tools,
Like the Greeks, in the lurch!
They may yet live to see
The new era commence,
With their own "Final Measure,"
A dozen years hence.

Already those excellent
Friends of the mob,
May taste the first fruits
Of their Jacobin Job;
Since each braying jackass
That handles a quill,
Now flings up his heels
At the poor dying Bill;
And comparing already
The kicks with the pence,
Let them think of the balance
A dozen years hence.

When prisons give place
To the swift guillotine,
And scaffolds are streaming
Where churches have been;
We too, or our children,
Believe me, will shake
Our heads—if we have them—
To find our mistake;
To find the great measure
Was all a pretence,
And be sadder and wiser
A dozen years hence.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FORREST-RACE ROMANCE.

(Extracted from Papers dated 1773.)

I PASSED my examination with some credit, and was appointed assistant-surgeon to my ship, then lying at Portsmouth. As she was expected, however, to sail every tide to join the fleet off Cherbourg,* I was not sent down at once, but received instructions to be on board the Gull tender, at Sheerness, in eight days. In the mean time, with my appointment, and twenty guineas in my pocket, a light heart and a tolerable figure, I went down into Surrey, to Bromley Forest, the seat of an excellent friend, from whom I had long had an invitation. I found the house full of visitants, chiefly young people about my own age, all making merry, and had little difficulty in being admitted of their crew. I never saw so many happy, fair

* This must have been in 1758.

and handsome faces together, as were there assembled for the next week—but by far the loveliest of the fair faces, was that of a young lady from the west, called Fane; and none, perhaps, was happier than my own, when beside her. She delighted in botany; and altho' I at that time knew little more of the science than would have enabled me to make a tolerable guess at the dried drug in a medicine-chest, yet the temptation was so great, that I could not resist the opportunity of becoming her more constant companion, by undertaking the office of her tutor. My inadequacy must have been soon betrayed; nevertheless, we continued to pursue our studies, with as regular attendance as ever on my part, and as implicit attention on hers, till mutually we arrived at the tacit understanding that, provided we looked at the flower together, it mattered little whether I assigned it a right or a wrong place in our rare classification. We soon exchanged the garden for the fields and green lanes; and often before the others had risen to their daily vocations of riding or sailing, we would contrive a ramble in search of some unknown species of an unheard of genius, to the romantic borders of Holmsdale, which lay within a half mile of Bromley, with the apology of the children for our guides, who rarely failed to find inducement enough in the rabbit-warren, or rookery, to leave us alone in our search through the glades and avenues of the old holm oak and the furze. It cannot be expected that, with these occasions constantly falling out, an ardent youth of nineteen, as I then was, should long conceal feelings so fostered by every appliance of time and circumstance; nor need it be wondered at, that before even the week had elapsed, I had avowed my passion, and had not been altogether unsuccessful in eliciting a confession of its return. My exultation on that evening must have been very apparent, for next morning, as I came down stairs, having lain much later than usual, my host Mr. Blundell met me, and took my arm, as he bade me good morning, then led me into the library, and, "Harry, my fine fellow," said he, in his good-natured way, "you must get the M.D. to your name, and make something handsome of your own, before you begin to run away with the hearts of our girls here in the country."

"Pon my soul, sir," stammered I, while I felt myself blushing to the eyes, "I—I—we were only pulling flowers, sir."

"Ah! my dear boy," he sighed and went on, "take care, that while you pull the flowers, you do not plant thorns for both hereafter." I had expected nothing short of thorns for my roses; but he surprised me a little when he proceeded: "Ellen is my ward: she is a good girl, and will be a rich girl; and you know very well I would not be acting as a guardian worthy such a trust, if I encouraged the addresses of one whose fortune is still to make, and whose attachments, Harry, have still to undergo the changes of the most fickle time in

his life. Come, tell me candidly, now, how far has this business gone?"

Here was a pretty reckoning to be ran up under a hedge. I was silent and sheepish for awhile; but told him honestly all about it, so soon as I could speak without choking on every second word.

"Surely," said he, when I had done, "you must have been aware of the great impropriety of trying to engage this young lady's affections without my sanction—I am her guardian, you know."

"I declare, my dear sir, I never knew that you were her guardian," I exclaimed; "I never knew she had any fortune to guard."

He smiled, and asked, "Were you ever in love before, Harry?"

"Never, sir, upon my honour—except once—but that was nothing."

"Nothing to this, I suppose," he replied—"and this, I dare say, will be nothing to the next. Tut, man! I was a young fellow once myself, and remember many a time when I would have given my eyes to have walked to church with one pretty girl, and my head, I suppose, if I could, to have walked home with another. I was just your age then—what age are you now, Harry?"

"Nineteen past, sir," (it was not a week since my birth-day.)

"Aye, aye, I was just about nineteen myself then—but no matter. You would see the propriety, my dear boy, of going up to London in the mean time, were it not that Ellen is obliged to leave us to-day; it is no arrangement of mine, I can assure you. If I thought it necessary to get either of you out of the other's way, I certainly would pack *you* off, and keep Ellen with me; but the fact is, I am only joint trustee in this business: her other guardians insist on having her away to the house of one of them, to whose nomination I have been over-persuaded to consent. He is needy, and the allowance may be an object; but I would rather pay the money out of my own pocket twice told, than let her go down among them. However it cannot be helped: she must leave us. Poor thing! with such a fortune and so many connexions—keeping myself out of the question, without whose sanction, thank Heaven, they cannot marry her, there never was a more friendless dependent."

"And has Miss Fane no brother, no father alive?" enquired I.

"Mother, sister, and brother, all the family, are dead," replied Mr. Blundell, "excepting her father, who I am sorry to say, is still alive to every thing but a proper sense of his own respectability and his child's happiness. His last instructions were dated London, but what he is doing there, or where, or how he lives, I cannot tell."

He had now forgotten my misdemeanours in his own confidential regrets, and I had forgotten my confusion in eagerness to know something more of one who, I felt, for all the care-

ful old gentleman's prudent veto, was not yet quite out of my reach; although the mention of her fortune, while it made the prize (why should I be ashamed to confess it?) much more seriously valuable, had inspired me with a fear of failure proportionate to the enhanced richness of success.

"What a pity, sir," I said, going cunningly to work, "that testators do not attend more to the interests of their legatees in the appointment of equally careful guardians, if they think one not enough."

"Ah, it was the doing of the law, not of her grandfather, else Fane would never have had the control of a penny of it; but had it not been for me, he would have had it all. I fought her battle stoutly though, and kept matters square enough till I was induced to consent to the admission of this other worthy, as a sort of balance wheel to keep our ill-sorted motions from bringing every thing to a stand."

"And pray, sir," I went on, elated with my success, "who may this vexatious umpire be?" I fairly overshot the mark.

"That's no affair of yours, Harry, just now. Go on with your profession, get half-a-dozen years over your head, and a decent independence at least in your pocket, and then I shall be very happy indeed to put the son of an old friend in the way of a good match; but never, Harry, never let your wife have to say that *she* made a man of you, while you have head and hands, and health, to make a man of *yourself!*"

"Dear sir, you are quite right; and believe me, I would never dream of acting otherwise—only—had I not better see about Miss Fane's *tortus siccus*, as you say she goes to-day?"

"I have saved you that trouble, Harry: she is gone before you were out of bed."

I am afraid I proved but dull company during the few hours of my stay at Bromley Force after this miserable disappointment. I took my leave that evening, and, to tell the truth, came up to London in a fuming passion, for I could get no satisfaction whatever, notwithstanding my numerous enquiries; I could not even ascertain the boarding school at which she had been in town. All I knew amounted to this, that I was in love, and likely to continue so; but with whom exactly, I could not tell, farther than that she was a lovely girl, an heiress, and the ward of my careful friend Mr. Blundell, in conjunction with her father—a character, I feared, not too respectable—and some one else of much the same stamp, with whom she now was about to be placed, not less against her own and Mr. Blundell's will than mine. But I had little time to indulge in regrets or speculation; I found the Gull with her mainsail set at moorings in the Medway, and hurrying on board forgot every thing for a while in the bustle of getting the little schooner under weigh. As we stretched out of the Nore, however, with a steady breeze and smooth water, in the summer evening, when the difficulties of crooked pilotage and frequent alterations in our course had

been exchanged for the quiet relaxation of fair wind and open sea-room; and when the boat had begun to take her work into her own hand, like a strong and willing labourer, laying herself to the water, and sending the crew from her sloped deck to lounge about the companion, and lean into the sunset over her high weather-rail, with folded arms and half-shut eyes; then, as I looked across the glittering expanse, where the level sun danced upon every wave between us and the hazy shore, I insensibly began to people the filmy and golden-grained air with my old familiar images again; and long after the failing radiance had spent itself in the eastern gloom, and long after the waters had ceased to roll in even the reflected splendour of the upper sky, I continued sowing their dim and restless floor with waving visions of green fields, and flowery plats, and airy coppices, till the bright enchantress of them all seemed to be won back to my side, and I wandered with her again through the long day of sunshine, forgetful alike of sea, and ship, and sorrow, and the fast falling shadows of night.

The chill breeze sent me below at last, and wearied with a day of unusual fatigue, I turned into my berth; but was long kept awake by an angry altercation between the commander and his mate, who were drinking together in the main cabin. What they disputed about I could not understand, but I heard enough to convince me that the command had been intrusted to a person of no very amiable temper; in fact I had hardly ever met a more disagreeable man than our petty captain, or one on whose countenance habitual violence and intoxication had contracted a more repulsive look.

In the morning we were off Dungeness, with a steady south-easterly breeze that gave us a favourable run to Portsmouth that evening. Here we joined three others on the same destination, and standing out again, made so much of it during the night, that, when I came on deck next morning, I found ourselves and consorts beating up with a light wind, abreast of Cherbourg, the coast about which was just beginning to be distinguishable. There had been a good deal of disputing the day previous on board the Gull; and the captain's tyrannical conduct had put every one on board in a state of angry excitement. For my own part, I avoided coming in contact with him, except at meals, when I could not help it, and then I had only to dread the want of social humanity which I never failed to meet; but it was far otherwise with the crew; he knocked them about with whatever came to hand without mercy, and openly kept up his mastery by exciting himself to a pitch of sufficient violence with quantities of brandy.

We could not yet distinguish any of the fleet; for the wind had come round to the south, and was still getting lighter; but at last we plainly heard the noise of a heavy cannonade. It was the first time in my life that I had heard a shot fired in anger; and as every deep explosion

came through the air, my heart beat faster and faster, and natural fear mingling with natural impatience, I stood engrossed in pleasingly fearful feelings, till I was roused by the voice of the mate, crying that there was a ship to windward. As our fleet lay between us and the shore, we had no fear of its proving an enemy, and farther than as an object of casual speculation, the sail attracted little notice, till at length, as we stood up channel, with the ship, which seemed a large merchantman, going full before the wind, that had now freshened, under a heavy press of sail, about a mile to windward on our bow, the mate gave it as his opinion that we ought to speak him, and learn how the fleet lay. Now, about a quarter of an hour before this, one of the men having grumbled at a cuff, the captain had taken me regularly to witness the mutiny; and going to his arms' chest, had stuck a pair of pistols in the breast of his jacket, with which he had paraded the deck for a few minutes, in tenfold truculence, and had then gone below again, where he now sat over his articles of war and brandy bottle. The cabin light was partly open to admit air; and he made his enquiries, and gave his orders, without coming on deck. "What colours does that fellow shew, sir?"

"He is canvass to the mast-head, sir, and I cannot see his flag; but I think I know the cut of his royals: he's a merchant victualler, if I don't mistake, belonging to the leeward division, standing across to Portsmouth—for stores, I suppose."

"I don't care what you suppose, sir—what is his name?"

"The Prince Frederick."

"Ah—eh!—old Manson's craft?"

"Yes, sir."

"What course do you lie, sir?"

"Hard upon the wind: if he hold on, we will cross his wake close astern."

"Well, do now as I desire you, sir. Let the boat away as many points as will run you under his bows—and hold on your course till I give you farther orders." Then, in an under growl to himself, "Ah, ha, he thought he had swamped me about that d—d business of his Son's and the Phoenix; but I'll shew the old sootermongering rogue that I can cross his bows, both on shore and at sea"—Here he raised his voice again—"and, hilloa, sir! order him, as soon as he comes within hail, to run under my stern, and round to leeward, till your commander questions him on his Majesty's service. And clear away that gun in the bows there, for, by—, if he does not put his helm up, I'll fire at him, as I would into a huxter's stall!"

We accordingly fell away to leeward, and the vessels rapidly neared each other. The stranger had studding-sails set from the very top-gallant royals to the chain-plates; and a more splendid sight my eyes never beheld than he presented, spooning down, swift and steady through the fresh, green, sparkling seas that sheeted off round either bow in a continuous

jet, glassy, unbroken, and in colour like the purest amethyst, till it foamed away down the broadside, in white boiling eddies of froth. We were now within hail: the mate took the trumpet, and shouted his orders as he had received them: there was no answer. The stranger still held on his course, right before the wind.

"He won't alter his course, sir," said the mate to the captain. "What is to be done?"

"Hold on, as I ordered you, sir; bring up under his lee; and if he don't slacken sail, fire your gun into him, and be d—d! Ah, is it luffing you are, you mutinous lubber! must I overhaul you?" And he laid hold of a handspike, and came up the companion, his eyes glaring, his teeth set, and a torrent of curses hissing through them, hot and horrible. He kicked the mate into the scuppers, and laid hold of the tiller, round which he lashed its lan-yard with a second turn, before he had given more than one look at the stranger; and while knotting the lashings, reiterated his orders with double vehemence about the gun. If ever the devil had possession of any man, he was in him then. It all occurred in less time than a minute; but so inexperienced at sea was I, that I apprehended a fight more than any thing else; altho', as the tiller was tied, I saw it was next to impossible for the vessels to escape running foul.

The seamen were all in consternation, crowding from the bows, and clamouring advice, entreaties, and denunciations, without the slightest effect, on their captain. He held a pistol in his hand, and swore he would shoot the first mutineer who should dare to interfere. But, at the second look he took at the tower of canvass now stooping down upon us, within half a stone's throw, he dropped the tiller, staggered back, and clapt both his hands over his eyes. When he withdrew them to grasp the taffarel, against which he had stumbled, one might have thought that he had been smearing his face with white paint, so deadly pale was he grown all on the sudden; but his eyes were fixed and glazed, his mouth wide open, his lips livid, and shaking like jelly, his hair on end, his limbs in a loose palsy, his knees going against and over one another. It was a moment of dreadful confusion. I was thrown down by the rushing about of the crew; and, as I looked up from among the trampling crowd, through whose feet I rolled like a log, I saw, all at once, between me and the blue sky, over our quarter, the jib-boom of the ship pushed through the serene air with a smooth and equable motion, but swift and irresistible in the whole wing of the wind. It caught us by the lifts of the mainsail, and we were gently pushed over for an almost imperceptible moment; then came a sharp crash, and the main topmast toppled down, tearing and smashing every thing in its descent, and making the started planks fly from stem to stern, as it drove right through the deck into the cabin. At the same moment the ship's jib-boom sprung high into the air, and from among her pile of sails that were now bellying out

almost overhead, there leaped down, like an eagle from his cloud, the whole broad-winged fore-top-gallant mast, royals and all, with a swoop upon our deck. All the men round the tiller were struck down; some with broken limbs, and all dreadfully bruised, but none was killed save their miserable commander; he was killed where he stood still paralyzed against the taffarel. I saw him struck by the jagged stump of the broken mast, as it fell; he dropped shrieking over the lower bulwark, and sank with his face downwards. I saw no more, for the bows of the ship here caught us astern with a crushing shock, that drove the schooner right under water, up to the main hatchway, and I was floated off in the sea. The first thing I can remember after that catastrophe, was the roaring as if of a thousand cataracts about my ears, and a consciousness that I was hauled through the water like a fish in a net. This was indeed the case; I had been entangled in the loose wreck of rigging that fell on board the Gull; and when the ship, after grazing her stern, drew these masts and sails after her, by the numerous ropes that still remained unbroken, I was carried along, and would certainly have perished, had not the lightness of the wreck, and the rapidity with which it was dragged, kept me on the surface; yet, even there I was never nearer any thing than suffocation, from the overwhelming tumult of the broken water which was now sheeting over my head and shoulders, and falling in foam upon my feet like the very jets round the ship's cutwater. I saw that I must perish if I did not get out of the rush; and having with infinite labour disentangled myself from the rope round my middle, by which I was held, made a desperate exertion, and succeeded in drawing myself forward, and climbing up the connecting rigging at the bows, till I got my head out of the spray. So soon as I was out of immediate peril I relaxed my exertions for a few minutes to take breath; and although I frequently cried for help I could not make myself heard, for my voice as well as my strength, was almost exhausted, and once or twice I was on the point of giving up the struggle, and dropping into my deep death-bed, through pure inability of longer hanging on. At last, finding my cries fruitless, and feeling that, without some extraordinary exertion, I must face the abhorred change without further preparation, I collected all the energies of my remaining strength, and with an effort that left me as weak as an infant, drew myself up by the sheer force of my arms, and grasped the fore-chains; then slowly clambered to the dead-eyes, gained the rail of the bulwark, doubled over it like a sack, and fell on deck insensible. When my senses began to collect, and before I had yet opened my eyes, I remember congratulating myself in my own mind on my escape, and dimly contrasting the oozy bed of the sea with the warm berth in which I either was, or was about to be placed. But it was cold—cold. I opened my eyes; I was lying in a dripping

coil like a bundle of wet sea-weed, the deck flooded all round with the water still running from my clothes and hair. I dried the blinding spray from my eyes, and raising myself upon my elbow, looked about. There was not a soul there but myself!

I swallowed a strange pang that arose from my heart, and looked out for something to make a noise with; there was nothing to be had—the decks were free from every thing but tar and tallow. I had never seen such dirty decks before, yet there was nothing loose lying about. I had not yet risen—I was afraid to rise—so I pulled off my shoe, and began to hammer on the deck with the heel of it; then to call and to whistle. There was no answer! I started up with another pang that made the water gush to my eyes, and ran astern without looking either to the right or left. I stretched myself half over the taffarel, and looked for the schooner. I saw her lying far away astern, a water-logged wreck, with the other tenders bearing up to her, and signals flying from all their masts. I tossed my arms and shouted, in the wild hope that I might still be taken on board some of them. Alas! I felt the unmanned ship speeding on her dark errand beyond the hope of being overtaken. All the frightful stories of the Flying Dutchman came back with unnatural vividness upon my memory. I remembered the unaccountable terror of the wretched captain of the Gull, his horrible fate, and the invisible agency by which it seemed accomplished. I thought myself in superhuman hands, and my heart sank, and my breath failed, and I swooned for fear, as I had already fallen senseless from fatigue. Let it be remembered that I was a very young man; although I feel that apology need hardly be made for a fear so dreadful, and in such circumstances, so natural, that not even at this day would the wealth of worlds induce me to spend another hour in the same ignorance of my situation that then afflicted me. I lifted my head from the deck with a bewildering recollection of all that had passed, but as my eye rested on the tall and shining sails overhead, I could not think that a faire so beautiful was made to bear any but a human crew. Be her navigators who they might, I knew that it was the same whether I faced them fore or aft; so I leaped up, and forced myself forward, that I might put an end to my horrible suspense at once. From few, if any, do I apprehend contempt on account of this avowal. The awe of preternatural agency is part of this life's natural religion; and sanctioned as it is in the revealed religion that has been vouchsafed to us, let no man scorn me for acknowledging its influence, while his own soul must tell him that he is a being existing he knows not how, among he knows not whom. I am not ashamed to confess, that I walked the deck of that deserted vessel in excessive fear; from companion and hatchway I expected every moment to see some inconceivable hor-

nor ascend; and although I held in my breath, and kept myself drawn up in rigid determination not to flinch from any thing that a Christian man should confront, yet, with all the preparation I could muster, I felt that the twirling of a straw upon that bare deck would have upset me. My senses, however, were not so totally overwhelmed in awe and wonder as to prevent my perceiving that there really was something unusual in the appearance of things on deck. There were four wide funnels, one under each of the main and fore shrouds—things I had never seen in any ship before. The ports were larger than usual, and had, which seemed very strange, their hinges below. The decks were smeared and slippery, as I have before observed, with tar and tallow. I looked up with a lightened heart to the yard-arms—there were the grapping-irons swinging from them one and all! I ran into the main-cabin without one hesitating pause—I was rushing desperately to be satisfied, and I was satisfied. The cabin was stripped of its furniture; troughs were laid along each side; they ran into the main-hold, and terminated in scuttle-ports at either quarter; they were stuffed with reeds in sheaves bound together with matches, and steeped in composition. It was evident—I was in a fire-ship; it accounted for every thing. I ran to the scuttle-port; there was the black track of the gunpowder, and the spot plainly marked where the match had been extinguished. The ship had missed taking fire, and stood out to sea. I ran out on deck—threw off my clothes to dry—got a remnant of a sail, and rubbed myself into life and warmth once more; then wrapping myself in a canvass cloak very fairly cut from the fore stay-sail, I lay down in the sunny scuppers, and without a single thought of navigating the vessel—it never entered my head, once I had got the horrible deceit of my fear removed—gave myself up to the enjoyment of my security and rest so heartily, that at last, like a weaned child, I dropped involuntarily asleep. I could not have slept more than an hour when I was awakened by the snapping of a royal studding-sail boom, for the breeze had been freshening ever since I came on board, and was now straining spars and canvass at a pitch that threatened to carry away every thing. The new dangers of my situation rose in fearful array before me, as I considered with myself the probable consequences. I was driving right on shore at a rate that must smash the vessel to pieces the moment she would take the ground; and how to shorten sail or lie to, I could not tell. Every thing was fast, and my single strength could not suffice to slacken away any thing of consequence. The vessel could never be put upon another course with all her yards braced square. There was little or no chance of my falling in with any sail in the Channel in such dangerous times. The wind was getting round to the east again, and I saw plainly that if it settled there, and

still carried me before it, I must drift to the Atlantic, and die of hunger, unless I could subsist on tallow and brimstone (since nothing more eatable had been left on board) till the final catastrophe of going on shore, that sooner or later must befall me. Even if I should fall in with a sail, how were they to know that I was in distress? and if they did, how was I to bring the ship to? or (unless it fell a dead calm) how was a boat to be sent on board me driving at such a rate? I went to the wheel to try what I could do; not much caring though I should lay her fairly on her beam-ends; for, if she should not founder outright, I thought even such a state would be better than the rapid ruin she was then threatening me with. I brought her up till I shook the wind out of her canvass. She reeled and staggered for a moment like a drunken being, then all at once her lighter sails were taken aback with a slap that beat away booms, and tore down yards and tackling with a succession of crashes, flappings, and snaps like gun-shots, which threw me into such confusion, that I let go the wheel, and ran for the cabin; in dread of having my brains beaten out by a falling spar, like the luckless captain of the *Gull*. I sat down in despair among the tubs of composition and piles of oakum steeped in turpentine, with which the place was crammed, and listened to the effects of my rashness still sounding overhead, and making themselves known even below by the mad plunges of the vessel, that pitched me at length into a corner, where I lay till she righted, and went off dead before the wind once more. The rigging when I came on deck presented a strange sight. All the great sails had filled again, but the lighter ones were flying in lumbering streamers from every yard-arm, like ribands from a tattered cap; while booms and blocks went swinging through the confusion, knocking against the standing spars, and adding at every stroke some new disaster to the ruinous uproar. I would have almost changed places with *Phœton*. I would as soon have laid my hand upon the fiery mane of a courser of the sun, with all the zodiac reeling underfoot, as have touched a spoke of that fatal wheel during the next hour. I went below again, and got between decks by the communication from the cabin, where I saw the arrangement of the combustibles, which put the nature of the vessel beyond all doubt. The troughs crossed each other between four barrels of composition, placed one under each of the above mentioned funnels. Chambers were loaded opposite all the ports, to blow them open and give the flame vent. Powdered resin and sulphur were scattered plentifully in all directions, and a mixture of combustibles like soft dry paste filled the bottoms of all the troughs, on top of which the reeds were tied with matches innumerable. The breeze now began to take off, and continued to lull away during all the afternoon, having settled at length at about

south-east, so that my fears of drifting past the Land's-end were now almost at rest. I dressed myself in my dried clothes, but dared not kindle a fire;—every spot was ready to start into a flame with the merest spark; even in the after-cabin the berths were stowed full of old turpentine and oil jars, and dusted with meal of resin. I walked the deck till evening, and with departing light of day distinguished St. Michael's Mount, rising in a grey and purple haze high into the ruddy horizon. The night fell chilly and thick, and I went into the cabin and tried to make up my mind for the worst. But I could not long bear to stay there, it was so lonely and dismal. There was a sort of company in the wind and the struggling sails on deck, but below, every thing was deadly, dark, and silent. So, chilly as it was, I wrapped my cloak of canvass once more about me, and sat down on the forecastle, shivering with cold and apprehension, and gazing till my eyes grew strained and dizzy into the monotonous gloom ahead. I could not see any star, but I think it must have been about one o'clock, when the heavy washing of the seas about our bows was broken by the distant murmur of breakers. Had I heard my death-bell tolling, it could not more surely have impressed me with the certainty of my immediate fate; and yet the very growling of that merciless band into whose strangling tumult I so soon expected to be cast, came upon my numbed senses with a rousing and invigorating influence; for, the dull uncertainty of my former state had been altogether stupefying. I rose and took my post once more by the wheel, determined to use my experience to the best advantage in counteracting or seconding the wind as I saw necessary, so far as its very limited command would go.

The tumult of broken water now became louder and louder, but instead of advancing on my ear as before, out of the darkness ahead, it growled away down the night on our starboard beam in an oblique direction, which I could not account for, till, looking over the stern, I saw, by the dim glimmer of the ship's wake that we were making more lee than head-way; that in fact, the ship was driving broadside on, in a powerful tide race along a reef of rocks, through some opening in which, or past which altogether, I did not despair of being yet carried by the current, as I heard no surf loud enough to tell of its running anywhere against them, except beyond one breach in their line, comparatively smooth. The coast was now distinguishable ahead, black, high, and precipitous. It advanced higher and higher up the sky, till it almost seemed to overhang our forecastle, and I now felt the ship swing round in the sweep of the current, and saw the breakers running white astern as we swept clear of them right through the reef. There rose presently a rustling sound about the bows; then a heavy grating all along the keel, a dull prolonged concussion, and the tide broke on her

as she stuck—fast in a sand-bank. It was pitch dark. The breakers were on all sides; but the ship lay in smooth water among them. It would have been madness to attempt swimming on shore; where, even if I should escape the violence of the current and surf, I must spend the long morning on the bleak hill, weighed down by wet clothes, and ignorant of my road. Under these considerations, particularly as there was no fear of the ship yielding to any sea likely to run there during the calm state of the weather, I determined to remain on deck till day; and now, considering my safety almost certain, I mingled my supplications with thanksgivings, and falling on my knees, blessed God with tears of gratitude and delight; then wrapping myself up once more behind the shelter of the bulwark, went to sleep. I started up from a dream of home, for I distinctly heard the stroke of oars alongside. I was on the point of calling out, when some one close under the quarter said, in a low but (to my morbidly sensitive ear) a clear whisper, "By — I believe they *have* deserted her! But look sharp, my lads, for you may find plenty of them still skulking behind the bulwarks." I heard this with an accompaniment of cocking fire-arms and unsheathing cutlasses; and with the horrifying suspicion that they were a gang of Cornwall wreckers, I crept in renewed and redoubled terror into the cabin. Just as I concealed myself behind the door, which opened on the quarter-deck from under a high poop, the boat's crew sprung on deck with lanterns and levelled weapons. Two tall and rather fine-looking men led the party, and so soon as they saw that there was no fighting for them on deck, drew their company together round the main-mast, and proceeded, to my inexpressible relief, to take possession of the ship in the name of his Majesty George the Third, by virtue of certain letters of marque and reprisal, empowering them, Adam and Hiram Forrest, of Forrest-Race, Esquires, to set upon by force of arms, subdue, and take all ships, vessels, goods, wares, munitions of war, &c. &c. of, or belonging to the French nation. Now was my time to discover myself, (and I confess I had a thought or two about my claim to a share of the prize-money.)—One step I made from my position, but the noise arrested me with its immediate consequence—half-a-dozen muskets levelled at the door. "Keep together, men! they are barricaded in the cabin!—go aft, Hiram, with four hands and break open the door, while I secure the forecastle and hatchways," cried the elder leader. His associates sprung towards my place of concealment at the head of four fellows, brandishing their naked cutlasses; and bursting open the door with a drive of his foot, rushed in—a pistol in one hand, a drawn sword in the other. I thought it most prudent to keep clear of the first rush of their irruption, and so had retreated quietly to the after-cabin, where I concealed myself in one of the berths close by

the stern port. They soon found the cabin equally deserted with the deck; and as they went stumbling about with their one lantern through the lumber of combustibles, filled it with exclamations of amazement.

"Why, here's no crew that I can see, but a regiment of paint-pots—that must have been a rat that we heard, sir," said one.

"D——n me, Tom, I say, what sort of a devil's drawing-room have we here?" muttered another, as he stood turning over a mop of oakum with his toe; "and what sort of a damnable smell is this?" snuffing at a box of composition.

"The devil's own smell—brimstone by—" cried a fourth, shaking a cloud of sulphur from his fingers; and one fellow running through the troughs pulled up a bundle of reeds and tossed them out on the floor, exclaiming, "Nothing but rushlights in these here lockers, Master Hiram—rushlights and mouldings of white biscuit, as I take it—light diet that, I may say, sir, for a ship's company." Just then some lumber getting loose, rolled out of an upper berth among them, and three or four smart cuts were made at it before they saw what it was. I had taken them as a hint to lie quiet a little longer, when their leader started suddenly, and after standing for a moment at the heel of the mizen-mast, gave a strong shudder, and ordered the men out of the cabin. "Off, off to the forecastle every man of you!—off, I say, and send Captain Forrest here." The men withdrew, muttering exclamations of amazement as he drove them out on deck, whence he presently returned, accompanied by the other. He locked and bolted the door after him, and led his companion up to the mast, then throwing the light full on it, asked, in a whisper that thrilled through me where I lay, "Do you know that?" "What?" "That splinter of steel buried in the wood." The elder Forrest, without one word of reply, snatched up the lantern and ran round the cabin, holding the light over his head, and gazing at every thing with a strong expression of astonishment; then stuck the lantern down upon a barrel-head, slapped his hands against his thighs, and exclaimed, "Hah!—Now may I be damned if it is not the old Phoenix come back again!—but, Hiram, I say, by heaven I cannot understand this—she is not the same boat, and yet she is—I thought I knew her deck, although it is strangely altered—but what is the matter with you?" for the younger mate stood pale and trembling, and here grasped him convulsively by the arm.

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wood below ! and if I go in *there*, (pointing to the after cabin without even raising his averted face,) if I go in *there*, I will see the others ! —Come on deck—I am sick."

"Stay where you are—you must not expose yourself to the men,—tut, tut!—What! after all we have seen together, to let a trick of your fancy get the better of your manhood in this disgraceful way!—Why," and he mused for a moment, "it is odd enough too, that she should come here without hands, and all to give us a second crop off her old timbers; but egad, I have it! I'll lay my life Tom has been overhauling her in the Channel, and has sent the old bird adrift, well knowing to whose door the Race would bring her!—Ah! poor Tom! many an ugly job he has brought me through; however, they say that *Gull thing* that I got him the command of, is a switching fast sailer, and if he has but a staunch crew, he may make a good thing of it yet—that is, if he can only keep from getting more than moderately drunk. But come along till we see what this after cabin has got for us. We have our letters of marque now, and need not be ashamed to show our faces under that authority to man or devil!—Come," and he dragged his reluctant associate almost close to the spot where I lay in another and still more dreadful relapse of horror. The young man leaned against a timber with his head sunk upon his breast, and shuddered violently.

"Adam," said he at length, "we have never thriven in any thing since the night we had that business in this abominable den of blood. You and I then were, or ought to have been, country gentlemen, and he was no more than a careless sailor at worst; but with all the money we got in Bordeaux for the fruits of our villainy, we are three miserable adventurers to-day, if the damning cargo she carries has not sunk the Gull already—Mother of God defend me! there is young Manson!" I can no more account for it now, than I could help it then, but the truth is, I had risen at this mention of the Gull in a sort of reckless frenzy, for I had no control over either my words or actions, and started out on the floor before them, a very ghastly and hideous spectacle; for I was pale and haggard with fear and desperation, and my face was bloody from a scratch I had got in the dark. The eyes of the repentant sinner fastened on me as I rose, and his terror was full as horribly depicted on his countenance, as that of his already punished associate had been on this; he fell flat on his face, and even the hardened ruffian at his side leaped back with a shout of horror as I rose before him with my hands held up, and a storm of denunciation that I could not control bursting from my lips. What I said I did not even then know, but it soon betrayed my mortal nature, and Forrest, with a blow of his fist, struck me back whence he had risen, then drew a pistol and came close up to me to make sure. I prayed for mercy now as wildly as I had before denounced vengeance,

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"Stay where you are—you must not expose yourself to the men,—tut, tut!—What! after all we have seen together, to let a trick of your fancy get the better of your manhood in this disgraceful way!—Why," and he mused for a moment, "it is odd enough too, that she should come here without hands, and all to give us a second crop off her old timbers; but egad, I have it! I'll lay my life Tom has been overhauling her in the Channel, and has sent the old bird adrift, well knowing to whose door the Race would bring her!—Ah! poor Tom! many an ugly job he has brought me through; however, they say that *Gull* thing that I got him the command of, is a switching fast sailer, and if he has but a staunch crew, he may make a good thing of it yet—that is, if he can only keep from getting more than moderately drunk. But come along till we see what this other cabin has got for us. We have our letters of marque now, and need not be ashamed to show our faces under that authority to man or devil!—Come," and he dragged his reluctant associate almost close to the spot where I lay in another and still more dreadful relapse of horror. The young man leaned against a timber with his head sunk upon his breast, and shuddered violently.

"Adam," said he at length, "we have never thriven in any thing since the night we had that business in this abominable den of blood. You and I then were, or ought to have been, country gentlemen, and he was no more than a careless sailor at worst; but with all the money we got in Bordeaux for the fruits of our villany, we are three miserable adventurers to-day, if the damning cargo she carries has not sunk the *Gull* already—Mother of God defend me! there is young Manson!" I can no more account for it now, than I could help it then, but the truth is, I had risen at this mention of the *Gull* in a sort of reckless frenzy, for I had no control over either my words or actions, and started out on the floor before them, a very ghastly and hideous spectacle; for I was pale and haggard with fear and desperation, and my face was bloody from a scratch I had got in the dark. The eyes of the repentant sinner fastened on me as I rose, and his terror was full as horribly depicted on his countenance, as that of his already punished associate had been on his; he fell flat on his face, and even the hardened ruffian at his side leaped back with a shout of horror as I rose before him with my hands held up, and a storm of denunciation that I could not control bursting from my lips. What I said I did not even then know, but it soon betrayed my mortal nature, and Forrest, with a blow of his fist, struck me back whence I had risen, then drew a pistol and came close up to me to make sure. I prayed for mercy now as wildly as I had before denounced vengeance,

and in the extremity of my terror shut my eyes and clung to the very boards. A flash first came through my closed eyelids, and then a rushing and flapping burst of flame, like interminable lightning. The pistol had burned priming, but even that had been enough to set fire to an open can of turpentine that was upset from a locker above by the thrust he had made after me with the weapon. The liquid starting into fire and smoke over the exploding gunpowder, flowed down in a waving river of flame, and spreading on the resined floors, and catching the loose combustibles all round, raised such a chaos of fire, smoke, hissing, sputtering, and suffocation, that I had only power to feel myself unwounded, and with my coat over my head, to pitch myself bodily against the port below me. I literally sank through a little pool of flame, but I burst open the port as I had expected, and found myself the next moment in the sea. It was now low water, and the stream that I had feared would sweep me among the breakers was totally subsided; but I could see nothing clearly for the first minute, only a dazzling and flashing of light through the spray, that swept over my head from the broken water on the rocks. The first thing I saw distinctly was a trail of flame writhing like a tail round the stern of the ship, as if the great black hulk had been lashing herself into the furious fit, that in another minute burst out from every vent and funnel in spouting and roaring jets of fire, that blazed up into the rigging as high as the lower masts, and pierced the night for miles round, with a splendour strong as the light of the sun at noonday. I got upon the nearest of the rocks, (by the fall of the water they now rose much nearer than they had before seemed to do,) and rising out of reach of the surf, contemplated a spectacle the grandest and most appalling I ever witnessed. The ship had run aground upon the landward side of a tongue of sand, that stretched (like half the string of a bent bow) partly across a curve of the coast, thus intercepting whatever the current from the opposite side might sweep into the bay; and there settling on a rapidly shelving bank, had fallen over as the water left her, till her masts and rigging lay almost across the narrow channel between. On shore an overhanging precipice rose right opposite, and close under her lee—so close that her rigging sloped up to within a stone's-throw of the jutted rock. Between the base of this rock and the water's edge, there was a stripe of green-sward, evidently artificial, forming a platform of perhaps thirty yards across, which widened away at one side into a lawn with haycocks and shrubbery, while there was a good deal of planting visible up the back of the ravine. An old-fashioned straggling house stood almost under the precipice, facing the platform on one side, and the lawn on the other. Its steep roof of grey slate, and slender chimneys, made a gaunt and spectral show in the ruddy glare,

contrasted with the black mass of rock behind, and the boiling flashes of the surf tossed up almost to its fantastic porch before. I looked at the ship—the fore-hatchway had torn up with a tremendous burst, and the massive planks and bars of wrought-iron were scattered on either side; but the black tarpaulin rose like a canopy over the body of flame that followed, and was dissipated into smoke and ashes, without ever coming down. And now, the breeze tossing that blaze about through the rigging in rolling and heavy volume, like a great tongue, it roared at every wallowing flap, and licked up square-sails, stay-sails, and studding-sails, as though they had been so much tinder, while the port-chambers successively exploding, thundered and flashed down either broadside, then vomited out their volume and flaming streamers of fire, that curled and climbed up into the conflagration till consumed amid the general flame. All the water out of the ship's shadow blazed to the blazing pile; but wherever her hull momentarily intercepted its light, the sea seemed to heave more heavily, and with a lurid glow like blood. The boat's crew had now pushed off from the quarter; I saw all on board save the two miserable beings I had left in the flames of the cabin; but the men had scarce pulled the boat's length from the vessel's side, when a figure leaped on the quarter rail from deck—he looked as if he had risen out of hell; for his head was singed bald, and his face and hands were all livid, swollen, and bloody, from the scorching. It was the elder Forrest. He was tossing his arms and howling. The men pulled back, the boat shot into the shadow of the ship, and in the sudden difference of light I lost them for an instant; but the great flame of the forecastle took a sweep to windward, and showed them again, close under the quarter. All their faces glowed like copper, as they turned them up to the crimsoned figure wavering above, for Forrest had now seized a rope, that dangled still unconsumed from the mizen-yard arm, and was swinging to and fro, as the scorching flame behind him swayed forward or collapsed; but their faces fell, and a cry of horror burst from them all as it gave way, and the wretch, after balancing a moment on his narrow footing, fell back into the fire;—there was a puff of smoke and ashes, a long heaving roll of the flame, a shriek that rung shrilly over every thing, and the seamen, silent and horrified, pushed off again, and made for the shore. And now the whole rigging was in a light flame, and the dance of sparks to leeward, where it eddied round the chimneys and gables of the old house, looked like a great spangled mantle shaken out in the sky. Beneath, smoke was curling in white eddies from every door and window, and the fate of the doomed dwelling seemed fixed, to burn first, while any thing remained in it that would burn, and then to be swept from its foundations by the final explosion; out of reach of which I had all the

time been painfully making my way, sometimes clambering over the rocks high and dry, and sometimes swimming. I gained the dry land at last, about three hundred yards astern of the vessel, and rounding the shoulder of a hill, lay down among the grass in the sudden pitchy darkness behind it, till my eyes had a little recovered from the effects of the excessive light, and I was able to see my way into the country. I was between two steep hills; that behind me was lurid in the dim reflection of the sky, but a ruddier haze than ever the sunset had thrown over it, glowed across the track of air above, and bore a crown of fire to the top of the higher hill opposite, on which every stock and stone showed like iron at a forging heat. Through this red region I had to pass to reach the inland; pursuing a horse-track that led over it, I gained the limits of darkness again, without once turning to look at the scene behind—I had beheld enough. Suddenly I heard the clang of hoofs in the valley beyond, and, turning, beheld a riderless horse toss up his mane like a fiery crest over the illuminated mountain, then plunge into the darkness between. I laid hold of the reins as he rushed past me, determined to use the opportunity of escape; and having checked him with some difficulty, threw myself into the saddle and gave him head. He bore me down the open hill like the wind; but when I got among the precipices below, through which the road was intricately carried, I was reluctantly obliged to draw up a little for fear of accidents. I was unwilling to do this, as well from the desire of making my escape to as great a distance as possible from the explosion, as from the conviction, growing every moment stronger, that I heard some one on horseback in pursuit. Now, I had no doubt that the animal I rode had thrown another rider immediately before being caught by me; and I thought it most probable, that whoever was now pursuing, had been in company with him when his horse had first run off. Ill as that it might, I had enough of Forrest-Race and its inhabitants, to make me determined, if I must be overtaken, to conceal myself by the road-side, and let my pursuer look after the runaway at his leisure. However, I tried to make the most of my chances in the mean time, and pushed on as rapidly as prudence would allow; but in ten minutes more, I found I had no prospect of escape; I heard the clatter of the horse, and once or twice the cries of the rider behind, and was just preparing to dismount, and looking back to try what I could see, when there shot up a column of fire, a hundred feet and more over the top of the highest mountain, and hill and valley, road, rock, and river, leaped out into insufferable splendour before me. Every object, for three or four seconds, was apparent in steady and intense light. I saw the perilous road down which I had come, and wondered how my horse had kept his footing at all; but my

wonder was considerably greater when, about half a furlong behind, I saw my pursuer, as plainly as I ever saw my own mother, to be a woman—dressed, at least, in a female habit, and light as Diana, while she sat her rearing and plunging hunter through the wild tumult of his terror. But, before I could take a second look, down stooped the night again in tenfold power of darkness, while there burst through the shaken sky such a concussion, as with its tremendous and stunning violence beat the poor animal I bestrode, and myself along with him, flat down upon the ground, among the rebounding echoes and black darkness. I escaped from the fall unhurt, and the horse stood still and trembling till I remounted, for I now was no longer desirous of escaping my pursuer. I was hardly in the saddle again, when I heard a sweet voice at my side—"Now, Heaven have mercy on us,—this is a fearful night!—How could you leave me in this way, George!—Ah? you could not help it, poor fellow—but did I not see you thrown after the grey ran off!—Why do you not answer, George—are you hurt?"

"In the name of God, Ellen Fane, what do you here!" I exclaimed, in a voice that I could hardly think my own. She screamed aloud, for it was indeed she, and checked her horse till he almost went on his haunches; I seized him by the bridle to keep him from backing over the precipice.

"Keep off—keep off," she cried. "Oh, have mercy on me, if you are a man or a Christian, for I am a helpless girl, and in danger of my life!—Oh, only help me to get to Truro, and I will pray for you—indeed I will—as long as this miserable existence lasts!"

I was agitated by contending emotions—innumerable—indescribable; but I made a struggle to compose myself, and implored her not to be alarmed. "And, oh, Ellen, Ellen," I cried, "do you not know me?"

"Henry!—Mr. Jervas!" she exclaimed, and would have fallen to the ground had I not drawn our horses together and supported her sinking frame upon my breast. There was not a sound in the air, that had so lately been torn with dreadful noises, except the low sobs of my companion, whose tears were flowing unrestrained upon my bosom, and the dreamy plashing of the river beside us, as it hastened to drown its murmurs in the moan of the sea, that came heavily at intervals on the wind like a lamentation. The wind that was now abroad was barely strong enough to lift a curl or two of the long and lovely tresses that lay clustering on my breast. All the light in the sky was insufficient to show more than the dim outline of the hills rising black around us against the paler gloom of the heavens. Every thing was steeped in profound tranquillity, but the uproar that this quiet had succeeded was less confounding a thousand times, than the tumultuous feelings which agitated my heart in the midst of that solemn and oppressive calm.

"Tell me, Ellen, tell me, is it possible that you can have been under the same roof with this villain Forrest?"

"Alas, poor wretch!" she exclaimed, "he was buried to death—he and his cousin Hiram."

"Murderous ruffians!—robbers, dogs, and pirates! what better fate did they merit?" I exclaimed, forgetting that she was ignorant of their piracy.

"Nay, indeed, Mr. Jervas, they were only doing their duty. You know that they would have been obliged to fight with the crew, had not the ship been deserted. Oh, although Mr. Forrest was a harsh and selfish man, and although I came here so much against my own wishes, yet believe me you wrong him with these horrid names; but tell me, I beseech you, how did you come here? Surely you cannot have come all the way from Bromley Force?—Pray tell me."

"Could I show you my dripping clothes, my bleeding hands, my scorched and smarting face," cried I, "you might then guess where I come from—from the midst of breakers and fire, out of the hands of pirates and assassins, who would fain have stained with my blood that fatal ship that they once before polluted with the massacre of her crew, but which God in his justice has guided over the seas to be a destruction for them and theirs. I came in the French fire-ship!"

This was indignantly, bitterly, and thoughtlessly spoken; and I was well rebuked by her placid reply. "Let us pray to be protected in our distress, for, alas! I fear you are distracted, and I scarcely know, myself, whether I am awake or not."

"I would give all I value in the world, except your good wishes, Ellen, that this were a dream; but it is too true—listen, now, (and I solemnly assure you there is no deception in what I say,) and I will tell you all;"—and so I related to her everything that had occurred from the time of our dancing the last rigadoon together in Bromley Force Hall, up to our present meeting among the Forrest-Race Hills.

"And now, Ellen, that these wretches themselves have been tossed out like burned cinders from the fire, and that their house has been blown stone from stone to the foundation, can you doubt that the hand of Providence has been put forth in their punishment, as plainly as in our reunion after so sudden a separation, and one which threatened to last for years, if not for life? and can you for a moment doubt that I have been brought here thus fearfully and strangely to be a protector to you now, and a cherisher and protector to you till death part us?"

"Oh, do not talk of happiness to me; I feel that I am doomed to be miserable and the cause of misery; the avenging hand lies heavy on us all. But let us hasten to Truro, and hurry up to Bromley, and get my dear guardian's advice, before"—she burst into renewed tears, and then exclaimed, "Alas, alas, ill-fated Mary

Forrest! you had little thought, when you went to sleep to-night, that you should be awakened by the light of your husband's death-fire!"

"The miserable woman!" I cried, "what has become of her?"

"She will soon be with her brothers, I trust, in safety; they took her and her baby in the boat to Falmouth, but I was sent off with George the gardener, on horseback, as you see for Truro. Poor George has suffered with the rest; his horse was frightened by the fire and threw him on the hill; let us go back and see if he is hurt."

I with difficulty dissuaded her from delaying us by such a fruitless search, and represented my own miserable condition.

"Oh, that the sky would clear," she cried, "and show us how to go! there is a cottage somewhere near us where you can get dried. You will perish if you remain in wet clothes any longer,—but can it be that you are all this time riding bareheaded?" and she drew up her horse, and pulling a handkerchief from her neck, tied it, yet warm from her bosom, round my cold temples and dank hair. Every touch of her fingers streamed a flood of warmth to my heart; my very brain derived new vigor from the comfortable cincture; and having kissed her gentle hands again and again, I commenced to explore the road with indefatigable perseverance. At length, after a tedious ride over a bleak and almost impracticable track, we saw the low roof of the cottage rise between us and the sky. A feeble light struggled for a moment over the common as we approached, and then disappeared. Having, with some searching, found a stake to which to tie the horses, we advanced to the door; it opened, and we entered the cabin's only apartment. In one corner, on a low truckle, lay an old man bedridden and doting. In the middle of the floor, a child of about eight years was lighting a candle at the embers of a wood-fire; she screamed as we stood before her, and flew to the bedside of the cripple, who mumbled and moaned at the disturbance, but did not seem to comprehend its cause. The little girl's large dark eyes bespoke terror and amazement till my companion addressed her, "My pretty Sally, do you not remember the lady who gave the gown to your mother, and the money?" The little thing then let go its hold of the old man's quilt, and shading the candle from the open window, dropped a timid curtsey, and said, "They are all gone down to see the burning at the Race, and they told me to keep the candle in the window till they would come back; but the draught blows it out, madam."

"Lend me the candle, my dear, and we will kindle a nice fire which the draught will only make burn the brighter, and *that* will do far better," said my companion, and began—beautiful being!—to pile up the wood, and clean the hearthstone, with as prompt and housewife-like an alertness, as though she had herself

been a daughter of the carefullest cottager. The blaze soon crackled up through the grey smoke, and while I stretched myself along the earthen floor, and basked in the pleasant glow, she bunned herself in the corner with the little girl—how, I could not imagine, till I heard a rustling of straw, and the bleat of a goat. I looked round, and beheld her kneeling on the ground, and milking the poor ragged animal, with hands that took from their pious and charitable employment a loveliness far purer than ever the flowers of the green lane at Bromley had shed over them. She bore the milk warm in a wooden bowl to my lips as I lay; and the child brought me bread. I ate and drank, and blessed them, and tears gushed from my eyes.

"And now, my pretty Sally," said my sweet friend, patting the dark head of the little maiden, "does not your mother plait straw hats?"

"Oh!" cried the child, lifting up her tiny hands, "there is a *beautiful* one in the chest for Simon Jones, madam; but he has gone to be a soldier, and has got a hat now that shines like glass, and has lovely feathers in it."

"Then give it to me for this gentleman, and I will give you all this money for your mother." I had my own purse in my pocket, but felt that it would gratify her not to interfere, and did not. So, after a great deal of coaxing, she at length prevailed on the child to open the sacred box, and take out the hat with reverential hands, into which she put a sum that made the poor little creature hold them up even higher than at the mention of the admirable Simon Jones. I being thus refitted and refreshed, we prepared to take the road again, the less reluctantly, as we had already consumed the last log of wood in the house. So, after raking the embers together for fear of accident, and kissing our little benefactress, we remounted, and turned our horses' heads along the road to Truro. Here we arrived before day, and having knocked up the people of an inn, got admitted with some difficulty. It was now my turn to take care of my companion, and I did my best to repay her kindness. I procured refreshments, saw to the horses, and bade her good-night, just as the morning dawn was breaking. I got two or three hours' sleep, and had my clothes thoroughly cleansed and dried before the coach arrived in which we were to proceed, when I placed the horses at livery in the name of Mr. Forrest's executors, and took my seat beside all that was now dearest to me in the world. We were two days and a night on the road, for the proprietor of the coach would not permit it to run on the Sabbath, and we therefore spent all the second day, which was Sunday, in the little village where we stopped on the previous night. We went to church together, and after service wandered about the environs. That was the most delightful morning I had ever spent. It

was then I persuaded her to promise that if Mr. Blundell and her father refused to sanction our union, she would never marry another. I had little thought when exacting an engagement so important, of the heavy responsibility we both undertook. I thought only that the possession of so much goodness and beauty—I will not do injustice to my enthusiasm *then*, though I might add "riches" to the list, did this refer to any other day—would make me the happiest of living men; and I urged and entreated till I made as sure of the divine prize as ever man did in Courtship's lottery, before the final certainty of marriage.

We arrived at Bromley Force on the evening of Monday. I need not try to describe how my worthy friend stared when he saw us walk in together, whom he had sent little more than a week before, as widely asunder as east and west could separate. Nevertheless, he met his ward with open arms.

"Ellen, my darling child, welcome back to me!—but what the devil do *you* mean, sir?" cried he, with a ludicrous comminglement of anger and goodwill upon his face, while he seized my hand with the grasp of a thief-catcher, and held me at arm's-length in the middle of the floor.

"I have the strangest story to tell you, sir," I began—

"Some trumpery excuse," cried he, "for thwarting my desires, and neglecting your own business, sir—Why have you not gone on board your vessel yet? Ah, I'll warrant, you would rather be running after heiresses than facing the French canon."

"Indeed, my dear sir, you wrong Mr. Jervas very much," interrupted my fair friend in good time, for I was on the point of making a most indignant reply; but she stopped short, blushing and confused at the betrayal of any interest towards one in whom she took so much, till I broke the awkward silence which succeeded, by requesting my host to grant me his private ear for a very few minutes.

"Very well, sir, very well; here is the same spot where you made all your fine promises to me not a week ago," (he had led me into the library;) "so sit down, and let me hear what you have to say for yourself in this very suspicious business." I surprised myself by the manliness and confidence with which I told my story, and avowed my determination never to forego a claim so sanctioned by Providence, and so fully recognized by the party most concerned.

"But trust me, sir, I have more pride than to act otherwise than you once so prudently advised me," said I; "I will return immediately to my profession, and you shall not again see me in the character of a suitor till I can come in one that will be worthy such an errand."

I stopped to hear what he would say to this; but he made no reply; indeed, he hardly seem-

ed to have heard the latter part of my story at all, for he looked utterly bewildered and confounded.

"Henry," at length, said he, after long rubbing his temples, and twice or thrice ejaculating, "God help us!" "you have brought yourself into a situation where you will have need for all the patience and resignation you possess—Sit down,"—for I had risen with a sudden apprehension of something dreadful. "Sit down, and bear this like the man you have shown yourself to be. You remember what I once told you of Ellen's father—that he was living in a manner disgraceful to us all in London. Well, Henry, keep your seat. I wrote the other day to enquire about him from a friend in the Admiralty. You are unwell, Harry; let me ring for something for you."

"For God's sake, sir," I gasped, "tell me the worst at once."

"It is bad enough, Harry, but here it is:—I was informed in answer, that Mr. Fane had obtained the command of the tender, Gull, and had just sailed for Cherbourg."

"By Heaven, it is not possible!—that wretch the father of *my* Ellen! Oh, sir, it is impossible! it is impossible," I reiterated; "what was his christened name?"

"Harry, Harry!" he exclaimed, "be calm, I beseech you, and do not drive me more distracted than I am already. Mr. Fane's name was Thomas—Tom Fane. You see, my dear boy, that this is all too true. Bear it like a man, or you will make children of us both; and rather try to aid me in considering how it is to be revealed to *her*, than make yourself unfit to join in alleviating her misery. I say nothing now, Henry, about your proposals—be that as you may think fit hereafter, for such a calamity as this must alter every thing; only this I conjure you to, let us not now desert the innocent girl in the time of her affliction."

But I could not bear up against the agony of my feelings, as I was at length forced to admit the horrible conviction. I was utterly unable to take a part in the solicitous cares of my friend. In vain did he persuade—chide—denounce—I wept, and groaned in the bitterest and deepest despair. After trying every means that prudence and humanity could suggest, he led me at last to my bed-room, where he left me, with the assurance that, in the meantime, nothing should be disclosed to Ellen, (in whose presence I had not been trusted again even long enough to bid good-night—nor had I desired it,) and promised, at parting, to make my apologies below, on the ground of sudden illness. I spent a night, if possible, more miserable than the evening. Not one minute's sleep, not one minute's respite from horrible thoughts—I tossed in bodily fever, and mental disorder still more insufferable, through all the long hours, (although but few in number,) till the grey dawn appeared around me. And now I am going to make a shameful confession. I rose with the first light, strong

enough to show the shape of things, and stole like a thief out of my window. I could no longer bear the thought of being married to a murderer's daughter, and had made up my mind to fly from Bromley Force. I dropped safely to the court, and ran across the lawn, impelled by shame, and selfishness, and pride, and turned my steps with a dastardly speed along the road towards London. I ran on till broad day-light, when, after ascending a steep hill, I threw myself behind a clump of furze by the road side, being utterly exhausted by my impetuous speed and contending passions. The bright freshness of the sunrise glittered over wide and rich lowlands beneath me. The breeze came up, heavy with meadow sweet; and new mown hay—a delicious bath for my hot forehead. The singing of birds was showered forth from every bush and blossoming hedge-row, and a milk-white heifer came lowing up a lane, and stood placid and ruminating in the warmth beside me. I could not help thinking of the Sunday, when I had sat with Ellen on just such a hill, and had overlooked just such a sweep of meadows and pastures—and could I think of that scene, and forget how I had then vowed to cherish and support her through good and evil report, and how she had promised that she would never marry man but me? Could I forget how she had bared her bosom to the bleak wind, that she might kiss my brows when I was perishing with cold? Could I forget how she had stooped to menial occupations in a hovel, to get me fire, and meat, and drink, when I was wet, and hungry, and athirst? And could I now be the false, the base and recreant villain, to leave her in her premature widowhood alone, exposed to all the calamity of sudden abhorrence and bereavement? It was beyond the obstinacy of pride to resist the influence of such reflections. I found myself looking round at the white chimneys of Bromley, where they rose among the trees behind me: I burst into tears like a child, and, with a revulsion of feelings as complete as when I had first felt myself longing to escape from her, I turned my steps back again towards Ellen's dwelling.

I had hardly descended the hill when I met the London coach—I would have given twenty fares for a seat on it half an hour before; and even now, when the driver checked his horses as he passed, and asked me, was I for London, I felt a renewal of the conflict almost as fierce as ever: but my better genius conquered. I continued on my way, and reached the house again before seven o'clock. I wished to get in unobserved, and appear at breakfast as if nothing had happened, but my host himself met me as I crossed the lawn. We exchanged a melancholy salute, and he turned with me, without even asking where I had been. We walked into the library together, and I took up a book, and turned away to avoid his eye, in which a tear was trembling as well as in my own. He sat down to read his letters, sighing

as if his heart would break while he opened one after another, till suddenly he caught me by the arm, and drew me close to him. I had been standing in his light; but it was not *that* that made him grasp me so closely. "Harry, Harry, thank God, with me!" he cried, in a voice tremulous with joy, "she is safe! she is safe!—our dear girl is safe from even a shadow of disgrace!—But why do I talk of disgrace?—here, read that letter, and thank God!"

This is a copy of the letter, which he here put into my hands:

"My dear Blundell,

"I have made a sad mistake about poor Fane. I was called on to visit him suddenly this morning, and found him in his last moments at a miserable lodging in the Barbican, where he expired to-day at four o'clock. Before his death, he told me the circumstances connected with the command of the *Gull*. It appears, that when the commission came, he was unable to move in its use from gout, and the effects of long dissipation, and that the Forrests of the Race being in town, prevailed on him, for a trifling sum, to give up the papers to a vagabond namesake of his own, (but no connection, as far as I can understand,) who had been an old associate of theirs in Cornwall. This fellow went down to Sheerness, and took the command unquestioned, in the hurry of preparation for sea, and, as I mentioned in my note of yesterday, has set sail for the fleet. By-the-by, there are dark reports in the Admiralty about the Forrests and the old *Phoenix*, (Manson, jun.) that was supposed to have gone down at sea two years ago. The story goes, that they and this fellow Fane, (against whom an order is already issued, on the elder Manson's application,) made away with the crew at the Race, into which she had driven at night, and getting the ship off by the next tide, sailed her to Bordeaux, where they sold her to the Messrs. Devereux, and fitted out their letter of marque with the money. Of course, this is in confidence. I have often warned poor Ellen's father of Adam Forrest, and told him how improper the situation was for her, (I know Forrest designed getting her for his cousin,) but he was in the fellow's debt, and therefore under his control; so that, although he disliked the thing as much as I, my representations had no effect. His death must be a relief to us all, yet I cannot but lament him—bold, generous, and honourable he always was even to the last; and, now that he is gone, let us say nothing of the one deforming vice. Believe me, most truly yours," &c. &c.

For five days I had been torn from my former self by a continued series of disaster and passionate suffering, and so constantly and rapidly had each astonishment succeeded the other, that I was become, I thought, in great measure callous to the most surprising change that could now possibly take place. But here

I was placed all at once, and that when least of all expected, on the same ground as when I had parted from Ellen on the night before our first separation; and all the intermediate ordeal of terror and despair was past, and from it I had come out a bolder, truer, and happier man. It may well be credited, then, that my thanks to the Providence, through whose inscrutable hands I had been thus kindly dealt with, were full and fervent; and it may well be supposed how Ellen wondered, with blushes and doubtful confusion, what the embrace, so sadly tender yet so ardent, might mean, when both her guardian and her lover welcomed her, to the dispersion of her threatened calamities, by the removal of her father from misery to rest. Natural sorrow took its course; and grief for the parent, wretched as he was, claimed its indulgence of time and solitude. I had not forgotten the advice of my excellent friend, about making a man (worthy such a wife) of myself by my own exertions; and receiving official directions to join the fleet, after I had made the necessary depositions, I left Ellen with her tears scarce dried, on the understanding that I should return, so soon as of age, and claim her for my own.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

PASSION—ITS HISTORY AND ITS TERMINATION.

It was evening, clear and frosty—I stood in one of the small deserted streets that intersect Mayfair, waiting for Julia. Yes! our attachment had now progressed to that point; we met—alone and in secret. From the hour Julia first consented to these interviews, Asmodeus left me; I have not seen him since.

"My gratitude stops here," said he. "It was my task to amuse, to interest you, but no more. I deal not with the passions—I can do nothing for you in this affair. You are in love, and in the hands of a stronger demon than myself. Adieu!—when the spell is broken we may meet again." With those words he vanished, and has, I suspect, engaged his services for the present to the Marquis of Hertford.

I was waiting then, in this lonely street, for the coming of Julia; I heard the clock strike eight, the appointed hour, but I saw not her dark mantle and graceful form emerging from the cross street which led her to our rendezvous. And who was Julia, and what? She was a relation of the gaming adventurer at whose house and with whose daughter I had first seen her—and she lived at somewhat a distant part of the town with a sister who was a widow and much older than herself. Occupied in the business of an extensive trade, and the cares of a growing family, this sister left Julia to the guidance of her own susceptible fancy and youthful inexperience—left her to

reflect—to imagine—to act as she would, and the consequence was that she fell in love. She was thoroughly guileless, and almost thoroughly ignorant. She could read, indeed, but only novels, and those not of the gravest; she could write—but in no fluent hand, and if her heart taught her the sentiment that supplies skill, her diffidence forbade her to express it. She was quiet, melancholy, yet quickly moved to mirth—sensitive, and yet pure. I afterwards discovered that pride was her prevailing characteristic, but at first it lay concealed. I already loved her even for her deficiencies, for they were not of nature but of education.

And who and what is her lover? Long as I have been relating these adventures, I have not yet communicated that secret. Writing about myself, I have not yet disclosed myself. I will now do so:—I am then an idle, wandering, unmarried man—rich, well-born, still young—who have read much, written somewhat, and lived for pleasure, action, and the hour—keeping thought for study, but excluding it from enterprise, and ready to plunge into any plan or any pursuit, so that it promised the excitement of something new. Such a life engenders more of remembrance than of hope; it flings our dreams back upon the past, instead of urging them to the future—it gives us excitement in retrospection, but satiety when we turn towards the years to come; the pleasure of youth is a costly draught, in which the pearl that should enrich our manhood is dissolved. And so much for Julia's lover; the best thing in his favour is that she loves him. The half hour has passed—will she come? How my heart beats!—the night is clear and bright, what can have delayed her? I hear feet—Ah, Julia, it is you indeed!

Julia took my arm, and pressed it silently; I drew aside her veil, and beneath the lamp, looked into her face; she was weeping.

"And what is the matter, dearest?"

"My sister has discovered your last letter to me; I dropped it, and—and—"

"Heavens! how could you be so imprudent—but I hope it is no matter—what does your sister say?"

"That—that I ought to see you no more."

"She is kind; but you will not obey her, my Julia?"

"I cannot help it."

"Why, surely you can come out when you like?"

"No; I have promised not. She has been a kind sister to me, sir, and—and she spoke so kindly now on this matter, that I could not help promising; and I cannot break my promise, though I may break my heart."

"Is there no way of compromising the matter?" said I, after a pause. "No way of seeing me? My Julia, you will not desert me now?"

"But what can I do?" said Julia, simply.

"My angel, surely the promise was not willingly given; it was extorted from you!"

"No, sir; I gave it with all my heart."

"I thank you."

"Pray, pray do not speak so coldly; you must, you must own it was very wrong in me ever to see you; and how could this end—God knows, but not to my good and my family's honour. I never thought much about it before, and went on, and on, till I got entangled, and did not dare look much back or much forward; but now you see, when my sister began to show me all the folly I have committed, I was frightened, and—and—in short, it is no use talking, I can meet you no more."

"But I shall at least see you at your relation's, the Miss ***?"

"No, sir; I have promised also not to go there, and not to go anywhere without my sister."

"Confound your sister," I muttered with a most conscientious heartiness; "you give me up then," said I, aloud, "without a sigh, and without a struggle?"

Julia wept on without answering; my heart softened to her, and my conscience smote myself. Was not the sister right? Had I not been selfishly reckless of consequences? Was it not now my duty to be generous? "And even if generous," answered Passion, "will Julia be happy? Have not matters already gone so far that her heart is implicated without recall? To leave her, is to leave her to be wretched." We walked quietly on, neither speaking. Never before had I felt how dearly I loved this innocent and charming girl; and loving her so dearly, a feeling for her began to preponderate over the angry and bitter mortification I had first experienced for myself. My mind was confused and bewildered—I knew not which course to pursue. We had gone on thus mute for several minutes, when at the corner of a street which led her homewards, Julia turned, and said in a faltering voice,—"Farewell, sir, God bless you—let us part here; I must go home now!" The street was utterly empty—the lamps few, and at long intervals, left the place where we stood in shade. I saw her countenance only imperfectly through the low long bonnet which, modestly, as it were, shrouded its tearful loveliness; I drew my arm round her, kissed her lips, and said, "Be it as you think best for yourself—go and be happy—think no more of me."

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"You are not angry with me—you will not hate me?"

"Julia, to the last hour of my life I shall adore you; that I do not reproach you—that I do not tamper with your determination, is the greatest proof of the real and deep love I bear to you; but go—go—or I shall not be so generous long."

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"If, sir, you will condescend to accept this—"

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In this account there was no clue to the apartment which belonged to Julia, and that it was now my main object to discover. I trusted,

however, greatly to the ingenuity and wit of my *confidant*, and a little to my own. It was a corner house—large, rambling, old-fashioned; one side of the house ran down a dark and narrow street, the other faced a broad and public thoroughfare. In walking to and fro the former street, I at length saw a sudden light in a window of the second floor, and Julia herself—yes, herself! appeared for one moment at the window. I recognized her gentle profile—her parted hair—and then she drew down the curtain; all was darkness and a blank. That, then, was her apartment; at least I had some right to conjecture so. How to gain it was still the question. Rope-ladders exist only in romances; besides, the policemen and the passengers. The maid-servant flashed across me—might she not, bought over to the minor indulgence, be purchased also to the greater one? I called my servant, and bade him attempt the task. After a little deliberation he rang at the bell—luck favoured me—the same servant as before answered the summons. I remained at a distance, shrouded in my cloak. At length the door closed—Louis joined me—the servant had consented to admit me two hours hence; I might then see Julia undetected. The girl, according to Louis, was more won over by compassion for Julia's distress, whom she imagined compelled by her sister to reject the addresses of a true lover, than even by the bribe. In two hours the sister would have retired to rest—the house would be still! Oh, heaven! what a variety of burning emotions worked upon me—and stifled remorse, nay, even fear. Lest we should attract observation, by lingering for so long a time about the spot, I retired from the place at present. I returned at the appointed hour. I was admitted—all was dark—the servant, who was a very young girl herself, conducted me up the narrow stairs. We came to Julia's door—a light broke through the chinks and under the threshold; and now, for the first time, I faltered, I trembled, the colour fled my cheeks, my knees knocked together. By a violent effort I conquered my emotion. What was to be done? If I entered without premeditation, Julia, in her sudden alarm, might rouse the house; if I sent in the servant to acknowledge I was there, she might yet refuse to see me—No! this one interview I would insist upon! This latter course was the best, the only one. I bade the young girl then prepare her young mistress for my presence. She entered and shut the door; I sat down at the threshold. Conceive all I felt as I sat there listening to the loud beating of my own heart! The girl did not come out—time passed—I heard Julia's voice within, and there seemed fear, agony, in its tone. I could wait no more. I opened her door gently, and stood before her. The fire burnt low and clear in the grate—one candle assisted its partial light; there was a visible air of purity—of maidenhood about the whole apartment, that struck an instant rever-

ence into my heart. Books in small shelves hung upon the wall; Julia's work lay upon a table near the fire; the bed stood at a little distance with its white simple drapery;—in all was that quiet and spotless neatness which is as a type of the inmate's mind. My eye took the whole scene at a glance. And Julia herself—reclined on chair—her head buried in her hands—sobbing violently—and the maid pale and terrified before her, having lost all presence of mind, all attempt to cheer her mistress, much less to persuade! I threw myself at Julia's feet, and attempted to seize her hand; she started up with a faint cry of terror.

"You!" she said, with keen reproach. "I did not expect this from you! Go—go! What would you have? What could you think of me—at this hour—in this room?" and as she said the last words, she again hid her face with her hands, but only for a moment. "Go!" she exclaimed, in a sterner voice. "Go instantly, or—"

"Or what, Julia! You will raise the house!—Do so! In the face of all—foes or friends—I will demand the right to see and speak with you—this night, and alone. Now, summon the house. In the name of indomitable Love I swear that I will be heard."

Julia only waived her hand in yet stronger agitation than before.

"What do you fear?" I resumed, in a softer whisper. "Is it I—I who, for your sake, gave up even the attempt to see you till now. And now, what brings me hither? A selfish purpose? No! it is for *your* happiness that I come. Julia, I fancied you well—at ease—forgetting me; and I bore my own wretchedness without a murmur. I heard of you ill, pining—living only on the past; I forgot all prudence, and I am here. Now do you blame, or do you yet imagine that this love is of a nature which you have cause to fear? Answer me, Julia!"

"I cannot—I cannot—here!—and now!—go, I implore you, and to-morrow I will see you."

"This night, or never," said I, rising and folding my arms.

Julia turned round, gazing on my face with so anxious, so inquiring, so alarmed a look, that it checked my growing courage; then turning to the servant, she grasped her firmly by the arm, and muttered, "You will not leave me!"

"Julia, have I deserved this? Be yourself, and be just to me."

"Not here, I say; not here," cried Julia, in so vehement a tone, that I feared it might alarm the house.

"Hush, hush! Well, then," said I, "come down stairs; doubtless the sitting-room below is vacant enough; there, then, let me see you only for a few minutes, and I will leave you contented, and blessing your name."

"I will," said Julia, gaspingly. "Go, I will follow you."

"Promise?"

"Yes, yes; I promise!"

"Enough; I am satisfied."

Once more I descended the stairs, and sat myself quietly on the last step. I did not wait many moments. Shading the light with her hand, Julia stole down, opened a door in the passage. We were in a little parlour;—the gaping servant was about also to enter;—I whispered her to stay without. Julia did not seem to observe or to heed this. Perhaps in this apartment—connected with all the associations of day-light and safety—she felt herself secure. She appeared, too, to look round the little room with a satisfied air, and her face, though very pale, had lost its aspect of fear.

The room was cold, and looked desolate enough, God knows;—the furniture all disarranged and scattered, the tables strewed with litter, the rug turned up, and the ashes in the grate. But Julia here suffered me to take her hand,—and Julia here leant upon my bosom, and I kissed away the tears from her eyes, and she confessed she had been very, very unhappy.

Then with all the power that love gives us over the one beloved—that soft despotism which melts away the will—I urged my suit to Julia, and implored her to let us become the world to each other. And Julia had yet the virtue to refuse; and her frank simplicity had already half restored my own better angel to myself, when I heard a slight alarmed scream from the servant without—an angry voice—the door opened;—I saw a female whom I was at no loss to conjecture must be Julia's sister. What a picture it made! The good lady with her *bonnet de duit*, and her—but, alas! the story is too serious for jest; yet imagine how the small things of life interfere with its great events: the widow had come down to look for her keys that she had left behind. The pathetic—the passionate—all marred by a bunch of keys! She looked hard at me before she even deigned to regard my companion; and then, approaching us, she took Julia roughly enough by the arm.

"Go up stairs; go!" she said. "How have you deceived me! And you, sir; what do you here! Who are you?"

"My dear lady, take a chair, and let us have some rational conversation."

"Sir, do you mean to insult me?"

"How can you imagine I do?"

"Leave the house this instant, or I shall order in the policeman!"

"Not you!"

"How!—Will I not?"

Julia, glad of an escape, had already glided from the room.

"Madam," said I, "listen to me. I will not leave this apartment until I have exonerated your sister from all blame in this interview. I entered the house unknown to her. I went at once to her own room—you start: it was so; I speak the truth. I insisted on speaking to

her, as I insist on speaking to you now; and, if you will not hear me, know the result: it is this—I will visit this house, guard it as you can:—day and night I will visit it, until it hold Julia no more,—until she is mine! Is this the language of a man whom you can control? Come, be seated, and hear me."

The mistress of the house mechanically took a chair. We conversed together for more than an hour. And I found that Julia had been courted the year before by a man in excellent circumstances, of her own age, and her own station in life: that she had once appeared disposed to favour his suit, and that, since she had known me she had rejected it. The sister was very anxious she should now accept it. She appealed to me whether I should persevere in a suit that could not end honourably to Julia—to the exclusion of one that would secure to her affluence, respectability—a station, and a home. I was struck by this appeal. The widow was, like most of her class, a shrewd and worldly woman enough: she followed up the advantage she had gained; and at length, emboldened by my silence, and depending greatly on my evident passion for Julia, she threw out a pretty broad hint that the only way to finish the dispute fairly was to marry Julia myself. Now, if there be any propensity common to a sensible man of the world, it is suspicion. I immediately suspected that I was to be "*taken in!*" Could Julia connive at this? Had her reserve so great, yet her love so acknowledged, been lures to fascinate me into the snare? I did not yield to the suspicion, but, somehow or other, it remained half unconsciously on my mind. So great was my love for Julia that, had it been less *suddenly* formed, I might have sacrificed all, and married her; but in sudden passions there is *no esteem*. You are ashamed, you are afraid of indulging them to their full extent;—you feel that as yet you are the dupe, if not of others, at least of your own senses, and the very knowledge of the excess of your passion puts you on your guard lest you should be betrayed by it. I said nothing in answer to the widow's suggestion, but I suffered her to suppose from my manner that it *might* have its effect. I left the house, after an amicable compromise. On my part I engaged not to address Julia herself any more. On the widow's part she promised that, on applying to her, she would suffer me at any time to see Julia, even alone.

For the next two days I held a sharp contest with myself. Could I, with love still burning in every vein, consent to renounce Julia? Yet could I consent to deprive her of the holy and respected station she had it in her power to hold, to pursue my suit, to accomplish its purpose in her degradation? A third choice was left me: should I obey the sister's hint, and proffer marriage?—Marriage with one beautiful, indeed, simple, amiable, but without birth, education; without sympathy with myself in a single thought or habit?—be the fool of my

own desire, and purchase what I had the sense to feel must be a discontented and ill-mated life, for the mere worship of external qualities? Yet, yet,—in a word, I felt as if I could arrive at no decision for myself. I remembered an old friend and adviser of my youth,—to him, then, I resolved to apply for counsel.

John Mannering is about sixty years of age; he is of a mild temper, of great experience, of kindly manners, and of a morality which professes to be practicable rather than strict. He had guided me from many errors in the earlier part of my life, but he had impressed no clear principle on my mind in order to guide myself. His own virtue was without system, the result of a good heart, though not an ardent one; and a mind which did not aspire beyond a certain elevation,—not from the want of a clear sense, but of enthusiasm. Such as he was, he was the best adviser I knew of; for he was among the few who can sympathise with your feelings as well as your interests. With him I conversed long and freely. His advice was obvious—to renounce Julia. I went home; I reasoned with myself; I sat down and began twenty letters; I tore them all in a rage. I could not help picturing to my mind Julia pining and in despair; and, in affecting to myself to feel only for her, I compassionated my own situation. At length love prevailed over all. I resolved to call on the widow, to request permission to be allowed to visit Julia at her house, and, without promising marriage, still to pay her honourable courtship, with a view of ascertaining if our tempers and dispositions were as congenial as our hearts. I fancied such a proposition seemed exceedingly reasonable and *common-sense-like*. I shut my eyes to the consequences, and, knowing how malleable is the nature of women in youth, I pleased myself with that notion which has deceived so many visionaries, that I should be able to perfect her education, and that, after a few years travel on the Continent, I might feel as proud of her mind as I was now transported with her person. Meanwhile, how tempting was the compromise with my feelings! I should see her!—converse with her!—live in the atmosphere of her presence!

The next day I called on the sister, whose dark, shrewd eye sparkled at my proposition. All was arranged! I saw Julia! What delight beamed in her face! With what smiles and tears she threw herself in my arms! I was satisfied and happy!

And now I called every day, and every day saw Julia: but after the first interview, the charm was broken! I saw with new eyes! The sister, commercial to the back-bone of her soul, was delighted, indeed, at the thought of the step in life her sister was to make. Julia was evidently impressed by the widow's joy, and visions of splendour evidently mingled with those of love. What more natural? Love, perhaps, predominated over all; but was it

possible that, in a young and imaginative mind, the worldly vanities should be wholly dormant? Yet it was natural, also, that my suspicion should be roused,—that I should fear I was deceived,—that I might have been designedly led on to this step,—that what had seemed nature in Julia was in reality art!

I looked in her face, and its sunny and beautiful candour reassured me—but the moment afterwards the thought forced itself upon me again—I recalled also the instances I had ever known of unequal marriages, and I fancied I saw unhappiness in all—it seemed to me, in all, that the superior had been palpably duped. Thus a coldness insensibly crept over the wounded ardour of my manner, and instead of that blessed thoughtlessness, that Elysian credulity, with which lovers should give themselves up to the transport of the hour, and imagine that each is the centre of all perfection, I became restless and vigilant—for ever sifting motives, and diving deeper than the sweet surface of the present time. My mind thus influenced—the delusion that conceals all faults and ungenerosities gradually evaporated—I noted a thousand things in Julia that made me start at the notion of seeing her become my wife. So long as marriage had not entered into my views—so long those faults had not touched me—had passed unheeded;—I saw her now with other eyes. When I sought in her love and beauty alone, I was contented to ask no more. At present I sought more; she was to become the companion of a life, and I was alarmed—nay, I even exaggerated the petty causes of my displeasure; an inelegance of expression—a negligence of conventional forms—fretted and irritated me in her far more than they would have done in one of my own station. When love first becomes reasonable, it soon afterwards grows unjust. I did not scruple to communicate to Julia all the little occurrences of the day, or little points in her manner, that had annoyed me;—and I found that she did not take my suggestions, mild and guarded as they were, in a manner I thought I had a right to expect. She had been accustomed to see me enamoured of her lightest word or gesture—she was not prepared to find me now cavilling and reproving;—her face, always ingenuous, evinced at once her mortification at the change. She thought me always in the wrong, wearisome, exacting, and unjust. She never openly resented at first—merely pouted out her pretty lip and was silent for the next half hour; but, by degrees, my beautiful Julia began to evince traces of a “spirit”—a spirit not indeed unfeminine, and never loud—a spirit of sorrow rather than anger. I was ungenerous (she said)—I had never found these faults before—I had never required all this perfection—and then she wept;—and that went to my heart; and I was not satisfied with myself till she smiled again. But it was easy to perceive that from taking pleasure in each other's society we grew by degrees to find em-

barrassment;—the fear of a quarrel, discontent, and a certain pain supplying the place of eager and all-absorbing rapture; and when I looked to the future I trembled. In a word—I repeat once more—“*The charm was gone!*”

Oh, epoch in the history of human passions!—when that phrase is spoken—what volumes does it not convey!—what bitter, what irredeemable disappointment!—what dread conviction of the fallacy of hope, and the false colouring of imagination!—what a chill and dark transition—from life as we fancied it, to life as it is!—In the Arabian tale, when one eye was touched with the mystic ointment, all the treasures of the earth became visible, and the sterile rock was transformed into mines of inexhaustible wealth; but when the same spell is extended to both eyes the delusion vanishes—the earth relapses into its ancient barrenness—and the mine fades once more into the desert;—so in the experience of the passions—while we are as yet but partially the creatures of the enchantment, we are blessed with a power to discover glory in all things;—we are as magicians—we are as gods!—we are not contented—we demand more—custom touches both eyes—and, lo! the vision is departed, and we are alone in the wilderness again!

One evening, after one of our usual quarrels and reconciliations, Julia's spirits seemed mixed into more than usual reaction. There were three or four of her friends present—a set of party—her cousins (the fortune seekers) among the rest—and she was the life of the circle. In proportion to her gaiety was my discontent; I fancied she combined with the confounded widow, who evidently wanted to “show me off,” in her own damnable phrase, as her sister's wooper; and this is a position in which no tolerably fastidious man likes to be placed: add to this, my readers very well know that people who have no inelegance when subdued, throw off a thousand little *grossièrités* when they are elated. No ordeal is harder for a young and lovely woman, who has not been brought up *conventionally*, to pass with grace, than that of her own unrestrained merriment. Levity requires polish in proportion to your interest in the person who indulges it; and levity in his mistress is almost always displeasing to a passionate lover. Love is so very grave and so very refined a deity. In short, every instant added to my secret vexation. I absolutely coloured with rage at every jest bandied between poor Julia and her companions. I swear I think I could have beat her, with a safe conscience. The party went; now came my turn. I remonstrated—Julia replied—we both lost our temper. I fancied then I was entirely in the right; but now, alas! I will believe myself wrong; it is some sacrifice to a dread memory to own it.

“You always repine at my happiness,” said Julia; “to be merry is always in your eyes a crime; I cannot bear this tyranny; I am not your wife, and if I were, I would not bear it.

If I displease you now, what shall I do hereafter?”

“But, my dear Julia, you can so easily avoid the little peculiarities I dislike. Believe me unreasonable—perhaps I am so. It is some pleasure to a generous mind to sacrifice to the unreasonableness of one we love. In a word, I own it frankly, if you meet all my wishes with this obstinacy we cannot be happy, and—”

“I see,” interrupted Julia, with unwonted vehemence, “I see what you would say; you are tired of me: you feel that I do not suit your ideal notions. You thought me all perfect when you designed me for your victim; but now that you think something is to be sacrificed on *your* part, you think only of that paltry sacrifice, and demand of me an impossible perfection in return!”

There was so much truth in this reproach that it stung me to the quick. It was indelicate, perhaps, in Julia to use it—it was certainly unwise.

I turned pale with anger.

“Madam,” I began, with that courtesy which conveys all reproach.

“Madam!” repeated Julia, turning suddenly round—her lips parted—her eyes flashing through her tears—alarm—grief—but also indignation quivering in every muscle—“Is it come to this!—Go!—Let us part—my love ceases since I see yours is over! Were you twice as wealthy—twice as proud—I would not humble myself to be beholden to your justice instead of your affection. Rather—rather—oh, God!—rather would I have sacrificed myself—given up all to you—than accept one advantage from the man who considers it an honour. Let us part.”

Julia had evidently conceived the word I had used in cold and bitter respect, as an irony on her station as well as a proof of coldness; but I did not stop to consider whether or not she was reasonably provoked; her disdain for the sacrifice I thought so great galled me—the violence of her passion revolted. I thought only of the escape she offered me—“Let us part”—rang in my ear like a reprieve to a convict. I rose at once—took my hat calmly—and not till I reached the door did I reply.

“Enough, Julia—we part for ever. You will hear from me to-morrow for the last time!”

I left the house and trod as on air. My love for Julia long decreasing, seemed crushed at once. I imagined her former gentleness all hypocrisy;—I thought only of the termagant I had escaped. I congratulated myself that she having broke the chain, I was free, and with honour. I did not then—no—not till it was too late—recall the despair printed on her hueless face, when the calm low voice of my resolution broke upon her ear, and she saw that she had indeed lost me for ever. That image rises before me now; it will haunt me to my grave. Her features pale and locked—the pride, the resentment, all sunk,—merged in

one incredulous, wild, stony aspect of deserted love. Alas! alas! could I but have believed that she felt so deeply! I wrote to her the next day kindly and temperately, but such a tone made the wound deeper—I bade her farewell for ever. To her sister I wrote more fully. I said that our tempers were so thoroughly unsuited, that no rational hope of happiness in our union could exist for either. I besought her not to persuade or induce her sister to marry the suitor, who had formerly addressed her, unless she could return his affection. Whomsoever she married, her fortune should be my care. Doubtless in a little time some one would be to her as dear as I once had fancied myself to be. "Let," I said, "no disparity in fortune, then, be an obstacle on either side; I will cheerfully give up half my own to redeem whatever affliction I may have occasioned her." With this letter I entirely satisfied my conscience.

It is almost incredible to think in how short a time the whole of these events had been crowded—within how few weeks I had concentrated the whole history of Love!—its first mysterious sentiment—its ardent passion—its dissension—its coolness—its breach—its everlasting farewell!

In four days I received a letter from Julia's sister—(none from Julia.) It was written in a tone of pert and flippant insolence, which made me more than ever reconciled to the turn of events; but it contained one piece of news I did not hear with indifference,—Julia had accepted the offer of her former suitor, and was to be married next week. "She bids me say (wrote the widow) that she sees at once through your pretence, under an affected wish for her happiness, to prevent her forming this respectable connexion;—she sees that you still assume the right to dictate to her, and that your offers of generosity are merely the descensions of a fancied superiority;—she assures you, however, that your wish for her happiness is already realized."

This undeserved and insulting message completed my conquest over any lurking remorse or regret; and I did not, in my resentment at Julia's injustice, perceive how much it was the operation of a wounded vanity upon a despairing heart.

I still lingered in town; and, some days afterwards, I went to dine in the neighbourhood of Westminster, at the house of one of the most jovial of boon companions. I had for some weeks avoided society: the temporary cessation gave a new edge to my zest for its pleasures. The hours flew rapidly,—my spirits rose,—and I enjoyed the present with a gust that had been long denied to me.

On leaving the house on foot, the fineness of the night, with its frosty air and clear stars, tempted me to turn from my direct way homeward, and I wandered mechanically towards a scene which has always possessed to me, at night, a great attraction, viz.: the bridge which

divides the suburb from the very focus of the capital, with its proud Abbey and gloomy Se-
nate! I walked to and fro the bridge,—gazing at times on the dark waters, reflecting the lights from the half-seen houses and the stars of the solemn heavens. My mind was filled with shadowy and vague presentiments: I felt awed and saddened, without a palpable cause; the late excitement of my spirits was succeeded by a melancholy reaction. I mused over the various disappointments of my life, and the Ixion-like delusion with which I had so often wooed a deity and clasped a cloud. My history with Julia made a principal part of these meditations; her image returned to me irresistibly, and with renewed charms. In vain I endeavoured to recur to the feelings of self-acquittal and gratulation, which a few hours ago had actuated me; my heart was softened, and my memory refused to recall all harsher remonstration—her love, her innocence only intruded themselves upon me, and I sighed to think that perhaps by this time she was irreversibly another's. I retraced my steps, and was now at the end of the bridge, when, just by the stairs, I perceived a crowd, and heard a vague and gathering clamour. A secret impulse hurried me to the place: I heard a policeman speaking with the eagerness which characterizes the excitement of narration.

"My suspicions were aroused," quoth he, "as I passed, and saw a female standing by the bridge. So, you see, I kept loitering there, and a minute after I went gently up, and I heard the young woman groan; and she turned round as I came up, for I frightened her; and I never shall forget her face,—it was so woe-begone,—and yet she was so young and handsome. And so, you see, I spoke to her, and I said, says I, 'Young woman, what do you here at this hour?' And she said, 'I am waiting for a boat: I expect my mother from Richmond.' And, somehow or other, I was foolish enough to believe what she said—she looked so quiet and respectable like;—and I went away, you understand; and in about a minute after (for I kept near the spot) I heard a heavy splash in the water, and then I knew what it all was. I ran up, and just saw her once rise; and so, as I could not swim, I gave the alarm, and we got the boat—but it was too late."

"Poor girl!" lisped an old coster-woman; "I dare say she was crossed in love."

"What is this?" said I, mixing with the crowd.

"A young woman as has drowned herself, Sir."

"Where? I do not see the body."

"It be taken to the watch-house, and the doctors are trying to recover it."

A horrible idea had crossed my mind;—unfounded, improbable as it seemed, I felt as if compelled to confirm or remove it. I made the policeman go with me to the watch-house;—I pushed away the crowd—I approached the body. Oh, God!—that white face—the heavy,

dripping hair—the swollen form—and all that decent and maiden beauty, with the coarse cover half thrown over it!—and the unsympathizing surgeons standing by! and the unfamiliar faces of the women!—What a scene!—what a death-bed! Julia, Julia! thou art avenged!

It was her, then, whom I beheld; her—the victim—the self-destroyer. I hurry over the awful record. I am writing my own condemnation—stamping my own curse. They found upon the corpse a letter: drenched as it was, I yet could decipher its characters;—it was to me. It ran thus:—

"I believe now that I have been much to blame; for I am writing calmly, with a fixed determination not to live; and I see how much I have thrown away the love you once gave me. Yet I have loved you always,—how dearly, I never told you, and never can tell! But when you seemed to think so much of your—what shall I say?—your condescension in marrying—perhaps loving—me, it maddened me to the brain; and though I would have given worlds to please you, I could not bear to see the difference in your manner, after you came to see me daily, and to think of me as a woman ought to be thought of; and this, I know, made me seem cross, and peevish, and unamiable,—but I could not help it,—and so you ceased to love me; and I felt that, and longed madly to release you from a tie you repented. The moment came for me to do so, and—we parted. Then you wrote to me, and my sister made me see in the letter what, perhaps, you did not intend; but, indeed, I was only sensible to the thought that I had lost you for ever, and that you scorned me. And then my vanity was roused,—and I knew you still loved me,—and I fancied I could revenge myself upon you by marrying another. But when I came to see, and meet, and smile upon that other,—and to feel the day approach,—and to reflect that you had been all in all to me,—and that I was about to pass my whole life with one I loathed, after having loved so well and so entirely,—I felt I had reckoned too much on my own strength, and that I could not sustain my courage any longer. Nothing is left to me in life: the anguish I suffer is intolerable; and I have at length made up my mind to die. But think not I am a poor love-sick girl only. I am more; I am still a revengeful woman. You have deserted me, and I know myself to blame; but I cannot bear that you should forget and despise me, as you would if I were to marry. I am about to force you to remember me for ever,—to be sorry for me—to forgive me—to love me better than you have done yet, even when you loved me most. It is in this that I shall be revenged!"

And with this wild turmoil of contending feelings,—the pride of womanhood wrestling with the softness—forgiveness with revenge—high emotions with erring principles—agony, led on to death by one hope to be remembered

and deplored;—with this contest at thy heart dost thou go down to thy watery grave!

What must have passed within thee in those brief and terrible moments, when thou stoodest by the dark waters,—hesitating—lingering—fearing—yet resolved! And I was near thee in that hour, and knew thee not—at hand, and saved not! Oh! bitter was the revenge—lasting is the remembrance! Henceforth, I ask no more of Human Affections: I stand alone on the Earth!

From the *Metropolitan*.

PORUGAL.

It was one of the dicta of Napoleon, "that a revolution in France is a revolution throughout Europe," and the experience of every hour goes far to confirm the truth of the observation. The clouds of war are gathering most ominously upon our political horizon; Europe resounds with the din of preparation, and presents to the political philosopher an "embroglio," that sports with conjecture and defies calculation.

In the North, we behold Sweden and Norway tranquil amid the general excitement—Denmark happy, though despotically governed—Russia more powerful than ever, preparing for new conquests, haughtily rejecting the mediation of England, and extinguishing the nationality of heroic Poland, who alone, armed with her native fortitude, nobly drew her sword in defence of political independence—Prussia bristling with bayonets, and drawing closer the ties that unite her with the northern Colossus, whose political development she fears less than the march of liberal ideas—the German confederation opposing an iron barrier to the wants of the age—Austria tranquil within, watching from the lofty summits of the Alps and the Appenines the Italian peninsula, and defying France, while Piedmont is ready to open her gates to her German ally, and to act as an *avant garde* in a crusade against liberty. In the east of Europe, we have the melancholy spectacle of the empire of Constantinople tottering to its base, and the noble efforts of the sultan in the rank of regeneration blasted by the bigoted fanaticism of his people—Greece distracted by internal commotions, the patrimony of brigand chiefs, and exhibiting to the gaze of the world her unfitness for freedom. In the West, Portugal a prey to civil war—Spain, so long coalesced with the powers of the North against constitutional liberty, has suddenly veered round, and set up the standard of liberalism—Ireland bordering on revolt—England occupied with the great work of political reform, the future workings of which appal the timorous, and fill with deep anxiety even its warmest supporters—France torn by factions, and her government reduced to employ as a *dernier resource* beyond the frontier, that turbulent spirit that every moment threat-

ens her with a general bouleversement within—Belgium thrown like a torch of discord amid her neighbours—Holland, openly threatened on one side and secretly supported on the other, rallying *en masse*, unawed by the impending storm, nobly round the throne, and offering her last stiver and her last child to her king, who holds in his hands the destinies of Europe. Such is the spectacle that our Continent presents at the commencement of the year 1833.

What will be the *dénouement* of these innumerable difficulties, of this inextricable complication of contending opinions, of hostile systems, of opposite interests—which of the two great principles will ultimately prevail—and who can foretell the results amid the horrible confusion of ideas that reign on every side: in fact, where are we to look for the thread of events—where is the hand that directs them—who is the presiding genius of the politics of the day? We see nothing but contradiction and incertitude. 1st. Intervention forbidden in one country is loudly called for in a second, and authorized in a third. Thrones erected upon barricades, and kings who govern by popular will, are already abjuring the origin of their power, and imagining themselves reigning by the grace of God, so epidemical is the word; popular revolutions in some cases sanctioned by despotic governments; insurrections that are applauded to the skies when they succeed, and which are followed by dire retribution when they fail. Where shall we find a remedy for these evils; what, after all, has produced the diplomacy of so many conferences, protocols without end, embassies that fixed the attention of Europe, treaties that are destroyed as soon as made, irrevocable decrees that are nevertheless rescinded, ultimatums the exordiums of new negotiations, final conventions that are subsequently modified, assurances of peace amid general preparations for war, armies, taxes, loans, a ruinous *statu quo*, a future that appals and that baffles all calculation?

From this troubled ocean of politics—from this chaotic mass of discordant elements—we have selected for the subject of the present paper a nation whose history may be said to be that of European commerce and civilization; one that, for the display of moral and intellectual energies, for boldness of enterprize, wisdom in council, and, above all, just notions of popular rights, has sustained a splendid part in the great drama of human events. To the Briton, the commercial history of this power, from its striking resemblance to that of England, is of absorbing interest. In marking her progress to empire, and the history of her sad decline, she stands like a beacon on the ocean rocks of Time, to warn him from the shoals that may one day wreck the lofty destinies of his own island. This country is our old and faithful ally, Portugal; on which the eyes of Europe, of the civilized world, are fixed with concentrated gaze, and on whose soil is at pre-

sent debating the great question of human freedom!

The history of Portugal is briefly told. First in the career of constitutional freedom and maritime discovery, she had attained her culminating point at a period when those nations at present at the head of European civilization were immersed in barbarism, or a prey to internal dissensions. The first blow to her prosperity was struck in the reign of John III., one of the most glorious epochs of her history, by the establishment of the Inquisition; the baneful influence resulting from the creation of this formidable tribunal was soon apparent, in the corruption of the government; in the debasement of the public mind; in the extinction of arts and sciences, and the total interruption of all those causes that civilize a people.

During the sixty years of Spanish dominion that followed the death of Don Sebastian, from 1580 to 1640, the treasures of the state were dissipated, its naval and military power destroyed, its commerce ruined, and her rich colonial possessions torn from her. Restored to political independence, but not to her former greatness, a succession of bigoted and imbecile sovereigns, the slaves of an ambitious and sanguinary priesthood, reduced the nation to a state of moral and political degradation, of which no adequate idea can be formed but by those intimately acquainted with the character of the Portuguese, and their habits of life. In this state of things, the invasion of Napoleon, and the emigration of the court, filled up the measure of the nation's wrongs; for the exactions of an absentee nobility, and the corruption that pervaded every department of the government, preyed upon every class of the nation excepting the clergy and the government *employés*, till, goaded almost to madness, and encouraged by the example of Spain, the army in the year 1820 overthrew the government, and proclaimed a constitution. The attempt to implant the tree of liberty upon a soil rankling with the weeds of centuries of political misrule and corruption, proved a splendid failure, and, by a refinement in national degradation, some of the very men who first unfurled the banner of the constitution were instrumental in its overthrow. Among the leaders of that revolution there were undoubtedly some men of exalted minds and unsuspected patriotism, but it is one of the greatest curses that despotism and superstition entail on those countries where they have been long triumphant, that even those great minds by whom the prevalent abuses are perceived, are seldom able to separate those abuses from the great principles of order and religion, of which they usurp and degrade the titles. They detest monarchy, because it is offered to their notice, as a devouring plague; they abhor the church, because they are acquainted with no other system than the Babel of idolatry and cruelty which worried their youth, and kept their ripe

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years in bondage. Such, in fact, were the views of the leading members of the Cortes of 1821. Republicans in politics, latitudinarians in religion, they attacked the monarchy in the church with a zeal that raised up in the nation an inveterate dislike to the new order of things, for they saw their present rulers actuated by one unvarying spirit of hostility against all that they revered. The constitution fell, and its downfall was witnessed with delight by the great majority of the Portuguese people.

The effect of political institutions upon a nation is a topic upon which perhaps more crude and undigested notions have been set afloat, than upon almost any other in the complicated science of political philosophy. One of the leading fallacies is the supposition that free institutions—that is to say, the mere forms of a free government—will of themselves engender a love of freedom, and a knowledge of how it is to be enjoyed. Genuine freedom, that freedom that admits of the greatest latitudes of thought and action of which our nature is capable consistently with virtue, involves in its very essence a multitude of restraints universally, or at least very generally acknowledged by society at large as essential to happiness. Of these restraints an extensive system of self-denial, and of private sacrifices for public good, form an essential part. Again, in its form this must be skilfully adapted to the degree of knowledge in a country, and what is of still more importance, if it be not suited to the habits of the people—to their tastes and prejudices—to the degree of public and private virtue in the community, they become but the symbols of genuine freedom, and hold out little or no prospects of its permanent establishment. We have no notion that in any country, or under any form of government which the ingenuity of man can devise, that genuine freedom is to be looked for, unless, in addition to a diffused intelligence among the mass, there be a good solid substratum of morals, and, above all, of domestic honour and loyalty. "How ineffectual," said the Roman poet, "are the wisest laws, if they be not supported by good morals."

It is to these considerations that we are led to doubt the possibility of successfully rearing the institutions of freedom upon the Portuguese soil; for if we politically analyze her society through all its gradations, we shall in vain look for a single element of those that we have enumerated, as essential to the solid formation of a free government. Ages of superstition and despotism have extinguished in the nation every germ of civil and military virtue, public and private spirit; and the career of degeneracy has gone on till it can almost proceed no further. In asserting this, we do not pretend to say that the existing order of things can possibly endure in Portugal; we merely advance that, were the government of Miguel overthrown to-morrow, and the charter proclaimed in its stead, like but too many of the

constitutions of the South American states, it will exist but upon paper, the shadow without the substance of freedom, with which the present race of Lusitanians will perhaps be as well pleased as with the reality itself. Their habits of thought have long been directed into far different channels than those of constitutional freedom. The privileged orders, with few exceptions, are Ultras in their ideas of government; the Liberals, on the other hand, profess the opposite extreme; while the mass of the people will cry, "*Viva o Morra a Constituição!*" at the command of their priests. Don Pedro must by this time have found that he has miscalculated the spirit of the nation, and that he has staked his fortune and his life in an ungrateful cause.

The political career of the ex-emperor, Don Pedro, has been singular, nay, even romantic. Driven in childhood from the land of his fathers by the victorious arms of Napoleon, he has since exhibited the curious spectacle of a prince cradled in despotism, advocating liberal institutions, giving three constitutions, and abdicating two crowns, now staking his all in the generous attempt of vindicating his daughter's rights, and destined, perhaps, ere many more months elapse, to be again recalled by his Transatlantic subjects, to save them from the horrors of anarchy and confusion, towards which they are advancing with gigantic strides.

In Portugal there exists at this moment a powerful party, both of Ultras and Liberals, who are personally hostile to the emperor. To his ambition they one and all attribute the loss of Brazil, the brightest jewel in their country's crown; and the mass of the people, incapable of separating truth from error, give implicit credence to the charge; to which the presence of hundreds, who were reduced from splendid affluence to abject penury by that fierce crusade against every thing European, (that after the declaration of independence raged as furiously in Brazil as in Spanish America,) goes far to give a strong colouring of probability;—while the recollection of the defeats sustained by the veteran legions of Portugal from the raw, undisciplined, and despised Brazilians, still rankle in the bosom of the army, and constitute a powerful mass of odium towards Don Pedro—a feeling which has been used with consummate skill by the Apostolicals.

It will, we hope, be needless to say, that none of these allegations have any foundation in truth. The example of Spanish America prepared the revolution of Brazil: unable to resist the tide of events, the emperor wisely led the movement, as the only means of preserving that immense empire to the House of Braganza—a measure that had the secret approbation of his father, the late King Don John VI. The charge might with greater justice be laid at the door of the Cortes, who rivalled those of Spain in outraging the feelings of the Colonies, and in insulting their depu-

ties.* The minor charge of exciting a crusade against the European residents is equally unfounded. He did all in his power to mitigate its fury, and it is a well known fact that one of the causes that lost him his crown was his partiality to the European Portuguese—still, and unfortunately too, for the cause of the constitution, the feeling exists, although reared upon falsehood and delusion; and it must be owned that his measures, since his landing in Portugal, have been not calculated to strengthen his party. Ardent in his nature, unsuspecting and generous to a fault, it has been his fate to give too ready an ear to evil-minded counsellors. Don Pedro has all along been deceived by the men who at present surround him; he was deceived, first, as to the extent of his party in Portugal, so much so that the very names of the regiments that would join him on his landing were in the mouths of every one. Relying upon this information, he left the Western Islands with a force totally inadequate to the enterprize, which experience has shown is a purely military one. His fleet might have been defeated and scattered on its passage, or his army annihilated two days after its entrance into Oporto, had the Miguelite officers done their duty. Based as his plan of campaign was on the apparently well-grounded supposition of the existence of a strong party in the country in his favour, it should have been his object to have landed on a point of the coast nearest to the spot where the elements of disaffection existed in their greatest mass. This point would have been the capital, the possession of which would have given him that of the whole country; instead of which the liberating army lands at Oporto, where, since the fearful reaction that followed the unsuccessful attempt in 1828, the Constitutional party had been annihilated. Events sufficiently bear out this assertion. Not a person of note, nay scarcely a man, has joined the emperor, and he has hitherto maintained his position almost by a miracle. This was the first error; the second was the abolition of the *dezimo*—a measure that involves the very existence of the church and the aristocracy. Whatever may have been the encroachments of these two orders upon the rights of the people, it must be confessed that the moment for adopting it was singularly unfortunate; for when conciliation should have been his object, we find him issuing an edict calculated to array against him the two most powerful orders of the state. Again, it must not be overlooked that the number of foreigners in his service is another circumstance also calculated to prejudice his cause among a people, one of whose most marked characteristics is an inveterate dislike to foreigners. In our opinion, had Don Pedro landed in the Bay of Cascaes, at the head only of a few hundred Portuguese followers, he

might long ago have been in Lisbon, and the evils of a civil war avoided. Now the question has become a purely military one. To assume the offensive, and march southward, he will require a reinforcement of at least five thousand foreign mercenaries—a force, if he possess only the *financial means*, he may easily obtain; then, should he ultimately prove successful, of which there is but little doubt, the country, exhausted by the struggle, will be reduced to a state of bankruptcy, and his entry into Lisbon, to use the words of Talleyrand, will be "*le commencement de la fin*." Here the career of Don Pedro will terminate, and we only hope, that finding ingratitude his portion, he may not retire from the scene, saying like the Emperor Serverus—

Omni fui et nihil expediri.

It is upon the character of the first Cortes that the hopes of the future regeneration of the country will rest, and the resistance to be overcome, is, it must be confessed, startling—for the free play of the workings of the new machine will be clogged by the prejudices and private interests of the privileged classes, the nobility and the priesthood, and it will be necessary for each to surrender a portion of its encroachments upon the rights of the people. The system of reform must be sweeping among these two orders before the nation can hope to derive any benefit from the new order of things. It is in the exercise of this reform the most consummate skill and sagacity will be required, for the legislator will in vain look for that generous spirit of freedom that willingly surrenders its individual privileges on the altar of general welfare. The church, we apprehend, will prove the stumbling-block; so widely diffused are its elements of influence, and with such consummate skill are they directed, that both the government and the people have long been accustomed to its despotism, while religious festivals are so artfully disposed through the year, that superstition always wears the garb of pleasure, and often of virtue. To expect that the church will gracefully yield to the exigencies of the times is futile, but to attempt even an outline of the future labours of the Cortes would far exceed the limits of this paper. The number of foreign troops in the service will alone, if we mistake not, cut out for them some serious trouble.

An attentive consideration of the causes we have adduced, must convince that the future destinies of Portugal are enveloped in the dark clouds of doubt and uncertainty, and the prospects of her regeneration remote. But, as in ancient Rome, it was regarded as the mark of a good citizen never to despair of the fortunes of the Republic, so the good citizen of the world, whatever may be the political aspect of his own times, will never despair of the fortunes of the human race, but will act upon the conviction that prejudice, slavery, and corruption must gradually give way to truth, liberty,

* Whenever a Brazilian deputy rose to speak in Cortes, they were generally assailed from the galleries with, "Hear the monkey," "Listen to the mulatto," &c.

and virtue. Dark as may be now her prospects, we yet hope to see the day when Portugal may once again be free and happy, and occupy a proud place in the scale of nations.

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From the Quarterly Review.

THE YOUNG NAPOLEON.*

By a strange fatality, one of the ministers of the dethroned Charles X. was driven to Vienna for shelter, where he arrived in good time to gather up the remains of the *ancien Roi de Rome*: one of the last ministers of the finished restoration occupies his exile with the latest souvenirs of the abdicated Empire. But a Frenchman is always a Frenchman, and no matter to what party he belongs, or by what party he has suffered—in foreign countries, *la patrie*, and *la gloire*, invariably attaching to it, are always ideas which with him sanctify everything connected with them. Who could have expected to find an ultra-royalist minister of the Restoration occupying his leisure—or rather his time, for it is all leisure with him—with the recollections of the last of the Imperial dynasty! and yet so it is, that with pious and reverent feelings, M. de Montbel has taken upon himself the task of recording, for the benefit of the historical world, all that he could discover of the life and character of the son of the most illegitimate of rulers. Let his politics or policy be what they may, we owe him piety grateful thanks for having undertaken the duty, and are happy to say, that the manner in which it is executed is highly creditable both to his feelings as a man, and his abilities as an author. It redounds to the praise of M. de Montbel, that he has been so well able to divest himself of the narrow prejudices of party, and at once, as regards the interesting subject of his biography, place himself in a position of perfect impartiality, and in a most favourable point of view, for regarding all that must necessarily interest the world and posterity in the history of this extraordinary graft on the ancient stock of Austrian legitimacy.

The Life, as given by M. de Montbel from the best sources, and frequently in the very words of the only persons qualified to speak, will long be a favourite text both for moralists and politicians. The influence of hereditary disposition, the effect of education generally, and the peculiar character of this youth's education, are fruitful sources of reflection and instruction; while his anomalous position, the chances of his future life, and the probable effect it might have had on France and Europe at large, are not less likely to stimulate the

disquisitive faculties of historical writers. M. de Montbel's book has also the recommendation of complete novelty. The life of the son of Napoleon, since he fell into Austrian hands when an infant, has been a perfect mystery: the people were scarcely kept in more complete ignorance of the daily life of the man with the Iron Mask: his death was almost the first certain news of his continued existence. Now that there is no motive for farther concealment, we are let into all the details of his short career, down even to the most trivial actions of hourly existence; not without some reservation certainly, produced by a perpetual consciousness of the position of the writer—a dependant of the Court of Vienna—but still with a sufficient abundance of particulars, flowing from the months of his friends, tutors, and household, to satisfy us altogether as to the character and disposition of a remarkable and most interesting personage.

Many unworthy suspicions have been entertained of the Court of Austria respecting the treatment of this young man: these suspicions will at once vanish before the perusal of this book, while the truth of the intentions of the Emperor, or at least of his minister, will appear with tolerable plainness. It was resolved, first, that the young King of Rome should be made a German Prince;—next, that as every man who has passions and talents must have a pursuit, it was deemed safest, and perhaps most beneficial, that he should be indulged in his enthusiasm for the military profession. The example of Prince Eugene was set before him as the one they would most desire him to follow. Prince Eugene was neither imperial nor alien, and yet one of their most valuable generals, and in no way a dangerous subject, while he gained glory enough to satisfy the most ambitious of men. These calculations would probably have answered, had not the natural been a more complex machine than the political, and as such even beyond the ingenious management of M. de Metternich. The youth was in a moral prison, and his soul pined. It was deemed necessary that he should be cut off from all communication with the agitators and adventurers of France. To effect this object, he was kept in utter solitude; surrounded certainly by attendants and instructors, but still, in a social sense, buried in utter solitude. His orders were obeyed, his every wish anticipated; he had his books, his horses, and his equipages for promenade or the chase; but for all that the soul or the heart holds dear, he was, with slight exceptions, a solitary prisoner. This might be practicable to some extent with an Austrian archduke; but with a child in whose veins the quick blood of the Corsican conqueror flowed, it was a species of lingering moral torture. To outward appearance, he was like Rasselas in the Happy Valley; but, like him, he was wearying for all that was beyond the range of the mountains that separated him from his fellow-men: in the one case,

* Le Due de Reichstadt. Par M. de Montbel, Ancien Ministre du Roi Charles X. Paris, 1832. 8vo.

Lettre à M. * * *, sur le Due de Reichstadt. Par un de ses Amis. Traduite de l'Allemand. Par Gerson Heuse. Paris, 1832. 8vo.

these mountains were physical obstacles; in the other, moral ones. The spirit chafed against the prison bars: the victim, bruised and care-worn, refused its food, lost its substance, grew emaciated, and died. The mind all the while was developed, and grew apace, while the body became debilitated, nay, aged: the truth being, that intellectual food may always be found in prison, but moral and social isolation prey upon the physical state; the creature grows up a sapsucker, with the suspicions and distrust of long experience, and the reflection and calm profundity of thought peculiar to unclouded age. After his death, young Napoleon presented in his body the same anomaly he had done in his lifetime: his frame had all the slenderness and fragility of infancy stretched into unnatural length, while his vital organs bore the shrivelled and flaccid appearance of extreme old age; there was no part healthy or natural but the brain, which was wonderfully fine, with the exception, that it was more compact, and of firmer substance than is usually found. So it was in life. This boy had all the enthusiasm and passion of youth in extreme force, alternating with a distrust, a caution, and a rapidity in fathoming the character and appreciating the talents of the persons with whom he was necessarily brought into contact, which are the usual qualities of age. His intellect chiefly exhibited itself in mastering the history of his father in all its voluminousness, in the soundness and acuteness of his criticism on the several authors he had read, and in the facility with which he acquired the theory of war, and all the studies which conduced to it. He seems to have known almost by instinct, that it was only through war that he could ever rise to more than a mere eunuch of the palace, and from the earliest age he took the deepest interest in every thing that partook of military movement. It was not, however, thought safe to intrust him abroad till he was nearly grown up; he felt that his entrance into a regiment was his first step to emancipation, as he called it, and he devoted himself to the practical duties of a soldier and a chief officer with an ardour which quickly devoured the puny body that had been frittered away and shaken by the silent struggles of solitude. The word puny must, however, be taken in the sense of feeble: in its sense of diminutive, it is wholly inapplicable; for the young Napoleon, in that respect, taking rather after the Austrian than the Corsican race, had shot up in his sunless nursery to the height of the tallest man. No story was ever replete with more painful interest than the account of the obstinate struggle which this unhappy youth kept up against physical decay; he never complained, never even would admit that he was ill; finding his voice fail him in manoeuvring his corps, he would, after the exertion of a review, go and hide his weakness, fainting and sinking upon some secret sofa. He was terrified, poor fel-

low! lest he should be, on the very threshold of the world, driven back into his solitary splendour. At length, however, on the representation of a physician, whom he never would consult, he was sent to Schönbrunn, where he died. He had, however, nearly rallied, and if the disease had not advanced to the extent of producing severe organic change, would perhaps have recovered by a proposed tour to Naples, and other parts of Italy. The effect on the mind of the moral prisoner was electric, and to his dying hour, this journey was his chief hope and prospect in the world.

Before the little Napoleon came into Austrian hands, of course no regular attempt had been made to educate him; but it is not to be supposed that nearly five years of such a peasant existence as his, were left without numerous and deep impressions. His was far from a communicative disposition, and consequently, he did not, like some children, talk himself out of his recollections. They rank in the mind of the forlorn boy, and if ever they were permitted to see the light, it was in some little moment of excitement. One day, when he was playing with the imperial family, one of the archdukes showed him a little medal of silver, of which numbers had been struck in honour of his birth, and were distributed to the people after the ceremony of his baptism: his bust was upon it. He was asked, do you know who this represents? "C'est moi," answered he, without hesitation, "quand j'étais Roi de Rome." Ideas of his own former consequence, and the greatness of his father, says his early tutor, M. Foresti, were constantly present to his mind. Other impressions were not less deep; he had a love of truth which made him utterly intolerant even of fable, and probably contributed to his subsequent distaste for poetry. The word *vrai* he used to pronounce, when a perfect child, with a solemnity and a movement of the hand, which showed that it had to him all the sacred character of an affirmation. And yet, child as he was, he had that force of character, or rather that sensitiveness mixed with vigour, that, on being ridiculed unintentionally for its use, he never again repeated the word. On occasion of his mother's birth-day, some of the little court, soon after the dethronement, made these verses, in order to be repeated to Maria Louisa by her child:—

Autant que moi, personne, ô ma chère Maman,
Ne doit tenir ce jour prospère;
Vrai, ne lui dois-je pas le bonheur si touchant,
Et si doux à mon cœur, de vous nommer ma
mère!

He soon learned the stanza, and was afterwards told why the word *vrai* was introduced; he said nothing: when admitted to his mother, he showed a great deal of affection and amiability, but never pronounced the quatrain, and never more used the word.

The first instruction attempted to be com-

menicated to him was a knowledge of the German language. To this he opposed a most determined resistance: not one word of German would he pronounce, and even resisted the endeavours to teach him as an insult and an injury; for his age he kept up this resolution a long time; when it was conquered by the mildness and persuasion of his teachers, he learned the language with a prodigious facility, and soon spoke it in the imperial family like one of themselves. Not only the rapidity with which he acquired this difficult tongue, but even his mistakes and misconceptions indicated a superior logical faculty, for they were generally founded on fancied analogies, and little etymological observations. M. Foresti, whose duty it was to teach him to read, found the difficulty insurmountable, until he introduced a rival and a fellow-pupil. The son of one of the valets de chambre of the Empress was procured, and in company with him the young Napoleon quickly devoured his task. Such was the being destined to be brought up in nearly a perfect state of isolation.

"From the very first," says his tutor, M. Foresti, and he was with him full sixteen years, nearly the entire of the poor youth's Austrian life, "he exhibited the marked characteristics of his disposition. He was good-natured to his inferiors, friendly to his tutor, without any lively expressions of his feelings; he only obeyed on conviction, and always began with resistance. He lived to produce an effect, and generally it was evident that he thought a great deal more than he said: the difficulty then was to prevent this habit from growing into dissimulation."

Begging the excellent M. Foresti's pardon, such a character as he describes was by no means likely to be guilty of the mean vice of dissimulation, which is the result of a base fear, and is the last fault to taint the character of a child, the first movement of whose mind is to resist, and who only yields on good reason being shown. Other traits are equally inconsistent with this apprehension.

"He always received our reprimands with firmness, and however annoyed he might have been by them, he never retained any rancorous feeling: he ended always by allowing the justice of the representations that had been made to him. When any mutual coldness had taken place in the course of the day, owing to some severe lecture, in the evening, on taking leave of us, he was always the first to hold out a friendly hand, at the same time requesting that we would pardon his faults, and overlook the wrong he had done."

"He gave me," says M. Foresti, "many proofs of the command he had over himself. Amongst others, this:—up to the time of Maria Louisa's departure for her State of Parma, there was about him a person who had treated him with the greatest possible affection and attention. This was Mme. Marchand, the mother of the first valet de chambre of the Emperor: she remained with him all night, and every morning was the object of

his warm infantine caresses. She was always present at his rising, and had the care of dressing him. On the departure of Maria Louisa, Mme. Marchand returned to France at the same time with M. de Bausset,* who also had a great affection for the Prince. Henceforward I slept in his room at night. The first night I dreaded, lest in the morning he would give way to grief on finding that his affectionate nurse was no longer there. On waking, however, he spoke to me without hesitation, and, with a calmness astonishing for his age, said, 'M. Foresti, I wish to rise.'"

One of the youth's governors was a M. Collin, a poet and dramatist of Vienna of some celebrity. This gentleman could not help feeling that the young Napoleon's abhorrence of fiction was a sort of censure on his profession, and it is not to be wondered at that he endeavoured to dress up fiction in the garb likely to be most agreeable to the taste of the imperial pupil. In resorting to Robinson Crusoe for aid, may be perceived a tacit compliment to the youth's acuteness, for, assuredly, no other fiction was ever more like truth.

"The poetical genius of Collin," says M. Foresti, "appeared to triumph somewhat over this obstinate resolution to reject everything which did not appear to be true in all the exactitude of truth. On the heights which overlook Schönbrunn, on the right of the elegant arcades of La Gloriette, and at the bottom of a dark avenue of trees, may be found a spot, altogether shut out from a view of Vienna, by deep thickets, and an impervious mass of wood; a spot, from which nothing can be viewed save the cheerful but solitary aspect of mountain tops, smiling valleys, and rugged peaks, that go on ascending and ascending until they reach the lofty elevation of the summits of the Schneeburg. Here there is a hut constructed after the fashion of Switzerland, or rather of the Tyrolese mountains, whence it is called the Tyrol's House. In this rustic abode and its neighbourhood, nothing there is to remind the spectator of the vicinity of the capital. To this wild and quiet spot Collin would often bring the young Duke. He there told him the story of Robinson Crusoe. The imagination of the child warmed to the tale. Solitude and silence completed the illusion: he fancied himself in a desert, and Collin suggested that he should set himself to fabricate the utensils that would be necessary to him, were he under the necessity of providing for his own subsistence in similar spot. He acquitted himself of the task with much handiness. A collection has been made of these things: they are placed in the pavilion, which still goes by the name of the House of the Duke de Reichstadt. The governor and his pupil, by uniting their efforts and their industry, succeeded in scooping out a cavern resembling that described as the abode of Crusoe on his desert island."

Such is the immortality of genius. The creation of Defoe, the persecuted and unhappy

* Author of *Mémoires sur l'Intérieur du Palais*. See Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. 1, p. 306; vol. 3, p. 157.

imagined in some garret, whether in Bristol or Whitechapel, becomes the factitious stimulus of a Prince's education; and that Prince the son of a banished ruler of France, far greater than the Grand Monarque, who, in Defoe's day, seemed to have reached the *ne plus ultra* of earthly grandeur.

During the first period of the young Napoleon's instruction at Schönbrunn, his tutors were sadly perplexed by his extreme curiosity respecting his father, as to what had become of him, the causes of his fall, &c.: evasive answers did not satisfy him:—

"It was," says M. Foresti, "for us a species of torture. Happily the Emperor came at length; we hastened to inform him of the perpetual questions that were put to us, and to request his instructions on this point. The Emperor answered:—'Truth should be the basis of the education of the Prince; answer all his questions freely; it is the best, indeed the only mode of calming his imagination, and of inspiring him with confidence, which will be necessary for you, who have to guide him.'

"At first, he overwhelmed us with questions, and exhibited an affluence of ideas perfectly surprising. Finding that we were authorized, we answered him with perfect candour. That which the Emperor had foreseen came to pass. After a few days, he seemed satiated with this conversation, and thenceforward became more calm, more reserved on the subject. It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that at no time, under any circumstances, was he ever heard to utter one word of regret in connection with it. Later in life, we saw that he was fully aware of the faults his father had committed, but it was a subject to which he never on any occasion alluded.

"The news of his father's death was brought to Vienna by one of the couriers of MM. de Rothschild. At this moment the Comte de Dietrichstein (the superior governor) was absent from Vienna, and the Emperor charged me to communicate to the young Prince the melancholy intelligence. He was then just turned ten years of age. It was the 22d July, at Schönbrunn: in the same place, on the same day, on which he himself, eleven years after, was doomed to die, that I announced to him the death of his father. He wept bitterly, and his sadness endured for several days. 'M. de Foresti,' said he to me one day, 'my father little thought that when he died you would be the person from whom I should receive such kindness and affection.'"

The youth alluded to an anecdote which the tutor had told him of his own career. M. Foresti had been taken prisoner by the French, and, on being sent to head-quarters, treated with some harshness by the Emperor.

Every pains were taken with the Duke's education. The dead languages he was taught by M. Collin, and afterwards, when Collin died, by M. Obenau, who had been classical preceptor to half the imperial family. To these instructions, however, he inclined but an indifferent ear, and, of all his Latin books, took heartily only to Caesar's *Commentaries*. His

military studies took the alternate days with his classical ones, and to them he gave himself up with all possible ardour. By way of a check upon the apathy of private instruction, the Emperor directed that from time to time a Commission should proceed to inquire into the Prince's progress. These investigations were sedulously made, and greatly contributed to excite his attention and stimulate his ambition. Before these Commissions the boy showed an extraordinary aptitude for learning, more particularly such learning as chiefly turned upon military pursuits.

"Being myself acquainted with geographical studies, and the arts connected with design," says M. Foresti, "I was able to form an opinion of his performances. I consider them as lively proofs of the talents that have just been extinguished; so much so, indeed, that I have thought it my duty to recommend that they should be collected and placed in the imperial archives, as memorials of his remarkable genius."

Among the voluminous papers written in Italian by the Prince, M. Foresti showed M. de Montbel a sketch of the life of Prince Schwarzenberg, in which there were various passages respecting Napoleon: they were written in a calm and candid tone. From the time that he attained his fifteenth year he had access to every book, without exception, relative to the history of his father and the French Revolution. He read them with avidity, and is said to have been a more perfect master of everything that has been written on these subjects than any of the persons about him. His collections in French on history, chronology, and travels, are said to be immense. His military enthusiasm showed itself in the ardour with which he pursued everything which had any connection with the accomplishments necessary to the soldier. "I wish him to have the education of a superior officer," said the Emperor; but this was only seconding the taste he had demonstrated from his earliest years. At the age of seven, he was indulged with the uniform of a private;—after a time, in reward for the exactness with which he performed his exercise, he received the marks of the grade of sergeant, and his delight knew no bounds. He afterwards went through every other rank, and learned the duties of each in its minutest details. In his rank of private soldier, he used to stand sentinel at the door of the apartments of the Emperor. Whenever a member of the Court passed—if a man—he used to present arms with the utmost gravity, but never if a woman. Some one rallied him on the subject: his answer was much more French than German:—"I am ready," he answered, with much liveliness, to present to the ladies—*everything but my arms*." His respect for everything military was remarkable. One day, when admitted to dine in company with the Emperor on a public day, he retreated from the place he usually occupied next to

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the Archdukes, and attempted to sit at the lower end of the table: when asked the reason, "I see generals here," said he; "they ought to precede me." The Empress one day at a *fête* wished him to sit among the ladies. He declined, saying, with the utmost gravity, "My place is among men." It was remarked by the people about him that he never was a child: he had scarcely ever associated with children, and had adopted the reflective manners of those about him. Without being any thing extraordinary as a child, his intelligence was from the first precocious. His answers were as quick as judicious; he expressed himself with precision and exactness, and with great elegance of phrase. He was a perfect master of the theory of the French and German languages, and wrote them with remarkable purity.

Up to a certain age, the young Prince had been permitted to store his memory with facts, and to interpret them according to his own judgment. At length, however, it was deemed right that the Austrian version of the European story should be made known to the young Prince. No fitter person could be found for the due execution of this task than the Prince de Metternich, who, under the name of lectures on history, gave him at length, and in a series of interviews, the whole theory of imperial politics. The leading views are given by M. de Montbel: they are very ingenious. Under the pretence of a sketch of his father's history, he points out to the young man the danger of rising above the station in which he is placed, and proves, in fact, that the very qualities which enable an individual to rise are precisely those which must afterwards ensure his fall. These lectures are described as having had the happiest results. The young Napoleon, or François, as he had been rechristened, eagerly accepted Metternich's instructions, and, in cases of any difficulty or doubt, always resorted to him for their solution. Both the Emperor and his minister, in short, seem to have succeeded in thoroughly winning the entire confidence of the youth: the practical result of which was, that no communication was ever made to him that he did not feel it a point of duty instantly to communicate. This was very convenient; and, if any proof were wanting, would prove the skill and true jesuitical dexterity of the Austrian minister. The youth is reported to have said to the Emperor and Metternich;—"The essential object of my life ought to be to make myself not unworthy of the glory of my father. I shall hope to reach this point of my ambition, if I can appropriate to myself any of his high qualities, taking care to avoid the rocks on which he split. I should be lost to a proper sense of his memory, if I became the plaything of faction, and the instrument of intrigue. Never ought the son of Napoleon to condescend to play the miserable part of an adventurer." This was of course the point desired. It is said the

young Prince was surrounded with intrigues, and the utmost vigilance, which he knew and approved of, was necessary to protect him from attempts to draw him into them.

One of the very few friends whom the Duke of Reichstadt made for himself (it was probably, however, arranged by the Metternich policy,) was a very deserving young officer, M. Prokesch, who had distinguished himself by his travels in the East, and several military publications. From him M. de Montbel gained much interesting information. The manner in which the acquaintance was formed, is thus described by M. Prokesch:—

"After my long travels and my numerous missions, I had gone to visit my family at Gratz. The Emperor, who at that time was traversing Styria, stopped at this town. Pleased with my conduct, and the documents I had been able to lay before him, his majesty testified his satisfaction by inviting me to his table. I found myself placed next the Duke of Reichstadt, whom I had often regarded with the interest generally inspired by him; but up to that moment I had never spoken to him, or heard him speak.

"I have known you long," said he to me; "I have been taken up a great deal by you."

"How, Monseigneur," said I, "have I acquired this distinction?"

"I have read, I have studied your work on the battle of Waterloo, and I have been so pleased with it, that I have translated it into both French and Italian."

This was the commencement of an intimacy which appears to have afforded the young Prince a vast source of consolation in his peculiar circumstances. To have a friend, not of his suite, appeared as if he were putting one foot at least in the world. In the first interview, the Prince seemed deeply interested about the East. He multiplied questions on the actual state of those countries, the character of the inhabitants, and particularly of the men who were likely to influence their future condition. This subject led to his father's Egyptian campaigns: to the causes which stopped his progress before St. Jean d'Acre; he grew warm and enthusiastic in speaking of the possibilities which would have followed the capture of that important place, and on the immense results which the large and active mind of his father would have drawn from it. He evidently took a grand and extensive view of the subject.

"While we were both animated with all the fire of this subject, M. de N * * * was announced; the visit greatly annoyed him: I got up to leave him. Stay, said he, the general will prove but a transient evil. In fact, he very soon departed, and we recommenced our conversation with fresh vigour. The manner and voice of the duke indicated the deep and lively interest he took in the subject; his tone was that of a lively attachment, a passionate admiration of the memory of his parent; he grew animated in talking of his achieve-

ments, which he knew in their minutest details, as well as in their general effect, and in thanking me for the justice I had done him in my work on Waterloo, he testified a strong desire to re-read it with me, and enjoined me to visit him often during his sojourn at Gratz, where he had some days still to remain. I very gratefully accepted this favour, and took care not to break my promise. From that time I have taken a very exact note in my journal of all the circumstances that struck me during my habits of intimacy with this young Prince."

The epoch of the revolution of July may be supposed to have produced a startling effect on the mind of a young prince, so deeply interested in the fortunes of his father, and so devoted himself with military ambition. All that we are told on this subject, and, perhaps, all that he expressed, is of a description that comes upon us, at least, with some surprise. "I wish that the emperor would permit me to march with his troops to the succour of Charles X." Poor boy! he seems to have proved an apt pupil of the political pope—Metternich. Nevertheless, one who knew him well, the author of the "*Lettre sur le Duc de Reichstadt*," (who is said to be M. Prokesch himself,) tells us that his hope and aim was the throne of France, on which he expected to be placed, not by a party in France, but by the general demand of the country, backed by the consent of the monarchs of Europe. To this secret idea, working in the recesses of his heart, must be attributed his restless labours, his continued studies, his fatiguing exercises, his rage for riding, and his passion for military information. He dreaded to be taken unprepared: he as it were slept in his arms. He read all the journals and the pamphlets attentively, watched the play of parties, and shrewdly predicted their duration. We are not told how much he was indebted to M. de Metternich for lights on these intricate subjects. It was about this time that he was agitated by an attempt on the part of the Countess Camerata, a daughter of Eliza Baciocchi, and consequently his cousin, married to a wealthy Italian noble, to involve him in a correspondence. A letter of hers is given, written in a style of considerable exaltation, with the view of exciting his ambition, and probably urging him to some movement respecting France. The letter was laid on his table by some secret agency. One evening, in disguise, she laid wait for him on entering the Imperial Palace, seized his hand, and kissed it with an expression of the utmost tenderness. Obenaus, the duke's tutor, who was alone with him, and had been struck with surprise as well as the duke, stepped forward and asked her what she meant. "Who," cried she, in a tone of enthusiasm, "will refuse me the boon of kissing the hand of the son of my sovereign?" At the time, the duke was ignorant who it was that had tendered him this sort of equivocal homage, but her subsequent letters en-

lightened him on the subject. Napoleon Camerata is a lady whose personal and mental traits are said more nearly to resemble those of Napoleon than any other member of her family. She is remarkable for her resolution, her energy, and, say the reports, the incredible activity of her imagination: her tastes for horsemanship and the use of arms, are points that might be more useful to her, had nature kindly bestowed on her the sex, as well as the character of her uncle.

The French revolution, and the prospect of war which it opened upon the different armies of Europe, added fresh excitement to the duke's military studies. He took M. Prokesch for his fellow student and friendly instructor. "We read, at this epoch, with much application, Vaudoncourt, Ségur, Norvins, the socrasisms of Montécuculli, the memoirs of Prince Eugene of Savoy, and the voluminous works of Jomini: all these works were in succession compared, discussed: they are covered with the prince's marks and marginal notes." About this time, also, he put into M. Prokesch's hands a manuscript of singular interest.

"It was a course of conduct traced by himself, in which he laid down the line prescribed to him by his duty. In this composition, interspersed with shrewd general views, he considered his position in relation to France and Austria, he pointed out the rocks which surrounded him, the means of avoiding these dangers, the influences to which his mind was subject, and by which it could be regulated, how his defects might be supplied, his ambition moderated, its movements governed, and in what way useful results might be extracted from tendencies which, if left to themselves, might be mischievous—to, in short, prepare for an honourable life, such as accorded with the rank in which he had been placed by Providence. Particular circumstances, which gave to this memoir a remarkable character, induced the prince to destroy it a few days after he had shown it to me. I now deeply regret it: it would have been a document of lasting interest. He had formed a judgment of himself of extreme sagacity: it was a portrait of an exact moral likeness, in which he had forgot neither his faults nor his good qualities."—*Montbel*, p. 256.

This intense self-occupation is not healthy: it is, however, frequently the morbidity of genius. The young Napoleon was, however, in a false position: there was no natural vent by which such disengaged action might be carried off. This was the moral poison which made his countenance

"——— éclatant de peleur :
On dirait que la vie à la mort s'y mêlange."

The first appearance of the young man in society was on the 25th of January, 1831, at a grand party at the house of the British Ambassador, Lord Cowley. He was exceedingly struck with the strange mixture of remarkable persons, the representatives of the various

changes that have lately taken place in Europe.

"How painful and wearisome," he said to a friend the next morning, "are parties of this sort to me. What striking contrasts were assembled in the same apartment! I saw about me (himself by the way, a monument of political change) two princes of the house of Bourbon, Baron de Kentzinger, the representative of Charles X., Maréchal Masson, the ambassador of Louis Philip, the Prince Gustavus Vasa, the natural heir of the throne of Sweden, and Count Lowenheim, minister of Charles John. For the first time, I spoke with Maréchal Marmont: my father quoted him as a man of talent, and I found his conversation correspond with this character. I am to receive him to-day. I am glad to find myself in communication with Frenchmen. I do not wish to remain absolutely unknown in France, or that so many erroneous ideas respecting my situation should continue to be entertained there."

This interview with Marmont, the only survivor of his father's early aid-de-camps, had for some time been passionately desired by him. Metternich's permission was obtained: the marshal and his ancient master's son were mutually pleased. The young Napoleon had a thousand questions to ask, a thousand points to clear up. Marmont is a man of education, agreeable conversation, and quite capable of giving all the advantage of language and expression to his experience. It ended in Marmont being engaged to give the duke a whole course of military lectures; the text being Napoleon's campaigns. They were continued until the subject was exhausted, or until, as is not improbable, their frequency had begun to give umbrage. Marmont retired, promising, at least, to see his pupil every fortnight.

The 15th June, 1831, the prince was named lieutenant-colonel, and took the command of a battalion of Hungarian infantry, then in garrison at Vienna. His exertions in the discharge of his new duties, in addition to his previous occupations, appear to have made the progress of his malady, which had till now proceeded secretly, visible both in his appearance and in his inability to bear fatigue. His voice became hoarse, he was subject to coughs and attacks of fever; he had shot up to a prodigious height, and his appearance bore many marks of the germs of the terrible phthisis, now breaking out into activity.

"Frequently," says his physician, Dr. Malfatti, "I have surprised him in the barracks in a state of dreadful lassitude. One day, amongst others, I found him stretched on a sofa, exhausted, powerless, and almost fainting. Not being able to conceal the wretched state in which I found him, he said, 'I abominate this wretched body that sinks under my will in this manner.' 'It is indeed provoking,' I answered, 'that your Highness cannot change your person, as you do your horses when they are tired; but permit me, Monseigneur, I conjure you, to remember, that you have not a will of iron in a body of glass, and that the

indulgence of your will cannot prove otherwise than fatal.'

"His life was, in fact, at that time undergoing a process of combustion; he slept scarcely four hours, though, by nature, he required a great quantity of sleep; he scarcely ate at all. His soul was entirely concentrated in the routine of the manège, and the different kinds of military exercises; he was, in fact, never at rest; he continued to increase in height, grew wretchedly thin, and his complexion gradually became thoroughly livid. To all my questions he answered, 'I am perfectly well.'"

Malfatti at length considered it necessary to present a representation to the Emperor on the state of the Duke's health. Both the patient and the physician were summoned to the imperial presence. Malfatti repeated his statement. The Emperor then turned to the young prince, and said, "You have heard Dr. Malfatti; you will repair immediately to Schönbrunn." The Duke bowed respectfully, and, as he was raising his head, he gave Malfatti a glance of excessive indignation. "It is you, then, that have put me under arrest," he said to him in an angry tone, and hurried away. He was placable, however, and soon forgave his amiable physician. The air and quiet of Schönbrunn were extremely beneficial; he began again to sleep and to eat; the first return of vigour was the signal for exertion. He commenced hunting, as the next best thing to war, in all weathers, and with a recklessness that, joined to similar exposure in visiting neighbouring military stations, soon re-established the malady. Phthisis assumed all its horrible power; he gradually sank, and, after dreadful suffering, and all the rallying and resistance which a strong will can sometimes effect against disease, he fell a victim to it on the 22d July, 1832, at Schönbrunn, on the same bed, in the same apartment that his father had occupied as the conqueror of Vienna.

His mother was present during his latter days, and seems to have suffered all a mother's pains. The emperor, whom all agree in describing as an excellent and amiable old man, was greatly affected; a very strong affection subsisted between them; and, on the part of the Duke, it was evident, that the honest, straightforward character of the Emperor, joined with his paternal kindness and evidently honest intentions, had made a profound impression on the mind and heart of his grandson. On the opening of the body, the opinions of the Duke's physicians were fully confirmed; one lobe of the lungs was nearly gone; and, while the sternum was that of a mere child, the intestines presented all the appearance of decrepid age.

As he laid on his bier, his resemblance to his father, that resemblance so striking in the cradle, became once more remarkable. It might have been detected in life, but the flowing blond hair of his Austrian mother, and his

tall form, would naturally mask the resemblance. His manner was graceful and elegant—the expression of his countenance somewhat sad; he was reserved till he fancied he had found a friend, when he became confidential, communicative, and even enthusiastic. He appears to have been universally beloved: no one can recollect an offence—much less an injury; he was full of kindness and consideration for every one about him. But one passion appears to have been developed—that of military ambition. The present with him was but a preparation; in fact, he lived in a future, which for him was never to arrive.

Looking at the interests of Europe, it is impossible to regret his death; looking at himself, it is impossible not to feel a great interest in his life; had, in truth, his various qualities and dispositions been more generally known during his youth, it is very probable, that the popular feeling of France would have more deeply sympathized in his fate. He was never regarded otherwise than as *LE FILS DE L'HOMME*, and as such let him rest—a last victim to the turbulent ambition of his own father.

From the Spectator:

TAYLOR'S LIFE OF COWPER.

THERE was room for another biography of Cowper; and Mr. Taylor has not proved himself an unworthy compiler of the materials which, subsequent to Hayley's Life, have been flowing into the stock of public information. This is a religious view of the poet's life. Cowper was a religious man; he had deep and peculiar views of the subject; they had great influence on his fortune and state of mind: and it is fit that a religious man should explain the theory of a life which, without a due knowledge of and feeling for the grand subject of Cowper's chief contemplation, might be but very imperfectly understood. Mr. Taylor has taken a fair and intelligent view of the exceedingly interesting character of this most afflicted and yet most gifted poet,—according, at least, to the peculiar tenets of that religious faith, nearly the same as the poet's, to which we apprehend he belongs. Nevertheless, though we are willing to allow that the author has done religious justice to the subject, and value his book as an excellent compendium of the evidences of the author's true character and of his habitual cast of mind, still it is our opinion that a philosophical life of Cowper is as yet a desideratum. It is a gross injustice to attribute the melancholy state of mind under which the poet laboured, through several dark periods, to the influence of religion: his malady did indeed assume a religious, just as it might have assumed a royal garb, the result neither of religion nor royalty. The plain truth is, that this highly gifted man was afflicted with insanity,—a disease that makes no distinction of intellect, but visits without difference the highest and the lowest faculties,

His malady was of an order not uncommon in the receptacles of the insane—melancholia, not in its worst or unconscious or suicidal state, but in the most suffering of all conditions—where the *taste* is utterly taken out of life—where all things are worse than indifferent, though they are distinguishable enough to the mind. Cowper died saying, “What does it signify?” This was the burden of his life. In addressing his friend Newton,—who it seems, had got an unaccountable idea that Cowper in his retreat was becoming too gay—he says, “Be assured that, notwithstanding rumours to the contrary, we are exactly what we were when you saw us last: *I miserable on account of God's departure from me*, which I believe to be final; and she (Mrs. Unwin) seeking his return to me, in the path of duty, and by continual prayer.” But when Cowper was well in health, his religious views became as cheerful as they were gloomy when he was depressed; showing plainly enough, that the regulator was not theological, but physical. Had the general tenor of Cowper's thoughts not been religious, he certainly would not have dreamed that God had deserted him; but, like others similarly afflicted, he would have selected some other subject of melancholy complaint. Men thus afflicted grieve that they have no soul—that the whole world is combined against them—that they are chosen for degradation and misery—that to them nature makes a point of looking ugly, and all things of tasting sour, and such dissatisfied fancies. Cowper was religious: while sane, his grand comfort was that he was accepted of God; when insane, what marvel that he deemed he was eternally rejected? and yet how is religion to blame? A melancholy paper-stainer would have fancied that he was bedizened in all colours, and pressed to atoms by his own block: and yet who would say that paper-staining was the cause of his madness?

In the midst of misfortune, Cowper was wonderfully favoured. It is a mercy that he did not get immured in some private asylum for life. His intellect was watched for nearly forty years of his existence; and all that he enjoyed, and all that we now enjoy, the proceeds of his admirable mind, is just what his affectionate attendants saved from the wreck—the *jetsum* and *flotsam* of a rich intellectual Indianaman. It is peculiar to this state of mind, that it does not appear, like ordinary derangement, to destroy intellect—to break it up, and array the fragments in most admired disorder: it simply buries it—is such a manner always, that it would seem, if you could only arrive at it, that then it would be found in all its brightness and purity. The mind is in a dungeon: rays of light now and then penetrate, but the deep cavern is never wholly illumined: when, however, the intellectual prisoner is seen, it is in his full proportions, standing up in all his majesty: but it is only for the duration of a flash—darkness to

Cowper, when in his deepest depression—when pursuits had lost all flavour—when old friends arriving were not recognised—when he was, to all seeming, a mere living mass of mortality—could be stimulated to efforts quite equal to his best. Like a man waked out of his sleep, he seemed, when he could be awake, quite himself: whether it was to write an original copy of verses, or to go on with a revision of his Homer, he was equally ready, equally able, until the cloud came over him again, and he relapsed. On one occasion, when Cowper was in a state not at all renovated from that in which numbers are now in different asylums, and are not allowed a single privilege of volition, his relative Mr. Johnson placed in the chamber through which he was accustomed to pass, an open Villoison, and some other books necessary for carrying on a new edition of his Homer, at the place where he had left off: Cowper was attracted: while Mr. Johnson engaged him in conversation on some other subject, the poet regarded the books, took them up, sat down on the sofa, and, with a sigh, said, "I suppose I may as well do this, for I can do nothing else." It was with this utter feeling of indifference—the moral Upanisad—that he began his temporary task: it never diminished the spirit of his work, while he could work, but it quickly upset his industry. At this time, the malady was too far gone for mortal aid, because the powers of nature were sinking. Had he not, however, experienced similar kind and enlightened consideration from the very beginning of his disorder, the murky sky of his intellectual atmosphere had never been broken: his appointment to the readership in the House of Lords, and his removal to St. Albans as insane, would have been the first and last the world would ever have heard of the name of William Cowper,—a name now destined to go down to posterity as the brightest poetical moralist that has ever fathomed the depths of the English language.

May we not take a lesson hence? Let us not be too rash with the insane. The ship may be run aground; but she may still sail before the wind as bravely as ever; and, at any rate, the cargo is not lost,—unless, indeed, she get into the hands of the wreckers—the mercenary traders in mental disease: and then, alas! there is small hope of salvage.

From the British Critic.

REMARKS ON SOME PARTS OF THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.*

[This article is part of a very long one, which is principally occupied in discussing the

accounts of "American Revivals," given by Mrs. Trollope, and by the Rev. Calvin Colton. This subject is one not entirely proper for the Museum, and is therefore omitted.]

THE Americans form, at this moment, one of the most wonderful and interesting varieties of the human race. Taken in their collective capacity, this extraordinary people seem to combine a multitude of properties and attributes, which are generally distributed by Nature among the different specimens of her creative power. For instance, they appear to be gifted with all the qualities which are desirable in a race of undaunted colonists, and which may, aptly enough, be represented by the strength and armour of the rhinoceros, and the activity and untameable hardihood of the wild ass. And with these they unite the enduring perseverance of the ox, together with much of the sagacity of the elephant; which they, moreover, resemble in the faculty of achieving wonders, not unlike to those which that creature performs by the agency of his trunk. They are able to tear down forests or to pick up sixpences: and, to judge by the prodigious result, with almost the same rapidity and ease. And yet, with all this combination of advantages, (which has enabled them to subdue the wilderness, and, almost, "to make a mock at chance and sufferance,") they have some peculiarities, which one would hardly have expected to find in a race of pioneers, and conquerors of the forest and the flood. For, while they are provided with something analogous to the bristling apparatus of a certain animal, which has been described by the epithet of "fretful," they, nevertheless, have about them some places so soft and tender, that "man but rush against them," and the whole body is, instantly, thrown into convulsions. Every one, for example, has read or heard of the book of Captain Basil Hall, his "Travels in North America." Mrs. Trollope was in the country when that work was imported; and, if her statement be at all correct, it might be supposed that some terrific magazine of electrical matter had been tossed into the midst of the land. She describes the effect of it as "a sort of moral earthquake." It produced a vibration throughout the nervous system of the whole republic, which had not subsided when she left the country, in July, 1831, full two years after the shock. When she applied to a bookseller for it, the patriot told her that he had, indeed, taken a few copies before he understood the nature of the work; but that, since he became acquainted with it, no earthly consideration should induce him to sell another. The rest of the fraternity, however, were rather less magnanimous. In spite of its abominable calumnies and falsehoods, "the book was read in city and town, village and hamlet, steamboat and stage coach;" and a war-whoop was set up, which could hardly have been exceeded if the whole navy of Great Britain, in a period of profound peace, had

* Domestic Manners of the Americans. By Mrs. Trollope. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1832.

History and Character of American Revivals of Religion. By the Rev. Calvin Colton, of America. London. 1832.

made a piratical descent upon the coasts of the Union. The author was no less than a monster of ingratitude and treachery; there was not a single word of truth in his volumes, from the beginning to the end; it was gravely stated in some companies, with all the precision of an official report, that Captain Hall had been sent out by the British government, expressly for the purpose of checking the growing admiration of England for the government of the United States, and that it was purely in obedience to orders from the Treasury, that he had found any thing to condemn. As for the American Reviews, they were all seized with something like a fanatical frenzy. So furious was their excommunicating temper, that Mrs. Trollope wonders that they did not save themselves the trouble of searching for phrases of abhorrence, by translating at once the imprecations of Bishop Ernulphus, substituting only, between the brackets, the name of [he Basil] for that of [he Obadiah.]

Such, according to the description of this very lively and clever lady, was the paroxysm produced by this apparently mild and harmless preparation. Her account of the matter may, perhaps, be rather prodigally coloured. But after making all prudent allowance for the glaring ingredients of her rhetorical *pallet*, there can remain no doubt that the corrosion inflicted was extreme. We have, very lately, heard or read the assertion that Washington Irving himself has fairly given us up, and is about to turn his back upon us for ever. What may have been her share in driving him to this resolution we are unable to pronounce. Thus much, however, we cannot forbear to say,—if Captain Basil Hall hath been chastised with whips, where shall scorpions be found for the chastisement of Mrs. Trollope? Of course she never means to set her foot again, while she lives, within the territories of the United States. She must know very well that she would find the place a great deal too hot to hold her. And we must very frankly tell her, that, laughable and entertaining as her volumes undoubtedly are, we could hardly wish her success in the *pancratiastic* encounter, that might probably ensue, if she should ever again make her appearance among the indignant matrons and spinsters of America. This lady ought to have perceived that she was scattering fire-brands in her sport. Before she sent her manuscript to the printer, she should have recollect'd that, in the existing temper of our brethren there, descriptions of their manners and their institutions are, to say the least, quite as important as state papers and political manifestoes. The mirth excited by this sprightly publication will be purchased at a most ruinous price, if it shall be found to have angered the sense of injury and contempt into a malignant and festering sore.

But while we administer this rebuke to Mrs. Trollope, we hope and trust that our Transat-

lantic brethren will forgive us if we venture honestly to avow that, to us, nothing is more utterly incomprehensible than their irritable nationality. We can very safely assure them that if they will but send us a couple of volumes on the oddities and absurdities of John Bull, as entertaining, and even as caustic, as the performance now before us, they will run to their third edition quite as rapidly as this has done. We moreover do think that we can promise them that there will be no boiling of blood, no incorrect secretion bile, no turning of the milk of kindness to gall. On the contrary, after the first smart has subsided, John will but shake his well-larded sides, as heartily as his Transatlantic caricaturists, or their admirers, could do for their lives. Every body knows that at the French theatres his own cachinnations were infinitely more sonorous than those of the rest of the audience, whenever the good people of Paris were amused by representations of his bad dancing, (in truth no Parisian performer could dance quite badly enough to do him justice!) or of his ungainly and reserved demeanour, or of his droll propensity for hanging or drowning himself. But mercy upon Jonathan! what would become of him if he were to witness such an exhibition of his smokings, and his drammings, and his spittings, and his lollings? Surely he would burst in sunder. He would go to pieces on the very spot. We can further declare, that John is exceedingly patient under far heavier provocation than this. We recollect, many years ago, hearing a remarkably sedate and well-behaved young American declare, very seriously, that he came over to England, partly from curiosity, partly from a desire to ascertain whether it might not be possible to stamp Great Britain into better manners, if ever there should be war between her and America. He confessed, however, that he was reluctantly induced to give up all hopes of that kind, when he found that there had been such a thing known among us as a fortune made by dealing in cat's meat and dog's meat. The intentions of the youthful republican towards us were singularly benevolent and complimentary; and we almost tremble to think of what might have been the consequence if a similar notion had been uttered by an Englishman at New York. And yet we do solemnly aver that it was heard here without raising a single spark of indignation or vindictive emotion. Nothing was thought of but the whimsical extravagance of the proposal; and the only greeting it met with was a hearty and good-humoured laugh. Now what a pity it is that Jonathan cannot enter a little more kindly into the spirit of give and take. Why should he, possessed as he is of all the most substantial elements of national prosperity and grandeur, why should he begin "strutting and fretting, full of sound and fury," the instant that man, woman, or child presumes to hint that some improvement in hi-

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manners, his customs, his principles, and his institutions is not absolutely beyond the range of possibility!

What there is in Basil Hall's book to drive him to madness we are unable to recollect. There is in it, no doubt, a great deal more of the old story of Church and King than can be at all pleasing to him; for these are words which no American ear can endure to hear. The Mahometans have a prophecy floating about among them, that the day will come when the dogs of Muscovy shall burst into Stambol. One would really suspect that every American was secretly haunted by some vision quite as hateful to his feelings as the above prediction is to the Faithful,—that he was conscious or apprehensive that the *ineluctable tempus* must at last arrive, when the unworthy and degenerate Republicans would ask for themselves a king,—and, together with a king, that bitterest of all mischiefs, an Established Church; and that, for this reason, he hated the very sound of those words, as if they spoke to him of torment before the time. But, beyond the odious trumpetings of Church and King, we really do not recollect a syllable in Basil Hall's publication that ought seriously to discompose any community of human beings, unless they happened to be labouring under an universal *Monomania*, and to hallucinate that wisdom and patriotism were unknown on earth before the foundations of their own polity were laid. But though we can honestly say this of the publication of Basil Hall, we can by no means say quite so much for Mrs. Trollope's exhibition. There is, we must allow, a good deal in it, here and there, provoking enough, on a first perusal, even to national feelings of a moderate temperature; and absolutely intolerable to very high-wrought patriotic sensibilities. When the patient was already sore, he might be expected to wince and twist under the operation of certain acrid ingredients of her compound. No St. John Long can ever hope to effect a cure, unless the patient is willing and full of faith, and moreover gifted with a tolerably sound integument to work upon. Where these are wanting, nothing but deadly inflammation can be expected from his applications. But after all, to us the wonder is, that mixtures like those of Dr. Basil Hall, or even those of the *wise old woman* Mrs. Trollope, or of any practitioners who have gone before them, should ever be able to raise so angry and painful a blister on the American epidermis! It is absolutely astonishing that a great, a mighty, and an understanding people should be so irritably constituted as to experience a moment's serious annoyance from their treatment. Here is a nation, consisting of twelve or thirteen millions of sturdy Republicans, and yet just as impatient of a little saucy exaggeration, or unceremonious truth, as the most effeminate, arrogant, and self-sufficient autocrat that ever divorced men's heads from their shoulders with a nod. It is perfectly

wonderful that they do not perceive how unspeakably ridiculous this is. It is clear, that with all their unquestionable greatness, they have, as yet, attained to no true conceptions of their own dignity. They are advancing to power and to wealth with a pace unprecedented hitherto in the history of man; but all this profiteth them nothing, so long as their brethren, who sit in the *King's Gate*, bow not nor do them reverence. What is the King's gate, or they who sit therein, to them? The British nation, they are perpetually telling us, are slaves. All their ancient institutions are nothing better than badges of servitude. Their very historical recollections are the spells which keep them in infamous but contented bondage. What then, it may be asked, can the suffrages or the acclamations of a horde of serfs and villains add unto them? Why should they be ambitious of such beggarly applause? And what can it signify to a freeborn people, if they, who know not what freedom is, should now and then make themselves a little merry, in the midst of their heaviness, with the gambols and caprices of democratic license?

After all, however, we urgently repeat that, so long as this unnatural sensitiveness shall exist, there can be neither wisdom nor charity in making sport with it. It is but a sorry and barbarous pastime to play the *Banderillero*, and to goad a noble and powerful creature to madness, by puncturing his hide with puny missiles. It is not worth while to go on treasuring up wrath by these paltry accumulations, collected as they are, sometimes by spleenetic ill-nature, and at others by the mercenary and selfish spirit of mere book-making. We must, it is true, be slaves indeed, if we are to admit a Transatlantic Censorship of our Press, and to breathe no syllable of doubt respecting the institutions of our descendants, when we honestly think the imitation of them would be destructive to our people. But if we find that all such doubts are distasteful and offensive to them, we, at least, may abstain from adding to their bitterness by the slightest infusion of unkindness or contempt. If our brethren should be finally alienated from us, if a spirit of incurable aversion should be engendered, and should eventually blaze up into fierce hostility between us, it would be but poor consolation to reflect that the quarrel had grown up out of the merest trifles,—the “dissensions of a *doin'*”—and that our adversary had shown but little magnanimity in his quick and sudden sense of injury. And for this reason it is, that, although we have derived no inconsiderable amusement, we hope and trust *innocent* amusement, from Mrs. Trollope's performance, we shall most vehemently deplore its appearance, if (as we fear,) it should have the effect of exasperating the propensity to strife and evil will.

For ourselves, we have noticed these volumes with no design whatever of intermeddling with these family discords. We hold it to be a very matter of conscience to abstain

from every word or syllable tending to accelerate a collision, which, if ever it should occur, must bear, more or less, the aspect of civil war; and in which victory would only be something rather less disastrous than defeat. Our vocation is peace, and amity, and concord, and good will towards men; and we moreover are desirous to keep constantly in mind the precept, *parents, provoke not your children to wrath*. And we are more especially impressed with the wisdom and the humanity of the maxim, now that our boy Jonathan hath set up for himself, and is grown into a robust and independent manhood, skilful alike to wield the hatchet of the back woodsman, or the rifle of the hunter, or the sword of the warrior, or the goose-quill of the merchant, or the portfolio of the statesman, or the thunders of the senator. Why should he be provoked to growl defiance at his progenitor, by gibes, and taunting speeches, and epigrams, on his lack of superfine accomplishment? And why should his progenitor look peevishly or austere upon the occasional eruptions of his hardihood and self-will. Let him proceed peacefully in his own way. Let his talk, if it so please him, be of dollars. Let him enjoy his pipe, with his heels higher than his head. Let him go on, without molestation or derision, "guessing," and "calculating," and "reckoning," and "expecting," to the end of time. Let him snigger, to his heart's content, at the low and vulgar jargon of our cockney English. Yea—let him be welcome, we say, to laugh his fill at what he will call our tawdry and expensive wax-work of kings and peers,—of chancellors, and judges, and speakers, and other wigged men,—of lord mayors, and state coaches, and life guards, and cream-coloured horses; and let him vow that the very thought of all this mummary and fustian doth well nigh make him sick. All these things move us not to any feelings of an angry type. Let each of us indulge his own humour. Let us continue to chant our *God save the King*, and our *Rule Britannia*; and let Jonathan elevate his noble courage by whistling *Yankee Doodle*. But why should it be in the heart of either party to hurl the accents of scorn or defiance against the other?

Such are the views with which we have examined the sarcastic volumes of Mrs. Trollope. And, to prove our sincerity, we shall abstain from extracting a single sentence from them, which may merely serve as a recommendation of them to those of our readers whose lungs are ready "to crow like chanticleer" at every exhibition of the ludicrous peculiarities of their fellow creatures. We are, indeed, far from believing that a disposition to view things in the point of humour, must necessarily indicate malignity of heart. A confirmed and thorough-going disciple of Democritus is, undoubtedly, a heartless being; but we, nevertheless, do verily believe that there are multitudes of humane, charitable, and religious characters, who have some slight dash of his

philosophy in their composition; and who yet are total strangers to the sardonic bitterness which distorts the countenance of the scorner, whenever the frailties or absurdities of human nature are shown up to public derision. Still it should never be forgotten that there is a time for all things; and that merriment is wofully out of season when it appears to insult the prejudices and feelings of a whole community, and arms against us the resentments of a high spirited and estimable nation, allied to us by the ties of blood, by community of language, and by an identity of interests. In such a case, we may well say, *of laughter, that it is mad, and of mirth, what doeth it!* We propose to make a much better use than this of the opportunity afforded us by these lively volumes. It will be found by those who consult them, that the state of religion forms one very prominent department of Mrs. T.'s exhibition of American manners; and an opening is thus provided us for some observations on a most momentous topic, and one which falls more especially within the province of a Theological Journal. Our own establishments and usages of every description, and more especially those connected with religion, form, at this moment, a subject of much intemperate discussion among ourselves. It is, therefore, not very unnatural that we should be induced to examine attentively the condition of other countries in this respect; and this, with a view to ascertain whether the absence of all such institutions as our own, is quite so favourable to the best interests of Christianity, as certain of our revolutionary projectors are apt to assume. We have, unfortunately, among us, a number of *good haters*, who scowl at bishops, and prebendaries, and parsons, and whose claws may be seen to dart from their sheaths, the instant that tithes and Church lands are mentioned. And the eyes of such reformers flash with exultation, whenever they anticipate that blissful period, in which the sons of England shall glorify, by their imitation, the wisdom and the virtues of their transatlantic brethren, and shall honour the Christian faith with that most inestimable of all privileges, the liberty of shifting for herself! So vehement is the hostility now raging against our whole ecclesiastical polity, that it has given birth to a coalition too monstrous for any one, who is interested for our common Christianity, to contemplate without dismay. We trust that we are animated by no unkindly feelings against those of our brethren who are separated from the communion of the National Church. But, whatever may be their construction of our words, we cannot forbear to express our utter astonishment at the position into which many among them have been seduced by their hatred of our religious institutions. Is it possible to imagine a spectacle more afflicting than the unhallowed league which now, to all appearance, is formed, at least by a certain portion of the Dissenters, with Rad-

cal, Infidels, Atheists, and Romanists, for the destruction of the Established Church of England. How is it that any man, holding a belief essentially similar to our own, can endure the thought of confederating, for any purpose, with a crew whose secret hearts are filled with bitterness against almost every form of religion, unless it be some form which may make religion contemptible, and, consequently, powerless? And how is it that any one among the descendants of those sturdy puritans, who scorned to touch a remnant or a rag of the Babylonian scarlet, should now be found combating in the same ranks with Jesuits and with Popish priests, and with unprincipled agitators who are leagued with Priests and Jesuits in the sacred duty of insurrection? This, however, is literally the composition of a considerable part of the levy *en masse* arrayed against the Church at the present moment. And America is the land to which all these parties are incessantly pointing, as the bright example which Christian communities are bound to imitate, if they would see the Gospel *laying aside every weight, and running with patience the race that is set before it*. Under these circumstances we cannot but be strongly impelled to examine what encouragement there is to adopt the experiment which is now in a course of trial in the western world.

Our readers will possibly recollect that we have, of late, seized various opportunities of presenting to them some reflections on these matters; and that we have fortified our own remarks by the testimony of certain *American divines*; and those too, not of the Episcopalian stamp, but men animated by something of the same spirit which sent the *pilgrim fathers* to bear the name of England with them across the ocean, and to plant it in the wilderness. Now from these American statements it appears, that a Church Establishment is regarded in America as a thing not to be named among freemen. It is scorned as an appendage of the old aboriginal slavery of the mother country; and the consequence is, that while the religious instinct—if we may so express it—runs to wild luxuriance in some parts of the land, there is a prospect of the most frightful spiritual barrenness in others; so that, in the course of a generation or two more, there will probably be millions upon millions of human beings as destitute of Christian knowledge or principle “as the savages that howl on the banks of the Missouri.” Our American brethren cannot complain that this representation is dictated by British prejudice, for it is the representation given, not only by zealous Christians, but by patriotic Americans. It is true, that in many of the most populous and civilized parts of the Union, it is thought a disreputable thing for any man to profess a total neutrality in religion. All creditable persons are expected to enrol themselves in one or other of the innumerable sects which swarm in that land of religious and civil freedom. It is likewise indis-

putable that the contributions raised for religious purposes are of an aggregate amount, which indicates a powerful working of religious emotion throughout this vast and increasing community. Nevertheless, the absence of any grand and solid system of national religious polity is manifested (if we may judge by the sorrowful confession of the American writers alluded to,) in a way which threatens a very large portion of society, at no very distant period, with an utter *famine of the word of God*. Civilization (in the mere human and conventional sense of the word) is advancing with gigantic strides; but Christianity is halting behind the march of civilization, with a weary and, to all appearance, a despairing step. While the lump is increasing on all sides with a prodigious power of expansion, the supply of leaven is, comparatively, so penurious, that the extremities will never be reached by its healthful fermentation. The care of man's eternal interests is placed beyond the pale of secular responsibility. If the whole country were sinking into the Serbonian bog of infidelity before his eyes, the magistrate, if he had the will, would be without the power to interfere for its deliverance. The preservation of the country from unbelief or atheism, must therefore be entrusted, humanly speaking, to impulses quite as uncertain and capricious, as its preservation from dram drinking. The stability of religious sects is no better provided for than that of Temperance Societies. All is committed to the energies and feelings of exemplary individuals, or of small and unconnected communities. There is no one great city set upon a hill to which the eyes and the hearts of men may be incessantly directed; nothing which combines the sacredness of the temple with the strength of the citadel; no majestic Zion, begirt with her towers and her fortresses, and prepared to extend her posts in every direction throughout the expanding empire. An institution like this would be viewed with furious jealousy, as a castle which frowned upon the public liberties. Respecting the probable consequences of this state of things, it is needless for us to pronounce any judgment of our own. The judgment has already been pronounced, in a tone of bitter lamentation, by the tongues of religious and patriotic natives; by men, too, who would never endure to see that *abomination of desolation*, an *Episcopal* establishment, erected within their borders. And upon testimony so far beyond all exception, we may surely venture to distrust that wisdom, which is now clamorously demanding the demolition of establishments framed for the preservation and diffusion of Christianity among our people.

Mrs. Trollope must forgive us for confessing that it is not without some hesitation that we produce her testimony, on this subject; notwithstanding the support which it offers to the statements of the zealous individuals above alluded to. Of course we feel it impossible to suspect that she has, deliberately, put forth as-

sertions or representations which are destitute of all foundation in fact. Nevertheless, we must apprise our readers that, in the first place, her sphere of observation appears to have been comparatively limited; and, secondly,—at the hazard of being stigmatized for defective courtesy towards a female writer,—we must add, that she does, by no means, appear to us exactly the sort of person on whose judgment, in such grave and important matters, a very safe reliance can be placed. Even when she speaks the truth, she seems to have no notion of speaking it in love. She is without the tenderness or the solemnity of spirit, which are quite indispensable qualities in one who would form a righteous estimate of the religious condition of a great people. Her eye wanders, with sparkling vivacity, over the surface of things; and there it seizes on every appearance, and every object, and every group, which can impart a lively and striking effect to her pictures—we might, perhaps, say, with justice, to her *caricatures*. But it does not measure heights, or penetrate into depths, or even survey, with much approach to accuracy, the length and breadth of the vast region it is exploring. It is, in short, not altogether a rolling eye, or a romping eye,—but it is a somewhat petulant and imperious eye—not full of benignity, and “gentle salutations and responses;” neither is it an eye which indicates the habit of steady and patient thought. It roams abroad in search of materials which may tickle the spleen, and, sometimes, may even stir up the bile. We, therefore, can scarcely trust to it as a guide through the labyrinth of great and momentous inquiries. The intractability and impertinence of domestic *helps* (for there are no such things as domestic *servants* in America)—the inexpressibly ludicrous effect of American curiosity, and the “nice fence and active practice” with which it is parried by American caution and reserve—the breathless haste and blank silence with which Transatlantic meals are devoured—the perilous insertion of half the blade of the knife between the jaws of the impatient performer—the awful separation of the sexes from each other, on every occasion of public assemblage, whether grave or gay—the legs of the gentlemen elevated on the backs of chairs—the prudish horror with which the ladies shrink from the suspicion of being conscious that such an integument as *smock* or *shift* has any existence among sublunary things—the daily and hourly breach of the thousand conventional observances which have grown up amidst the fastidious civilization of the old world—all these, and a multitude of similar topics, are admirably fitted to call forth her peculiar powers. But, when we come to such profound concerns as national morality and religion, we feel that loftier properties are needed, than the keenest perception of what is vulgar or ridiculous, or the happiest talent for the exhibition of it. But, notwithstanding these misgivings as to the aptitude of our con-

dress for such high speculations, we shall, nevertheless, venture to request the attention of our readers to certain representations which she has given, relative to form and manner in which religious feeling manifests itself in the United States. In spite of the astonishment with which we have listened to her statements—an astonishment which advances, at times, very nearly to the verge of incredulity—we cannot but feel that she is, at least, entitled to a patient hearing. It has, indeed, been the fashion in certain circles to talk of her as if she were possessed by we know not how many evil spirits; as if she were almost a prodigy of evil-speaking, lying, and slandering. We profess not to take up the gauntlet in her behalf. Whether or not she has done injustice to democratic manners and institutions in general, we shall not stop to inquire. We shall confine ourselves to our own peculiar department, as humble auxiliaries to the Religious Principles and Establishments of our own country. In that character, the question we propose to the public is,—not merely whether she has her vivacity, at all times, under salutary control,—but, whether the things related by her are substantially true or not? If they are not, she has been guilty of something more atrocious than a mere *caricature*: she has been guilty of an intolerable calumny. We are therefore quite willing that our readers should bring to their contemplation of her picture the most vigilant and jealous caution,—that they should purge their vision with “euphrasy and rue,”—and should be prepared to detect every line of distortion, and every tint of exaggeration. And we have the less scruple in producing her testimony, because we shall have to compare it with that of the Rev. Calvin Colton of America, whose volume, together with those of Mrs. Trollope, stands at the head of our paper.

[We here omit 30 or 40 pages, and pass to the conclusion.]

To return, for one moment more, to the work of Mr. Colton:—we know not how we can better finish this paper, than with the concluding words of his own volume:

“Stranger as I am in this land of my fathers, and belonging only to a scion cut off from this original stock, and transplanted into a distant region, I cannot be supposed a competent judge of the comparative state of religion here. Whether that scion has flourished better in its new soil, and imbibed a more healthful influence from another climate, and whether it is growing up into more beautiful forms, and bearing more abundant and richer fruit, than the original plant—can better be decided by those, who know how things are here, when they have received sufficient testimony of the condition and prospects of their own transatlantic progeny. For, we are all children of the same ancestry. It would be ungracious in us, Americans, not to respect and venerate those, from whom we have sprung. And we are happy to have received so many proofs of a

fraternal regard among the descendants of a common stock. And we come to tell them, at their own condescending request, how God hath prospered us. Even if we look at the political relations of the two countries, they are friendly, and we hope ever will be. As fellow-*Christians*, (and it is as such we now speak,—none else will be interested in this subject,) we confide fully, and without distrust. There cannot be foundation for any other rivalship, than ‘to provoke one another to love and good works,’ to all possible excellence in Christian purity and Christian enterprise.

“And now may the Great Head of the Church smile upon this feeble effort, and cause it to be well received among those, for whose information it has been undertaken, and to whom it is now humbly submitted—with this additional and earnest prayer:—That it may contribute to the honour of Jesus Christ, and to the furtherance of his cause.”

We do most heartily welcome and accept these sentiments; and fervently desire that they may be echoed back from every heart in England. And we further earnestly entreat Mr. Colton and his brethren to be assured, that if we have, occasionally, used some honest freedom of speech in our examination of his book, we have not been prompted to it by a spirit of ungracious disregard for his principles of his convictions. We may, perhaps, in his judgment, be too powerfully influenced by an attachment to the time-honoured institutions and practices of our own country: but we are totally unconscious of any motive so utterly hateful, as a desire to insult and exasperate the Americans, or a pitiful ambition to be numbered among their *detractors*.

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From the British Critic.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.*

The public has been favoured of late with abundant information respecting Mr. Shelley and his works. Mr. Hogg (with whose clever book of travels we remember to have been much amused) has given a copious account of the poet’s doings at Oxford; and Captain Medwin has traced the inclinations of his friend from his childhood, and instructed us with various anecdotes of the precocity of his genius. Both of the memoirs are valuable for several reasons, independent of any purely literary interest. They furnish us with the history of a self-willed and perverse individual, who, from the earliest dawn of comprehension, seems to have surrendered himself to the most rash and melancholy delusions—confident in his own judgment, and despising the wisdom and experience of others, he became a sceptic at Eton, an atheist at Oxford, and a miserable man throughout his life.

Both Captain Medwin and Mr. Hogg are very lacrymose with regard to Shelley’s treatment

at Oxford. “It is to be regretted,” says the Captain, “that his tutor, or some of the authorities of the University, did not attempt to convince him of the fallacy of his deductions, instead of resorting at once to expulsion, a poor test of truth.” Shelley’s challenge to the examining Master to dispute with him in the schools was, of course, received with the contempt due to a young gentleman of seventeen, whose knowledge of chemistry consisted in burning holes in carpets, and whose metaphysics were comprised in Hume’s Essays.

We may remark, that the celebrated Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, signalled the first day of his residence at University College (the college of Shelley likewise) by a challenge to a logical disputation, although he might have pleaded his infant age in extenuation of his folly, for, if we recollect right, he was not at that time more than twelve years old. But Shelley’s impiety was not so passive or limited as that of the author of *De Veritate*. Will it be credited, that this youth, whom Mr. Hogg styles “the most docile, the most facile, the most pliant, the most confiding creature that was ever conducted through the various paths of learning,” should have had the unexampled audacity to draw up a paper in which the *non-existence of the Deity was mathematically demonstrated*? —yet such was the fact. Was it to be endured, then, that he who had thus prematurely manifested the fearful signs of disbelief—that he who in the very morning of his youth could look up to heaven and declare aloud there was no God; was it, we repeat, to be endured, that such an individual should continue to send out his pestilential doctrines unpunished? The moral leprosy was upon him, and by no law, human or divine, could he be allowed to remain among the pure and the healthful. Of what avail does Captain Medwin suppose argument would have been with Shelley, in whose mind, according to his own showing, scepticism had long before taken root.

It is highly ludicrous to read the anecdotes of Shelley given to us by his friends—every action is the subject of an eulogy, and every movement is a study for a painter. As a moralist, he is “above all Greek, above all Roman fame;” charity and virtue accompanied him wherever he went, and when the eye saw him, then it blest him.

Occasional discrepancies, indeed, do sometimes occur in his friends’ narrations, which raise a smile upon the face of the reader. Mr. Hunt, in his Preface to the *Masque of Anarchy*, speaks of “the quintessence of gentlemanly demeanour” which was observable in Mr. Shelley in drawing-rooms, while Mr. Hogg, with a desire to laud his friend, and yet show some deference to truth, admits that there was “a mixture, or alternation of awkwardness with agility, the clumsy with the graceful,” a most felicitous bit of mystification. According to Mr. Hogg, the quintessence of Mr. Shelley’s gentlemanly demeanour consisted in

* “The Masque of Anarchy,” A Poem. By Percy Bysshe Shelley; with a Preface by Leigh Hunt. 1832.

stumbling while crossing the floor of a drawing-room, tripping himself up on a smooth shaven grass-plot, and tumbling in the most inconceivable manner in ascending the commodious, facile, and well-carpeted stair-case of an elegant mansion, so as to bruise his lip, or his nose, on the upper steps, or *to tread upon his hands*, and even occasionally to disturb the composure of a well-bred footman.* Now none of these habits of Mr. Shelley, in our humble opinion, constitute "the quintessence of gentlemanly demeanour," and the treading upon the hands is one of the most extraordinary feats of manual ingenuity we ever heard of, and well worthy the attentive study of Ramo Samee.

Let not our readers imagine that we are sneering at the eccentricities of a man of genius—we are only laughing at the ridiculous enthusiasm which urges Mr. Shelley's admirers to canonize his character as a great and faultless exemplar. We have no right to complain of Johnson because he sometimes chose to compose verses while swinging in a tree, or Gluck because he pleased to write his *Iphigenia* in the open air, under the mingled inspiration of the piano and champagne. We have therefore nothing to say against Mr. Shelley's "projected neck" over an open volume in Cheapside, in Cranbourn Alley, or in Bond street; nay, had we met him, we should have delighted to have stepped out of his way with something of his own "vast and quiet agility."

Our readers have, we doubt not, long ago formed their own estimate of Shelley's character. Captain Medwin, and Mr. Hogg, and Leigh Hunt, may reiterate their assertions about docility, and meekness, and gentleness, and the other virtues, but, after all, an author must be judged by his works; for it is here that he speaks with his natural voice, and utters the predominant sentiments of his mind. It is absolutely foolish to say that a man is by nature tender and affectionate, whose written feelings breathe a spirit quite adverse to these qualities. A wicked book has been pronounced by one who, least of all, studied lenity of phrase, to be a *malefactor*; and when the production of genius, it is a malefactor of more than ordinary power and malevolence; for it is subject to none of the casualties of life—it knows no death, and its ability to injure continues unimpaired from century to century. It is the phial in which the concentrated spirit of the author is preserved, and succeeding writers of equal malignity, but inferior prowess, anoint their arrows with its pernicious and deadly poison. No conscientious man, therefore, no sincere lover of his country, will go about recklessly disseminating opinions, which, taking root in the very highways of society, may at a future day spring up armed men, and fill the country with war and bloodshed. Mr.

Shelley endeavoured to do this, and gloried in so doing—if his apologists deny the accusation—we refer them to his works, and upon them rest our argument.

These hasty observations have been suggested by the publication of the little work before us, from which the spirit of the author looks out, if with less than its usual fierceness, yet still with something of its habitual expression.

The Mask of Anarchy, we learn from Mr. Hunt's Preface, was written by Mr. Shelley, on occasion of the bloodshed at Manchester, in 1819, and was sent to Mr. Hunt, who was then editor of the *Examiner*, to be inserted in that journal or not, as he thought fit. I did not insert it, says Mr. Hunt, because I thought that the public at large had not become sufficiently discerning to do justice to the sincerity and kindheartedness of the spirit that walked in this flaming robe of verse. His charity was avowedly more than proportionate to his indignation; yet I thought that even the suffering part of the people, judging not unnaturally from their own feelings, and from the exasperation which suffering produces before it produces knowledge, would believe a hundred fold in his anger to what they would in his good intention; and this made me fear that the common enemy would take advantage of the mistake to do them both disservice. Mr. Shelley's writings, Mr. Hunt continues, have since aided the general progress of knowledge in bringing about a wiser period; and an effusion, which would have got him cruelly misrepresented a few years back, will now downequivocal honour to his memory, and show every body what a most considerate and kind, as well as fervent heart, the cause of the world has lost.

There are circumstances connected with the publication of this poem which restrain any disposition on our part to speak severely of Mr. Hunt or his sentiments. We will not inquire into the peculiar aptitude of the present season for the reception of the *Masque of Anarchy*, nor into the degree of influence which Mr. Shelley's writings have exercised upon the progress of knowledge—both of these points are inconsequential. But we cannot persuade our minds to pass over the tone which characterizes a great portion of the present poem. We have sought in vain for the evidence of a "most considerate and kind, as well as fervent heart," in the following versses:—

"I met Murder on the way—
He had a masque like Castlereagh—
Very smooth he look'd, yet grim;
Seven bloodhounds follow'd him.

"All were fat,—and well they might
Be in admirable plight;
For one by one, and two by two,
He toss'd them human hearts to chew,
Which from his wide cloak he drew.

* See "Shelley at Oxford," in the New Monthly Magazine for December.

"Next came Fraud, and he had on,
Like Lord E——, an ermined gown;
His big tears, for he wept well,
Turned to mill-stones as they fell ;

"And the little children, who
Round his feet, played to and fro,
Thinking every tear a gem,
Had their brains knock'd out by them.

"Clothed with the * *, as with light,
And the shadows of the night,
Like * * *, next Hypocrisy,
On a crocodile rode by," —

Our readers, we think, will join with us in regretting that this effusion, which, Mr. Hunt says, would have got the author "cruelly misrepresented a few years back," should now be considered as doing "unequivocal honour to his memory." Mr. Hunt must, of course, be far better acquainted than we can pretend to be with the political improvements of the age, and we are sorry to find, that the love of blood and rapine are so much on the increase. The third and fourth stanzas, quoted above, contain an allusion, we are informed, to Mr. Shelley's children, who were taken from him "by the late Lord Chancellor, under that preposterous law by which every succeeding age might be made to blush for the tortures inflicted on the opinions of its predecessor." It was certainly a cruel and preposterous law which enabled an English judge to take the children from an unbelieving father, who was naturally desirous of rearing them up in the beautiful simplicity of his own religion ! It was, certainly, an unnatural and wicked action to inflict such tortures upon each succeeding age, as must, inevitably, arise from depriving the world of a few additional Atheists ! But the allusions to the Chancellor, if intended, have the frequent merit of Mr. Shelley's poetry—that of being unintelligible. What are we to understand by *tears turning to mill-stones* in one verse, and in the next into *gems*, which are, moreover, guilty of the heinous cruelty of knocking out the brains of little children.

No person, who has heard of *Queen Mab*, requires to be informed, that Mr. Shelley was not a very enthusiastic friend of the church. In the *Masque of Anarchy*, its ministers could not fail of having an active part assigned to them—

" And many more destructions played
In this ghastly masquerade,
All disguised, even to the eyes,
Like bishops, lawyers, peers, or spies."

The italics are our own. Last in the procession rides *Anarchy*, on a "white horse, splashed with blood;" and, amid the immense multitude which are assembled to do him honour, we see

" *Lawyers, and priests*, a motley crowd,
To the earth their pale brows bowed;

Like a bad prayer, not over loud,
Whispering—"Thou art Law and God."

No impartial reader can deny the truth of Mr. Hunt's observation, that these passages have the "usual ardour" of the author's tone, and are marked by that "unbounded sensibility" which distinguishes all his references to religion. Indeed, it is quite apparent that Mr. Shelley did not permit any of those things, which we, in our blindness and folly, account sacred, to be numbered among his "universal affinities"—a phrase which we do not comprehend, but which, doubtless, sounds very proper and excellent to those who do. Mr. Shelley did not believe in the necessity of any church or ministry either, and, therefore, it was finely said by Mr. Hazlitt one day, in Mr. Hunt's hearing, that it was not worth Mr. Shelley's while to compromise with an untruth. He acted quite correctly, therefore, in introducing the clergy into his *Masque of Anarchy*. We are, however, bound to confess that he has been more merciful than on former occasions, and the church cannot but feel his kindness acutely.

But Shelley was a poet, and whatever he wrote presented some tokens of the fine though clouded light that dwelt within. We trace the Greek Mythos in some of the following lines :

" When one fled past, a maniac maid,
And her name was Hope, she said ;
But she looked more like Despair,
And she cried out in the air :

" ' My father, Time, is weak and grey,
With waiting for a better day ;
See how idiot-like he stands
Fumbling with his palsied hands !'

" He has had child after child,
And the dust of death is piled,
Over every one but me—
Misery ! oh ! Misery !—'

" Then she laid down in the street,
Right before the horse's feet,
Expecting with a patient eye,
Murder, Fraud, and Anarchy.

" When between her and her foes
A mist, a light, an image rose,
Small at first, and weak and frail,
Like the vapour of the vale :

" Till, as clouds grow on the blast,
Like tower-crown'd giants striding fast,
And glare with lightnings as they fly,
And speak in thunder to the sky,

" It grew—a shape arrayed in mail
Brighter than the viper's scale,
And up-borne on wings whose grain
Was as the light of sunny rain."

" With step as soft as wind it passed
Over the heads of men—so fast
That they knew the presence there,
And looked—and all was empty air.

"As flowers beneath the footstep waken,
As stars from night's loose hair are shaken,
As waves arise when loud winds call,
Thoughts sprung where'er that step did fall."

"And the prostrate multitude
Looked—and ankle deep in blood,
Hope, that maiden most serene,
Was walking with a quiet mien."

We have already devoted more space than we had intended to the consideration of this Masque; but we cannot conclude without extracting a passage, which Mr. Hunt gives in the Preface, from a pamphlet by Shelley.

"With respect to universal suffrage, I confess I consider its adoption, in the present unprepared state of public knowledge and feeling, fraught with peril. I think that none but those who register their names as paying a certain small sum, in direct taxes, ought at present to send members to parliament. The consequence of the immediate extension of the elective franchise to every male adult, would be to place power in the hands of men who have been rendered brutal, and torpid, and ferocious, by ages of slavery. It is to suppose, that the qualities belonging to a demagogue are such as are sufficient to endow a legislator. I allow Major Cartwright's arguments to be unanswerable; abstractedly, it is the right of every human being to have a share in the government; yet nothing can be less consistent with reason, or afford smaller hopes of any beneficial issue, than the plan which should abolish the regal and aristocratical branches of our constitution, before the public mind, through many gradations of improvement, shall have arrived at the maturity which can disregard these symbols of its childhood."

The "singular and happy anticipations" which Mr. Hunt discovers in these remarks, he is right in thinking sufficiently obvious. Our object in making the extract is merely to show the opinion entertained of democratical ascendancy by one of the wildest and most reckless of modern innovators.

We have spoken severely of Mr. Shelley; but we should scorn to associate him with the political thieves and brigands of the day. Impossible as his schemes of universal happiness and legislation certainly were, we still believe him to have been actuated by a desire for the benefit of his fellow men, which, though a mistaken and erroneous one, was nevertheless sincere. He was endowed with that peculiar political vision, which Swift calls *the art of seeing things invisible*. None of his followers and most vehement eulogisers, we suspect, will ever imitate his views with regard to the payment of the national debt. Plunder is their object—the aggrandisement of themselves, not the advantage of others. But one passage in the foregoing extract demands especial notice and repetition. *It is to suppose*, says Mr. Shelley, *that the qualities belonging to a demagogue are such as are sufficient to endow a legislator.*

These memorable words ought to be engraved in gold upon the walls of every Political Union room throughout the country.

From the Metropolitan.

HOW TO WRITE A FASHIONABLE NOVEL.

[SCENE.—*Chambers in Lincoln's Inn.* Mr. Arthur Ansard at a briefless table, tête-à-tête with his wig on a block. Mr. A. casts a disconsolate look upon his companion, and soliloquizes.]

Yes, there you stand, "partner of my toils, my feelings, and my fame." We do not *suit*, for we never gained a *suit* together. Well, what with reporting for the bar, writing for the annuals and the pocket books, I shall be able to meet all demands, except those of my tailor; and, as his bill is most characteristically long, I think I shall be able to make it stretch over till next term, by which time I hope to fulfil my engagements with Mr. Colburn, who has given me an order for a fashionable novel, written by "a nobleman." But how I, who was never inside of an aristocratical mansion in my life, whose whole idea of Court is comprised in the Court of King's Bench, am to complete my engagement, I know no more than my companion opposite, who looks so placidly stupid under my venerable wig. As far as the street-door, the footman and carriage, and the porter are concerned, I can manage well enough; but as to what occurs within doors, I am quite abroad. I shall never get through the first chapter; yet that tailor's bill must be paid. (*Knocking outside.*) Come in, I pray.

Enter Mr. Barnstaple.

Mr. B.—Merry Christmas to you, Arthur.

Arthur.—Sit down, my dear fellow; but don't mock me with merry Christmas. He emigrated long ago—took French leave, and made free to go out of England when free trade and political folly came in. Answer me seriously: do you think it possible for a man to describe what he never saw?

Mr. B.—(Putting his stick up to his chin.) Why, 'tis possible; but I would not answer for the description being quite correct.

Arthur.—But suppose the parties who read it have never seen the thing described?

Mr. B.—Why then it won't signify whether the description be correct or not.

Arthur.—You have taken a load off my mind; but still I am not quite at ease. I have engaged to furnish Colburn with a fashionable novel!

Mr. B.—What do you mean to imply by a fashionable novel?

Arthur.—I really can hardly tell. His stipulations were, that it was to be a "fashion-

the novel in three volumes, each volume not less than three hundred pages."

Mr. B.—That is to say, that you are to assist him in imposing on the public.

Arthur.—Something very like it, I'm afraid; as it is further agreed that it is to be puffed as coming from a highly-talented nobleman.

Mr. B.—You should not do it, Ansard.

Arthur.—So conscience tells me, but my tailor's bill says, Yes; and that is a thing out of all conscience. Only look here.

[*Displays a long bill.*

Mr. B.—Why I must acknowledge, Ansard, that there is some excuse. One needs must, when the devil drives; but you are capable of better things.

Arthur.—I certainly don't feel great capability in this instance. But what can I do? The brute will have nothing else—he says the public will read nothing else.

Mr. B.—That is to say, that because one talented author astonished the public by style and merits peculiarly his own, and established, as it were, a school for neophytes, his popularity is to be injured by contemptible imitators. It is sufficient to drive a man mad, to find that the tinsel of others, if to be purchased more cheaply, is to be pawned upon the public instead of his gold; and more annoying still, that the majority of the public cannot appreciate the difference between the metal and the alloy. Do you know, Ansard, that by getting up this work, you really injure the popularity of a man of great talent?

Arthur.—Will he pay my tailor's bill?

Mr. B.—No; I dare say he has enough to do to pay his own. What does your tailor say?

Arthur.—He is a staunch reformer, and on March the 1st he declares that he will have the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill,—carried to my credit. Mr. Colburn, on the 10th of February, also expects the novel, the whole novel, and nothing but the novel, and that must be a fashionable novel. Look here, Barnstable.

[*S'ows his tailor's bill.*

Mr. B.—I see how it is. He "pays your poverty, and not your will."

Arthur.—And, by your leave, I thus must pay my bill.

[*Bowing.*

Mr. B.—Well, well, I can help you; nothing more difficult than to write a good novel, and nothing more easy than to write a bad one. If I were not above the temptation, I could pen you a dozen of the latter every ordinary year, and thirteen, perhaps, in the bissextile. So banish that Christmas cloud from your brow; leave off nibbling your pen at the wrong end, and clap a fresh nib to the right one. I have an hour to spare.

Arthur.—I thank you: that spare hour of yours may save me many a spare day. I'm all attention—proceed.

Mr. B.—The first point to be considered, is the *tempus*, or time; the next the *locus*, or place;

and, lastly, the *dramatis personæ*; and thus, chapter upon chapter, will you build a novel.

Arthur.—Build!

Mr. B.—Yes, build; you have had your dimensions given, the interior is left to your own decoration. First, as to the opening. Suppose we introduce the hero in his dressing-room. We have something of the kind in Pelham; and if we can't copy his merits, we must his peculiarities. Besides it always is effective: a dressing-room or boudoir of supposed great people, is admitting the vulgar into the *arcana*, which they delight in.

Arthur.—Nothing can be better.

Mr. B.—Then, as to time; as the hero is still in bed, suppose we say four o'clock in the afternoon?

Arthur.—In the morning you mean.

Mr. B.—No; the afternoon. I grant you that fashionable young men in real life, get up much about the same time as other people; but in a fashionable novel, your real exclusive never rises before. The very idea makes the tradesman's wife lift up her eyes. So begin: "It was about thirty-three minutes after four, post meridian—"

Arthur.—Minute—to a minute!

Mr. B.—"That the Honourable Augustus Bouvierie's finely chiselled—"

Arthur.—Chiselled!

Mr. B.—Yes; great people are always chiselled, common people are only cast. "Finely-chiselled head laid recumbent upon his silk-encased pillow. His luxuriant Antinous-like curls were now confined in *papillotes* of the finest satin paper, and the *tout ensemble* of his head—"

Arthur.—*Tout ensemble*!

Mr. B.—Yes; go on. "Was gently compressed by a caul of the finest net work, composed of the threads spun from the beauteous production of the Italian worm."

Arthur.—Ah! now I perceive—a silk nightcap. But why can't I say at once a silk nightcap?

Mr. B.—Because you are writing a fashionable novel. "With the forefinger of his gloved left hand—"

Arthur.—But he's not coming in from a walk—he's not yet out of bed.

Mr. B.—You don't understand it—"Gloved left hand, he applied a gentle friction to the portal of his right eye, which unclosing at the silent summons, enabled him to perceive a repeater studded with brilliants, and ascertain the exact minute of time, which we have already made known to the reader, and at which our history opens."

Arthur.—A very grand opening, indeed!

Mr. B.—Not more than it ought to be for a fashionable novel. "At the sound of a silver *clochette*, his faithful Swiss valet Coridon, who had for some time been unperceived at the door, waiting for some notice of his master having thrown off the empire of Somnus, in his light pumps, covered with beaver, moved with

noiseless step up to the bedside, like the advance of eve stealing over the face of nature."

Arthur.—Rather an incongruous simile.

Mr. B.—Not for a fashionable novel. "There he stood, like Taciturnity bowing at the feet of proud Authority."

Arthur.—Indeed, Barnstaple, that is too outré.

Mr. B.—Not a whit: I am in the true "Cambyses' vein." "Coridon having softly withdrawn the rose-coloured gros de Naples bed-curtains, which by some might have been thought to have been rather too extravagantly fringed with the finest Mechlin lace, exclaimed with a tone of tremulous deference and affection, 'Monsieur a bien dormi?' Coridon, said the Honourable Augustus Bouverie, raising himself on his elbow in that eminently graceful attitude, for which he was so remarkable when reclining on the ottomans at Almack's—"

Arthur.—Are you sure they have ottomans there?

Mr. B.—No; but your readers can't disprove it. "'Coridon,' said he, surveying his attendant from head to foot, and alternately assuming a severity of countenance, 'Coridon, you are becoming gross, if not positively what the people call fat.' The Swiss attendant fell back in graceful astonishment three steps, and arching his eye-brows, extending his inverted palms forward, and raising his shoulders above the apex of his head, exclaimed, 'Pardon, monsieur, j'en aurois un horreur parfait.' 'I tell you,' replied our gracefully-reclined hero, 'that it is so, Coridon; and I ascribe it to your partiality for that detestable wine called Port. Confine yourself to Hock and Moselle, sirrah: I fear me, you have a base hankering after mutton and beef. Restrict yourself to salads, and do not sin even with an omelette more than once a week. Coridon must be visionary and diaphanous, or he is no Coridon for me. Remove my night-gloves, and assist me to rise: it is past four o'clock, and the sun must have, by this time, sufficiently aired this terrestrial globe.'"

Arthur.—I have it now; I feel I could go on for an hour.

Mr. B.—Longer than that, before you get him out of his dressing-room. You must make at least five chapters before he is appareled, or how can you write a fashionable novel, in which you cannot afford more than two incidents in the three volumes? Two are absolutely necessary for the editor of the Literary Gazette to extract as specimens, before he winds up an eulogy. Do you think that you can proceed now for a week without my assistance?

Arthur.—I think so, if you will first give me some general ideas. In the first place, am I always to continue in this style?

Mr. B.—No; I thought you knew better. You must throw in patches of philosophy every now and then.

Arthur.—Philosophy in a fashionable novel!

Mr. B.—Most assuredly, or it would be complained of as trifling; but a piece, now and then, of philosophy, as unintelligible as possible, stamps it with deep thought. In the dressing-room, or boudoir, it must be occasionally epicurean; elsewhere, especially in the open air, more stoical.

Arthur.—I'm afraid that I shall not manage that without a specimen to copy from. Now I think of it, Eugene Aram says something very beautiful on a starry night.

Mr. B.—He does: it is one of the most splendid pieces of writing in our language. But I will have no profanation, Arthur; to your pen again, and write. We'll suppose our hero to have retired from the crowded festivities of a ball-room at some lordly mansion in the country, and to have wandered into a churchyard damp and dreary with a thick London fog. In the light dress of fashion, he throws himself on a tombstone. 'Ye dead!' exclaims the hero, 'where are ye! Do your disembodied spirits now float around me, and shrouded in this horrible veil of nature, glare unsee upon vitality? Float ye upon this intolerable mist, in yourselves still more mystic and intolerable? Hold ye high jubilee to-night! or do ye crouch behind these monitorial stones, gibbering and chattering at one who dares thus to invade your precincts? Here may I hold communion with my soul, and, in the invisible presence of those who could, but dare not to reveal. Away! it must not be.'

Arthur.—What mustn't be!

Mr. B.—That is the mystery which gives the point to his soliloquy. Leave it to the reader's imagination.

Arthur.—I understand. But still the Honourable Augustus cannot lie in bed much longer, and I really shall not be able to get him out without your assistance. I do not comprehend how a man can get out of bed gracefully; he must show his bare legs, and the alteration of position is in itself awkward.

Mr. B.—Not half so awkward as you are. Do you not feel that he must not be got out of bed at all—that is, by description.

Arthur.—How then?

Mr. B.—By saying nothing about it. Remonstrate as follows: "'I should like the bath at seventy-six and a half, Coridon,' observed the Honourable Augustus Bouverie, as he wrapped his embroidered dressing gown round his elegant form, and sank into a *chaise longue*, wheeled by his faithful attendant to the fire.' There, you observe, he is out of bed, and nothing said about it.

Arthur.—Go on, I pray thee.

Mr. B.—"How is the bath perfumed?" '*Eau de mille fleurs.*' '*Eau de mille fleurs!*' Did not I tell you last week that I was tired of that villainous compound? It has been adulterated till nothing remains but its name. Get me another bath immediately *au violet*; and

Coridon, you may use that other scent, if there is any left, for the poodle; but observe, only when you take him an airing, not when he goes with me."

Arthur.—Excellent! I now feel the real merits of an exclusive; but you said something about dressing-room or in-door philosophy.

Mr. B.—I did; and now is a good opportunity to introduce it. Coridon goes into the ante-chamber to renew the bath, and of course your hero has met with a disappointment in not having the bath to his immediate pleasure. He must press his hands to his forehead. By-the-by, recollect that his forehead, when you describe it, must be high and white as snow—all aristocratical foreheads are—at least, are in a fashionable novel.

Arthur.—What the women's and all?

Mr. B.—The heroine's must be; the others you may lower as a contrast. But to resume with the philosophy. He strikes his forehead, lifts his eyes slowly up to the ceiling, and drops his right arm as slowly down by the side of the *cheveux longue*, and then in a voice so low that it might have been considered a whisper, were it not for its clear and brilliant intonation, he exclaims—

Arthur.—Exclaims in a whisper!

Mr. B.—To be sure; you exclaim mentally, why should you not in a whisper?

Arthur.—I perceive—your argument is unanswerable.

Mr. B.—Stop a moment; it will run better thus: "The Honourable Augustus Bouverie no sooner perceived himself alone, than he felt the dark shades of melancholy ascending and brooding over his mind, and enveloping his throbbing heart in their—their *adamantine* chains. Yielding to the overwhelming force, he thus exclaimed, 'Such is life—we require but one flower, and we are offered noisome thousands—refused that we wish, we live in loathing of that not worthy to be received—mourners from our cradle to our grave, we utter the shrill cry at our birth, and we sink in oblivion with the faint wail of terror. Why should we, then, ever commit the folly to be happy?'"

Arthur.—Hang me, but that's a poser!

Mr. B.—Nonsense, hold your tongue; it is only preparatory to the end. "'Conviction astonishes and torments—destiny prescribes and falsifies—attraction drives us away—humiliation supports our energies. Thus do we recede into the present, and shudder at the Elysium of posterity.'"

Arthur.—I have written all that down, Barnstable, but I cannot understand it, upon my soul!

Mr. B.—If you had understood one particle, that particle I would have erased. This is your true philosophy of a fashionable novel, the extreme interest of which consists in being unintelligible. People have such an opinion of their own abilities, that if they understood you, they would despise you; but a dose like

this strikes them with veneration for your talents.

Arthur.—Your argument is unanswerable; but you said that I must describe the dressing-room.

Mr. B.—Nothing more easy; as a simile, compare it to the shrine of some favoured saint in a richly-endowed Catholic church. Three tables, at least, full of materials in methodized confusion—all tending to the beautification of the human form divine. Tinted perfumes in every variety of cut crystal receivers, gold and silver. If at a loss, call at Bayley's and Blew's, or Smith's in Bond-street. Take an accurate survey of all you see, and introduce your whole catalogue. You cannot be too minute. But, Arthur, you must not expect me to write the whole book for you.

Arthur.—Indeed, I am not so exorbitant in my demands upon your good-nature; but observe, I may get up four or five chapters already with the hints you have given me, but I do not know how to move such a creation of the brain—so ethereal, that I fear he will melt away; and so fragile, that I am in terror lest he fall to pieces. Now only get him into the breakfast-room for me, and then I ask no more for the present. Only dress him, and bring him *down stairs*.

Mr. B.—There again you prove your incapability. Bring him *down stairs*! Your hero of a fashionable novel never ascends to the first floor. Bed-room, dressing-room, breakfast-room, library, and boudoir, all are upon a level. As for his dressing, you must only describe it as perfect when finished, but not enter into a regular detail, except that in conversation with his valet, he occasionally asks for something unheard-of, or fastidious to a degree. You must not walk him from one chamber to another, but manage it as follows. "It was not until the beautiful airs of the French clock that decorated the mantel-piece had been thrice played, with all their variations, that the Honourable Augustus Bouverie entered his library, where he found his assiduous Coridon burning an aromatic pastille to disperse the compound of villainous exhalations arising from the condensed metropolitan atmosphere. Once more in a state of repose, to the repeated and almost affecting solicitations of his faithful attendant, who alternately presented to him the hyson of Pekoe, the bohea of Twankay, the fragrant berry from the Asiatic shore, and the frothing and perfumed decoction of the Indian nut, our hero shook his head in denial, until he at last was prevailed upon to sip a small liqueur glass of *eau sucree*." The fact is, Arthur, he is in love—don't you perceive? Now introduce a friend, who rallies him—then a resolution to think no more of the heroine—a billet on a golden salver—a counter resolution—a debate which equipage to order—a decision at last—hat, gloves, and furred great coat—and by that time you will have arrived to the middle of the first volume.

Arthur.—I perceive; but I shall certainly stick there without your assistance.

Mr. B.—You shall have it, my dear fellow. In a week I will call again, and see how you get on. Then we'll introduce the heroine; that, I can tell you, requires some tact—*au revoir*.

Arthur.—Thanks, many thanks, my dear Barnstaple. Fare you well.

[Exit Barnstaple.

Arthur.—(Looking over his memoranda.)—It will do! (hopping and dancing about the room.) Hurrah! my tailor's bill will be paid after all!

[Scene closes.]

(To be continued.)

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

We have observed a new feature in a recently established French journal, in which a department is appropriated to Correspondence with the Working Classes, by which means the feelings and opinions of that useful body are brought to light, and many useful facts and suggestions are elicited. The letters themselves are not always communicated, but abridgements and extracts are given of such as are most remarkable, accompanied with observations by the editor.

GERMANY.

Professor Hahn, of Leipzig, has recently published one of the cheapest and most neatly executed stereotype editions of the Hebrew Bible which has ever issued from any press. He has adopted the text of Vanderhooght's celebrated edition of 1705, taking care, however, to correct carefully the errors which disfigure it, amounting, according to M. d'Allemann's account in the preface to his beautifully printed London edition, to not less than two hundred.

The following singular advertisement has appeared in many of the literary journals of Germany: "A young bookseller, who has come into possession of considerable property, wishes to increase and enliven his business by the publication of works of scientific worth and universal interest. From the want of adequate acquaintance, and a certain bashfulness, which renders a personal proposal disagreeable to him, he chooses the medium of a public advertisement. Estimable literati, who may lend favourable attention to him, are requested to forward their proposals and manuscripts, carriage paid, to the address of A. i. Z., care of M. F. Fleischer, Leipzig, who has most kindly undertaken to forward all parcels to the proper address, and to guarantee their safety; and who will, with pleasure, give every information respecting the advertiser. A decided answer, either accepting or declining, is here-with promised, in the course of a few weeks from the time of reception.

NAPLES.

A new journal has been recently commenced here, under the title of "Il Progresso delle Scienze, delle Lettere e delle Arti; Opera Periodica, compilata per cura di G. R." The object of which is announced to be to communicate to the Italians and to foreigners a knowledge of the most remarkable Italian works on Science, Literature, and Art, and more especially to inform his countrymen of the contents of foreign works on the same subject. We have seen several numbers of this journal, which appear to be well executed.

Italy has lately lost two of her most distinguished men of science, Scarpa and Oriani. Antonio Scarpa, the celebrated professor of Anatomy and Surgery, died at Pavia on the 31st October last. He was born about 1750 in the province of Treviso; he made himself early known for his anatomical learning, and was professor at Pavia at the epoch of the French invasion in 1796. He then refused to take the oath to the Republic, and was consequently dismissed from his chair. Napoleon, in 1805, having made himself King of Italy, went to visit, among other places, the University of Pavia, the professors of which were duly introduced to him. He suddenly inquired where Scarpa was? The reply was, that Scarpa had been dismissed long since, on account of his political opinions, and because he had refused to take the oaths. "And what have political opinions, and refusal of oaths, to do in such case?" impatiently interrupted Napoleon. "Dr. Scarpa is an honour to the University, and to my States." Scarpa was therefore invited to resume his chair, which he did, and he continued to lecture to a very advanced age, occasionally employing one of his pupils as a substitute. Besides his great fame in the scientific world, his personal character was held in the highest estimation, and he was beloved and revered by his disciples. The principal among his numerous works are: his Treatise on the Organs of Hearing and Smelling, published at Pavia, in 1789; his *Tabula Neurologiae*, or Plates of the Nerves of the Human Frame, Pavia, 1794; his Essays on the Principal Diseases of the Eyes, 1801; his work on Aneurism, 1804; and his Treatise on Hernia, Milan, 1809. Scarpa was also a great lover of the Fine Arts, and had formed a valuable collection of paintings by the first Italian masters.

Barnaba Oriani was the disciple of Lagrange, whom he succeeded in the direction of the Milan Observatory, and in the compilation of the *Ephemerides*. He contributed, by his observations, to the great map of the kingdom of Italy, drawn under Napoleon, by whom he was made Senator, and Knight of the Iron Crown. Oriani died at Milan in November last. He was the oldest of the living Italian astronomers.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

IBRAHIM PACHA, THE CONQUEROR OF SYRIA.

WHILE Europe rings with the history of civil change, we have only to cast our eyes to another quarter of the globe to witness the progress of events equally mighty, though by means less new. Ibrahim Pacha has conquered all Syria, and is marching unresisted through the peninsula of Asia. By the last advices the city of Konieh, within two hundred and fifty miles of the famous capital of the Turkish empire, had opened its gates to him, and Europe is prepared for what a year ago would have been considered the incredible event of the Egyptians marching triumphant into Constantinople. Nearly half a century has passed since the rise of the Wahabees in Arabia threatened the destruction of the Mahommedan faith. These bold, perhaps philosophic, votaries of a sublime creed, declared for the unity of the Godhead, and against the authenticity of the prophet. They plundered the grand caravan of Mecca—they captured the pious Hadgees—they defeated the lieutenants of the Sultan, who endeavoured to vindicate the united interests of Religion and Commerce. For a long period the authority of the Sultan was dormant in Arabia and Syria; Egypt was threatened, and the treasury of Stamboul shrank under the influence of the victorious heretics. At length this same Ibrahim, son of the Egyptian Viceroy, offered his services to resist the torrent. At the head of an irregular force he penetrated into the midst of Arabia, delivered the holy cities, defeated the Wahabees even in their own country, and finally, after having granted peace on the most severe terms, carried their princes as hostages to Cairo. For these services Ibrahim was made Pacha of Mecca and Medina,—an appointment which, in the Ottoman empire, gives him precedence before all other pachas, even his own father.

After the conquest of the Walabeees, Ibrahim commenced the formation in Egypt of a regular army, disciplined in the European manner; and by engaging the most skilful naval architects from Toulon, laid the foundation of the present very considerable naval force of Egypt. Utterly discomfited in Greece, the Sultan at length applied for assistance to his Egyptian vassal. Immediately, the young Pacha poured into the Morea at the head of his army, and supported by a powerful fleet; and such was his progress, that nothing but the famous Treaty of London, and its consequence,—the battle of Navarino,—could have prevented Greece from again becoming a Moslem province. We have been assured, however, by the highest authority, that it was not the intention of Ibrahim to have restored the Morea to the Sultan. The overthrow of the Egyptians by the Allied Powers only stimulated the exertions of Ibrahim on his return to his country. In the confusion of the Porte, he

appropriated to himself both Candia and Cyprus, the finest islands of the Mediterranean. In the autumn of 1831, the Egyptian army consisted of ninety thousand disciplined infantry, perhaps not inferior to the Sepoys, and ten thousand regular cavalry. All the world who knew anything about Egypt, ridiculed the unthrifty vanity of the Pacha, and laughed at the ludicrous disproportion between such a military force and the population and resources of Egypt. By the autumn of 1832, however, Ibrahim has conquered all Syria, and almost the whole of Asia Minor, and is nearer Constantinople than the Russians. Ibrahim Pacha, therefore, is a great man. He is the great conqueror of his age.

He is without doubt a man of remarkable talents. His mind is alike subtle and energetic. He is totally free from prejudice, adopts your ideas with silent rapidity, and his career demonstrates his military genius. His ambition is unbounded; his admiration of European institutions and civilization great; but he avoids, with dexterity, shocking the feelings and prejudices of the Moslemin. A mystery hangs over his birth—he is said to be only an adopted son of the present Pacha of Egypt, but this is doubtful; at any rate, the utmost confidence prevails between Ibrahim and his professed father. The Pacha of the Holy Cities is a great voluptuary; his indulgence, indeed, in every species of sensuality is unbounded. Although scarcely in the prime of life, his gross and immense bulk promises but a short term of existence, and indicates a man sinking under overwhelming disease, and incapable of exertion. His habits are sumptuous: he delights in magnificent palaces and fanciful gardens, and is curious in the number and beauty of his Circassians; but his manners are perfectly European. He is constantly in public, and courts the conversation of all ingenious strangers. His chief councillor is Osman Bey, a renegade Frenchman, and an able man. Less than twenty years ago, Ibrahim Pacha passed his days in sitting at a window of his palace with a German rifle, and firing at the bloated skins borne on the backs of the water-carriers as they returned from the Nile. As Ibrahim is an admirable marksman, the usual effect of his exertions was in general only to deprive the poor water-carriers of the fruits of their daily labour: sometimes, however, his bullet brought blood, instead of the more innocent liquid—but Egypt was then a despotic country. It is not so now. It is not known among us, that the old Pacha of Egypt and his son, in their rage for European institutions, have actually presented their subjects with "The Two Chambers," called in the language of the Levant the "*Alto Parlamento*," and "*Basso Parlamento*." These assemblies meet at Cairo; and have been formed by the governor of every town sending up to the capital, by the order of the Pacha, two good and discreet men to assist in the administration of affairs.

The members of the "Alto Parlamento" have the power of discussing all measures; but those of the "Basso Parlamento" are permitted only to petition. Their highnesses pay very little practical attention to the debaters or the petitioners, but always treat them with great courtesy. Yet they are very proud, (especially the elder Pacha,) of the institutions; and the writer of this article has heard Mehemet Ali more than once boast that "he has as many Parliaments as the King of England." In the meanwhile these extraordinary events have wrought singular revolutions in manners—we have for the first time a *Turkish Ambassador* in England.

MARCO POLO, JUNIOR.

From the Annual Biography and Obituary.

**THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE, LL. B.
RECTOR OF TROWBRIDGE, IN WILTSHIRE; AND
OF CROXTON KERYEL, IN LEICESTERSHIRE.**

FEW men of Mr. Crabbe's fame were so little known personally in the literary world:—of simple and studious habits, he confined himself to the retirement of his rectory, to the unambitious fulfilment of his duties, and to the education of his family. He formed a sort of connecting link between the literature of the last century, and that of the present day. With the exception of the venerable Lord Stowell, he was the last surviving celebrated man mentioned by Boswell in connection with Johnson.

Of much the greater and more important portion of Mr. Crabbe's life, a memoir, which was published in the New Monthly Magazine in 1816, and which bears evident marks of being an autobiography, gives the following interesting account.

"The subject of this sketch was born on the 24th of December, 1751, at Aldborough, in Suffolk, where his father and grandfather were officers of his Majesty's Customs.

"At an early age he was placed by his father in a school in his native county, probably with no other view than that of acquiring such a knowledge of arithmetic and accounts as would fit him for the paternal employment; but when his prospects in a certain degree brightened, Mr. Crabbe removed his son to a seminary where the classics were taught, with a design of giving him that moderate portion of the learned languages which might qualify him for the profession of physic, in the capacity of surgeon and apothecary. To this business he was in due time apprenticed, and looked forward in life to the labours and rewards (things by no means proportionate) of that arduous profession.

"But in this view he was,—not, perhaps, disappointed, though certainly prevented. The family of his father was not small; his abilities to establish his children in life were limi-

ted; and the young man found, on arriving at that period when he was called upon to think for himself, that there were at least two impediments in his way, neither of which he had the power, and one of them, probably, not the inclination, to remove. He saw that he had not the means of establishing himself in a situation profitable or respectable; and after some contention with himself, and the circumstances around him, he judged that it would be most conducive to his happiness to relinquish a profession in which he had no rational hopes of succeeding, even though his expectations in any other way were (if somewhat more exhilarating) not more to be depended upon. What that other impediment to his succeeding in his intended profession was, may be readily conjectured from the bias and inclination of his mind, which, at a very early period wandered into the fairy land of imagination, and rendered him unfit for a contention with the difficulties of life, and the habits of severe application in a profession where his prospects were clouded and precarious.

"Mr. Crabbe, the father, was a mathematician, and in the course of his studies became acquainted with, and purchased the periodical works of Mr. Benjamin Martin, a man well known in his day, and remembered at the time by those then engaged in similar pursuits. Mr. Crabbe, having much respect for the scientific part of the publication, and not much for the poetical, separated the different parts, which were paginated with that view; and collecting the more favoured portions, mathematics and natural philosophy, in decent binding, he sewed the poetry in paper, and left it to the chance perusal of his children, if the eye of any of them should be attracted by the view of words placed in parallel lines of about the same length. The eye of the youth, or rather the child, was directed; and he read, scarcely knowing what, pleased with the recurrence of similar sounds, and with his ability of retaining a vast number of unmeaning verses in his memory. These he afterwards copied; and, when at school, it became a part of his amusement: when his memory failed, he supplied the defect by his invention, and thus at a very early period of his life became a versifier; a poet, it is presumed, he was not vain enough at that time to imagine he could be.

"To guess what number of idle verses a boy thus initiated could compose is impossible. He wrote upon every occasion, and without occasion; and, like greater men, and, indeed, like almost every young versifier, he planned tragedies and epic poems, and began to think of succeeding in the highest line of composition, before he had made one good and commendable effort in the lowest.

"But this period of boyhood, and insensibility to the cares and duties of man, does not continue long; the time came when Mr. Crabbe was told and believed that he had more important concerns to engage him; and, therefore,

for some years, though he occasionally found time to write some lines upon *Mira's Birthday* and *Silvia's Lapdog*, though he composed enigmas and solved rebuses, he had some degree of forbearance, and did not believe that the knowledge of diseases, and the science of anatomy and physiology, were to be acquired by the perusal of Pope's Homer, a Dictionary of Rhymes, and a Treatise on the Art of Poetry.

"In this period of his life, had his prospects been such as would have given him rational and substantial grounds of hope that he might succeed in his profession, his views and connections would probably have induced him to determine seriously to devote himself to his more immediate and certain duties: but he wanted courage to meet the difficulties that lay in his way; he saw impediments insuperable in his idea before him, and he probably did not find in himself that perseverance and fortitude which his situation required. Nor can we suppose that the influence of the prevailing inclination was long dormant in him. He had with youthful indiscretion, written for magazines and publications of that kind, wherein *Damons* and *Delias* begin the correspondence that does not always end there, and where diffidence is nursed till it becomes presumption. There was then a *Lady's Magazine*, published by Mr. Wheble, in which our young candidate wrote for the prize on the subject of *Hope*, and he had the misfortune to gain it; by which he became entitled to we know not how many magazines, and in consequence of which he felt himself more elevated above the young men, his companions, who made no verses, than it is to be hoped he has done at any time since, when he has been able to compare and judge with a more moderate degree of self-approbation.

"About the end of the year 1778, Mr. Crabbe, after a full and perfect a survey of the good and evil before him, as his prejudices, inclinations, and little knowledge of the world enabled him to take, finally resolved to abandon his profession: his health was not robust, his spirits were not equal; assistance he could expect none, and he was not so sanguine as to believe he could do without it. With the best verses he could write, and with very little more, he quitted the place of his birth; not without the most serious apprehensions of the consequence of such a step,—apprehensions which were conquered, and barely conquered, by the more certain evil of the prospect before him, should he remain where he then was.

"When our young author (for such he was soon to become, if he had not yet entitled himself to the appellation) thus fled from a gloomy prospect to one as uncertain, he had not heard of a youthful adventurer, whose fate it is probable would in some degree have affected his spirits, if it had not caused an alteration in his purpose. Of Chatterton, his extraordinary abilities, his enterprising spirit, his writing in

periodical publications, his daring project, and melancholy fate, he had yet learned nothing: otherwise it may be supposed that a warning of such a kind would have had no small influence upon a mind rather vexed with the present, than expecting much from the future; and not sufficiently happy and at ease to draw consolation from vanity, and much less from a comparison in which vanity would have found no trifling mortification.

"Thus relinquishing every hope of fixing in his profession, Mr. Crabbe repaired to the metropolis, and resided in lodgings with a family in the city: for reasons which he might not himself be able to assign, he was afraid of going to the west end of the town. He was placed, it is true, near to some friends, of whose kindness he was assured; and was probably loth to lose that domestic and cheerful society, which he doubly felt in a world of strangers.

"In this lodging Mr. Crabbe passed something more than one year, during which his chief study was to improve in versification, to read all such books as he could command, and to take as full and particular a view of mankind as his time and his finances enabled to do. We believe that he particularly acknowledges his obligation to Mr. Bonnycastle, the present Master of the Military Academy at Woolwich, for many hours of consolation, amusement, and instruction. They met in an evening, after the studies and labours of the day, to commence other studies and labours of a more light and agreeable kind; and then it was that Mr. Crabbe experienced the inestimable relief which one mind may administer to another. After many months' intercourse, they parted as their different pursuits and duties called them.

"Mr. Crabbe, we believe, at this time offered some poem for publication; but he was not encouraged by the reception which his MS. experienced from those who are said to be not the worst judges of literary composition: he was, indeed, assured by a bookseller, who afterwards published for him, that he must not suppose that the refusal to purchase proceeded from a want of merit in the poem. Such, however, was his inference, and that thought had the effect which it ought; he took more pains, and tried new subjects. In one respect he was unfortunate. While preparing a more favourable piece for the inspection of a gentleman, whom he had then in view, he hazarded the publication of an anonymous performance, and had the satisfaction of hearing in due time, that something (not much, indeed that something was much) would arise from it; but while he gathered encouragement, and looked forward to more than mere encouragement, from this essay, the holder of his little prize, the publisher, failed, and his hope of profit was as transitory as the fame of his nameless production.*

* We believe that this anonymous performance was "The Candidate; a poetical Epistle to the Authors of the

"Our author, for now he must be classed with these adventurous men, either from his little experience or his observations, conceived the idea that his attempts would be hopeless while he continued to be unknown; and he grew modest enough to believe that, instead of being made known by his works, he must be first known to have them introduced; and he began to turn his view to the aid of some friend, celebrated himself, and therefore able to give him an introduction to the notice of the public: or, if he did not so far mistake as to believe that any name can give lasting reputation to an undeserving work, yet he was fully persuaded, that it must be some very meritorious and extraordinary performance, such as he had not the vanity to suppose himself capable of producing, that would become popular without the introductory *probat* of some well-known and distinguished character. Thus thinking, and having now his first serious attempt nearly completed, afraid of venturing without a guide, doubtful whom to select, knowing many by reputation, none personally, he fixed, impelled by some propitious influence, in some happy moment, upon Edmund Burke, one of the first of Englishmen; and in the capacity and energy of his mind, one of the greatest of human beings."

Monthly Review, which was printed in quarto in 1780. It was strictly a call upon the attention, not an appeal from the verdict, of the *Monthly Reviewers*; and it was favourably noticed by them in their vol. lixii. p. 225.

* Mr. Prior, in his "Life of Burke," thus describes this interesting occurrence:—

"It was about this period (1781) that the kindly feelings of Mr. Burke were appealed to by a young and friendless literary adventurer, subsequently an eminent poet, whose name on the present occasion it is unnecessary to mention, who, buoyed up with the praises his verses had received in the country, and the hope of bettering his fortune by them in London, had adventured on the journey thither, with scarcely a friend or even acquaintance who could be useful to him, and with no more than three pounds in his pocket. This trifling sum soon expended, the deepest distress awaited him. Of all hopes from literature he was speedily disabused: there was no imposing name to recommend his little volume, and an attempt to bring it out himself only involved him more deeply in difficulties. The printer, it appeared, had deceived him, and the press was at a stand from the want of that potent stimulus to action which puts so much of the world in motion."

"Hearing, however, or knowing something of an opulent peer, then in London, who had a summer residence in his native county, he proposed to dedicate to him this little volume, and the offer was accepted; but, on requesting a very small sum of money to enable him to usher it into the world, received no answer to his application. His situation became now most painful: he was not merely in want, but in debt; he had applied to his friends in the country, but they could render him no assistance. His poverty had become obvious, he said, to the persons with whom he resided, and no further indulgence could be expected from them; he had given a bill for part of his debt, which, if not paid within the following week, he was threatened with a prison; he had not a friend in the world to whom he could apply; despair, he added, awaited him whichever way he turned."

"In this extremity of destitution, Providence directed him to venture on an application to Mr. Burke. He had not the slightest knowledge of that gentleman other than common fame bestowed—no introduction but his own letter stating these circumstances—no recommendation but his distress; but, in the words he used in the letter, 'hearing that he was a good man, and presuming to think him a great one,' he applied to him, and, as it proved, with a degree of success far beyond any possible

"To Mr. Burke, the young man, with timidity, indeed, but with the strong and buoyant expectation of inexperience, submitted a large quantity of miscellaneous composition, on a variety of subjects, which he was soon taught to appreciate at their proper value: yet such was the feeling and tenderness of his judge, that in the very act of condemnation, something was found for praise. Mr. Crabbe had sometimes the satisfaction of hearing, when the verses were bad, that the thoughts deserved better: and that if he had the common faults of inexperienced writers, he had frequently the merit of thinking for himself. Among those compositions were poems of somewhat a superior kind,—'The Library' and 'The Village': these were selected by Mr. Burke; and with the benefit of his judgment, and the comfort of his encouraging and exhilarating predictions, Mr. Crabbe was desired to learn the duty of sitting in judgment upon his best efforts, and without mercy rejecting the rest. When all was done that his abilities permitted, and when Mr. Burke had patiently waited the progress of improvement in the man whom he conceived to be capable of it, he himself took 'The Library' to Mr. Dodsley, then of Pall Mall, and gave many lines the advantage of his own reading and comments. Mr. Dodsley listened with all the respect due to the reader of the verses, and all the apparent desire to be pleased that could be wished by the writer; and he was as obliging in his reply as, in the very nature of things, a bookseller can be supposed to be towards a young candidate for poetical reputation:—He had declined the venturing upon any thing himself: there was no judging of the probability of success. The taste of the town was exceedingly capricious and uncertain. He paid the greatest respect to Mr. Burke's opinion that the verses were good, and he did in part think so himself: but he declined the hazard of publication; yet would do all he could for Mr. Crabbe, and take care that his poem should have all the benefit he could give it."

"The worthy man was mindful of his engagement: he became even solicitous for the success of the work; and no doubt its speedy circulation was in some degree caused by his exertions. This he did; and he did more;—though by no means insensible of the value of money, he gave to the author his profits as a publisher and vender of the pamphlet; and Mr. Crabbe has seized every occasion which has offered to make acknowledgment for such disinterested conduct, at a period when it was more particularly acceptable and beneficial.

expectations he could form. Mr. Burke, with scanty means himself, and unbribed by a dedication, did that which the opulent peer declined to do with it: but this was not all; for he gave the young poet his friendship, criticism, and advice, sent some part of his family round to their friends to collect subscriptions for his work, introduced him to some of the first men in the country, and very speedily became the means of pushing him on to fame and fortune."

The success of 'The Library' gave some reputation to the author, and was the occasion of his second poem, 'The Village,' which was corrected, and a considerable portion of it written, in the house of his excellent friend, whose own activity and energy of mind would not permit a young man under his protection to cease from labour, and whose judgment directed that labour to its most useful attainments.

"The exertions of this excellent friend in favour of a young writer were not confined to one mode of affording assistance. Mr. Crabbe was encouraged to lay open his views, past and present; to display whatever reading and acquirements he possessed; to explain the causes of his disappointments, and the cloudiness of his prospects; in short, he concealed nothing from a friend so able to guide inexperience, and so willing to pardon inadvertency. He was invited to Beaconsfield, to the seat of his protector, and was there placed in a convenient apartment, supplied with books for his information and amusement, and made a member of a family whom it was honour as well as pleasure to become in any degree associated with. If Mr. Crabbe, noticed by such man, and received into such family, should have given way to some emotions of vanity, and should have supposed there must have been merit on one part, as well as benevolence on the other, he has no slight plea to offer for his fault, especially as we conceive it may be added, that his vanity never at any time extinguished any portion of his gratitude; and that it has ever been his delight to think, as well as his pride to speak, of Mr. Burke as his father, guide, and friend; nor did that gentleman ever disallow the name to which his conduct gave sanction and propriety.

"While Mr. Crabbe was at Beaconsfield, he had the happiness of seeing and of becoming known to the Right Hon. Charles James Fox; who, though for some years afterwards he was disappointed in his expectations of the young man's progress as a writer, yet never withdrew the kindness, nor in fact that partiality, which he had before shown. At the seat of a most respectable friend in the eastern part of Suffolk, Mr. Crabbe had the good fortune of seeing Mr. Fox, and there drew from him a promise of reading and giving his opinion of any poetical attempts which might be submitted to his perusal. By the concurrence of many impediments, and chiefly by Mr. Crabbe's own want of diligence, Mr. Fox received no such attempts till the last year of his life.* Some he did see: and how-

ever he might have been disappointed in the failure of his higher expectations, his good nature selected some portions of the manuscripts submitted to his judgment, which he conceived merited his approbation; and, infirm as he then was, he would not withhold an opinion which he had reason to be assured would give the greatest satisfaction.

"But we return to our author while yet in his younger days, and unfixed in his situation. His paternally minded friend, being first satisfied with respect to his opinions and wishes, coincided with his own views, and approved of his design of becoming a candidate for holy orders. It is not necessary in this place to relate his fears, his difficulties, the unremitting efforts of his friends, or the event of their recommendation. Mr. Crabbe was ordained a deacon by the Bishop of Norwich, in the year 1781; and priest by the same prelate, in the following year.

"Mr. Crabbe, immediately after his ordination, became curate to the Rev. James Bennett, vicar of Aldborough, the place of his birth; and continued a few months in that situation; but it was not intended that the efforts of his friends should rest there.

"Through the personal influence of Mr. Burke, our author had the honour of being introduced to the late Duke of Rutland; and his Grace, willing to prove his regard to such recommendation, was pleased to invite Mr. Crabbe to his seat, Belvoir Castle, to retain him there as his domestic chaplain, and to show him, by repeated acts of his favour, what was expected from his gratitude and improvement.

"As our author had not the benefit of a university education, it became necessary that he should take the only certain means in his power to obtain a degree; and, in obedience to the desire of his patron, his name was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in conformity with the statute, it was continued two years; after which time a degree in that college was offered to his acceptance, of which he would gladly have availed himself; had not circumstances unforeseen, and events of much importance to him, changed his purposes, and made an application to the late Archbishop of Canterbury for a degree at Lambeth, a more immediate object. This his Grace was pleased to grant; and Mr. Crabbe became, in virtue of it, Bachelor of Laws, which gave one qualification for holding the benefices which have been and those which now are in his possession.

"Among the many benefits conferred by Mr. Burke upon our author, was that of an introduction to Sir Joshua Reynolds, at whose hospitable mansion he first beheld, and was made known to, Dr. Johnson; and from this

* "The Parish Register" was submitted to Mr. Fox, and in part read to him during his last illness. "Whatever he approved, (says Mr. Crabbe in his preface) the reader will readily believe I have carefully retained; the parts he disliked are totally expunged; and others are substituted, which I hope resemble those more conformable to the taste of an admirable judge. Nor can I deny myself the unfeigned satisfaction of adding that this poem, and more especially the story of Phoebe Dawson, with some parts of the second book, were the last compositions of their kind

that engaged and amused the capacious, the candid, the benevolent mind of this great man. The above information I owe to the favour of the Right Hon. Lord Holland: nor this only; but to his Lordship I am indebted for some excellent remarks upon the other parts of my MS."

knowledge, late as it was in the Doctor's life, he had the good fortune of reaping all the advantages which could be expected by him. He had frequently the pleasure of seeing that good and wise man; and he obtained his opinion of a poem afterwards published under the title of 'The Village,' which certainly was a gratification to his pride, though it did not prove, so much as it ought to have been, a stimulus to his endeavours.*

"But we must once more return to an earlier period in our author's life. In the same year when he became known to Mr. Burke, he had the good fortune to be introduced to the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, from whom he received, at various times, very flattering attention, as well as more substantial and lasting proofs of favour. By his Lordship's presentation Mr. Crabbe became possessed of the rectory of Frome St. Quintin with Evershop, in the county of Dorset, which he held about six years, when, in conformity with the wishes of her Grace the Duchess of Rutland, his Lordship presented him to the rectories of Muston and West Allington, in the diocese of Lincoln, which he held during many years.

"Previous to this event, Mr. Crabbe had, by the direction of the Duke of Rutland, taken a curacy at Stathorn, a village near to Belvoir Castle, where he purposed to reside till his Grace should determine respecting his more permanent situation. In this place he continued with his family, for he was now married and a father, till the news arrived, so distressing as well as so important to him and to many, of his Grace's decease, in Ireland, where he had been Lord Lieutenant from the year 1784 to 1787.

"Mr. Crabbe had now ample leisure for his poetical improvements and pursuits: he was himself young, and his children infants. But with some men, leisure is not an ex^{em}ption to labour. Mr. Crabbe satisfied himself with few and abortive attempts. Perhaps the deaths of his friends were not without their effect: he felt the loss of them, and could not feel their disappointment in him. New engagements, situations, and duties, engaged his attention, his faculties, and his inclinations: most of the great men whom he had the honour of calling his friends, were lost to him and to their country; and those who remained were distant, and their opinions and encouragements reached him not in the villages where his fortune had allotted him a temporary residence. He removed, with his family, after the decease of the Duke of Rutland, into Suffolk, and continued there;

* Speaking of "The Village,"—"Its sentiments," says Boswell, in his "Life of Dr. Johnson," "as to the false notion of rustic happiness and rustic virtue, were quite congenial with his own (Dr. Johnson's); and he took the trouble not only to suggest light corrections and variations, but to furnish some lines which he thought would give the writer's meaning better than in the words of the manuscript."—Dr. Johnson wrote a letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, on returning the poem, "which," he observes, "I read with great delight: it is original, vigorous, and elegant."

taking upon him the duties of the rectory of Swefling, in that county, then and at this time in possession of the Rev. Richard Turner, minister of Great Yarmouth, in the same diocese, with whom it has ever been Mr. Crabbe's pride and satisfaction to have lived, as he still does, on terms of friendship, and in the mutual interchange of good offices.

"After an interval of more than twenty years, Mr. Crabbe returned to his duties and parsonage in Leicestershire; and prepared those poems for the press, of which Mr. Fox had given his more favourable opinions. These were returned to their author by the kindness of Lord Holland, after the decease of his uncle; and his Lordship was pleased to permit the work then in hand to be dedicated to him; in this respect, as in others, imitating the condescension and obliging spirit of that great man.

"Why our author should so long abstain from any call or claim upon public favour, it is not our business to inquire; but it is most probable that the subject itself, viz. Village Manners, described under the three parts of a parish register—Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials—and the further opportunities which he had of viewing these in the different places wherein he resided, gave the hope of success in this attempt. He must have acquired some knowledge of men and their manners; and if from disuse his facility of versification was somewhat abated, his powers of discrimination, and his accuracy in describing, were proportionably augmented.

"Of the poems published in 1807, the general opinion was not unfavourable, and Mr. Crabbe had reason to be well satisfied, as it is understood he felt himself, with the verdict of more critical judges. In what degree critics of this description may unite in fixing the reputation of an author, or whether they do in fact determine this, we pretend not to judge; it may be that every work finally succeeds according to its merit; but it is assuredly a fact, that the immediate success of writers, and especially writers on subjects of taste, and those addressed to the imagination, is caused, in a great measure, by the favourable sentence of critics who stand foremost in the public estimation, and in these Mr. Crabbe certainly found no cold or injurious opinions. What they wrote, it is hoped they wrote justly; it is certain they wrote favourably.

"Thus encouraged, Mr. Crabbe proceeded to compose a still greater number of verses on kindred subjects, which arose in his view of a sea-port, and amid scenes which were engraven on his memory from the time when he first began to observe, or at least to retain whatever he might remark.

"Neither the picture of a populous borough, nor that of a noisy port, had been described; they had certainly not been made the subject of a poem; and this might likewise be observed of the manners of the different classes of the inhabitants. The novelty of the work, there-

fore, the author probably conceived, might be some compensation for the coarseness of the materials, and the accuracy of the likenesses might in some degree atone for their humble situations. This has been decided, and the author was satisfied with the decision; at least, he gave a further proof in a third publication, 'Tales in Verse,' in which he introduced characters principally from the middle class of life, and incidents such as were likely to befall them. Three years have elapsed since this work was given to the public, and we cannot therefore judge from that time, whether Mr. Crabbe means once more to try the constancy of his partial readers; though it has been mentioned to us that, without meaning to pledge himself for their appearance, he has informed his friends that he has a view of sparing his family the trouble of examining his papers, and of deciding for himself, whether the subject which at present offers, and the verses it has already occasioned, are worth the trouble of correction, and will at length become such as may be presented to the view of the public, without causing in him greater apprehensions for their fate, than he has felt for that of their predecessors; and this, we suppose, is the way which the modesty of an author takes, when he means to inform us that he intends to publish again.

"When Mr. Crabbe was writing 'The Borough,' his second publication (at least the second fruits of his riper years), he was resident on his benefice of Muston, and had once more the happiness of seeing the noble family at Belvoir Castle, by whom he had been so highly favoured in the former part of his life. He now petitioned for the honour of dedicating the poem he was writing to his Grace of Rutland, who granted his request, and was pleased to receive into his notice the chaplain of the late Duke, although he had for many years, in the earlier part of his life, been a stranger to the country. Her Grace the Duchess Dowager was likewise pleased to remember him, and to allow him to express his sense of her goodness by dedicating his last works, his 'Tales,' to her Grace. These were honours to which he looked, and rewards which his respect for the family might have some claim to; but his Grace did not confine himself to these proofs of his favour; he presented Mr. Crabbe to the rector of Trowbridge, in the diocese of Salisbury, and with it to a smaller benefice in that of Lincoln, which the indulgence of the Bishop enabled him to hold. To the former Mr. Crabbe was instituted early in the year 1813; and has from that time resided in a parsonage, made convenient and enlarged by the efforts of the Rev. Gilbert Beresford, who preceded him in the rectory.

"If there be any thing in the life of Mr. Crabbe which calls for particular attention from a general and indifferent reader, it must be, as he has himself frequently remarked, that ready kindness, the continued benevolence and

liberality of those friends, upon whom he had no other claim than that with which his need of their favour supplied him. Grateful he might be, and, as we know not any proof to the contrary, we may admit that he was; but his gratitude was not manifested by any pains that he took, or at least by any progress that he made, in those pursuits which it is probable his friends expected from him. During many years he gave no proof of his exertions; and when at length he ventured to publish his 'Parish Register' and other poems, there is reason to believe that he was actuated by a more common and less generous motive than that of gratifying the expectations of his friends, in giving proof of his obedience to their commands. Yet for this he may not be 'entirely without excuse. That he wrote sometimes may be presumed; and if he succeeded not to his own mind, he was right in not intruding his unsuccessful attempts on the notice of the public; and if we add to this, though this of itself is sufficient, the increase of his duties and engagements as a father of a family and the minister of a parish, he is perhaps rather justified in his long silence, than in his breaking it at last; for it does not always happen that a man has so good a reason for publishing his manuscripts as he has for keeping them in his private possession.

"Our author, besides the poems mentioned above, wrote a Sermon on the death of his patron the Duke of Rutland, which he preached at the chapel at Belvoir Castle. This her Grace the Duchess caused to be printed; a task which Mr. Dodsley took upon himself; though at that time he had retired from the fatigues of his profession, and confined his attention to works in which he was more particularly interested.

"Of the poems published by Mr. Crabbe (we speak of those of his late years, including the 'Library,' and 'Village,') one has reached a fourth, and the other two each a sixth impression. The author has, therefore, no reason to complain of their reception; and whether he makes any future attempt or not, he may draw some consolation from what he has done, and may indulge the hope that his verses will be read when he is no more solicitous for any future success, or, what should be the same thing, when he is no longer grateful for past indulgence."

The only subsequent poetical publication by Mr. Crabbe consisted of two volumes, entitled, "Tales of the Hall," which appeared in 1819. It is said that Mr. Murray has for some time had another poem in his hands, but has not hitherto, in the present state of the public taste, ventured to proceed with a volume of verse, even by so popular an author.

Mr. Crabbe's only prose publication (besides the "Funeral Sermon on Charles Duke of Rutland," already mentioned) was "An Essay on the Natural History of the Vale of Belvoir,"

written for the "History of Leicestershire" by Mr. Nichols, who says, under the parish of Muston, that "Mr. Crabbe's communications in the progress of this laborious work are such as to entitle him to my warmest and most grateful acknowledgments."

The characteristics of Mr. Crabbe's style of poetry are originality of thought, truth, depth and pathos of description, with much of the happy diction and polished versification of Goldsmith. There runs, however, but too generally through his works, a tone, the peculiar character of which appears to us to be justly described in the following passages, which we extract from a memoir of Mr. Crabbe in the *Athenaeum*:—

"The rustic population of the land are neither so wretched nor so depraved as the reverend bard describes them; there is no want of worth and talent among the poor; and, though we acknowledge that sin abounds, and that the manners of many are shameless, we hold it to be bad taste in the Muse to close the right eye on all the virtues, and open the left on all the wretchedness of the peasantry, and, pitching her voice to a tone sarcastic and dolorous, sing of the cureless sores and feculence of the land. There is, no doubt, something wrong in the internal construction of that poet, who considers that every man with a ragged coat, and every woman with uncombed locks, is fallen and reprobate, and who, dipping his brush in the lake of darkness, paints merry Old England as a vagrant and a strumpet. If we, however, dislike the foundation on which this distinguished poet raised the superstructure of his verse, and condemn the principles on which he wrote as unnatural, we cannot for the soul of us be insensible to the matchless skill and rough ready vigour of his dark delineations. In inanimate nature he sternly refuses to avail himself of the advantages which his subject presents, of waving woods, pebbly shores, purling streams, and flowery fields: he takes a cast of nature homely, forbidding, and barren, and compels us to like it by the force of his colour, and by the stern fidelity of his outline: while in living nature he seems resolutely to have proscribed all things mentally or externally lovely, that he might indulge in the dry, hard detail of whatsoever we dislike to contemplate, and triumph over our prejudices and feelings by the resistless vigour of his language and sentiments, and the terrific fidelity of his representations."

* * * * *

"It must not be inferred from what we have said, that Crabbe never deviates into the paths of peace, and happiness, and virtue: he indulges us with many beautiful snatches of that nature; yet they are generally as brief as they are brilliant, and may be compared to a few stars in a tempestuous night, which only aggravate the general gloom."

The sentiments of the late Mr. Gifford, as expressed in the *Quarterly Review*, are similar.

"In common life," he observes, "every man instinctively acquires the habit of diverting his attention from unpleasing objects, and fixing it on those that are more agreeable: and all that we ask is, that this practical rule should be adopted in poetry. The face of nature under its daily and periodical varieties, the honest gaiety of rustic mirth, the flow of health and spirits which is inspired by the country, the delights which it brings to every sense—such are the pleasing topics which strike the most superficial observer. But a closer inspection will give us more sacred gratifications. Whenever the relations of civilized society exist, particularly where a high standard of morals, however imperfectly acted upon, is yet publicly recognized, a ground-work is laid for the exercise of all the charities, social and domestic. In the midst of profligacy and corruption, some trace of these charities still lingers: there is some spot which shelters domestic happiness—some undiscovered cleft in which the seeds of the best affections have been cherished, and are bearing fruit in silence. Poverty, however blighting in general, has graces which are peculiarly its own; the highest order of virtues can be developed only in a state of habitual suffering."

Lest it should be supposed, however, that we entertain the slightest disposition to depreciate the genius of Mr. Crabbe, or to represent him other than as a man of profound observation, and a poet of very rare excellence, we will conclude our quotations of opinion with a passage from the pen of Mr. Croker, which appears in his edition of "Boswell's Johnson."

"The publications of Mr. Crabbe have placed him high in the roll of British poets; though his having taken a view of life too humiliating, too painful, and too just, may have deprived his works of so extensive, or at least so brilliant, a popularity as some of his contemporaries have attained. He generally deals with the 'short and simple annals of the poor'; but he exhibits them with such a deep knowledge of human nature—with such general ease and simplicity, and such accurate force of expression, whether grave, gay, or pathetical—as (in the writer's humble judgment) no poet, except Shakespeare, has excelled."

But whatever may be thought of the poet, it is universally acknowledged that Mr. Crabbe was one of the mildest and most amiable of men. Of his kindness of nature, as well as of his continued possession of his powers, the following letter, which he wrote in answer to an application in behalf of Mr. Leigh Hunt, and which may be considered as one of the last efforts of the hand which traced "The Parish Register," and "The Borough," gives ample proof.

"Trowbridge, 24 Jan. 1833.

"SIR.—It would ill become one who has been so much indebted to the kindness of his friends as I have been, to disregard the appli-

cation which you are so good as to make in behalf of Mr. Leigh Hunt. My influence indeed is small, residing, as I do, in a place wherein little except cloth is made, and little except newspapers read; yet there are a more liberal class of readers, though I am afraid they are not among the wealthy portion of our inhabitants. I consider that I am doing myself honour by uniting, for the purpose you mention, with those persons whose titles and names are annexed to the printed paper intended for general circulation.

"I am, Sir, respectfully, &c.

"GEORGE CRABBE.

"To John Foster, Esq.
Burton-street, Burton-crescent, London."

The following extract of a letter from a former parishioner of Mr. Crabbe's, which appeared in the *Athenaeum*, conveys a very pleasing impression of Mr. Crabbe's character, and states some interesting circumstances attendant upon his decease:—

"Crabbe came to Trowbridge some eighteen years ago; at first he was but lightly looked upon by the Dissenters, a numerous body there: but when they became acquainted with his worth of heart, and vigour of mind, and his unwearied kindness to the poor of all persuasions, he grew a great favourite, and was warmly welcomed to all missionary meetings, Bible societies, and other associations for the benefit of the labouring classes. He mixed but little with the gentry around him; the houses to which he chiefly resorted as a friend, was to that of Mr. Waldron, his colleague in the magistracy, and that of Mr. Norris Clarke, an eminent clothier; with every one else he was friendly, but not intimate. He was fond of the exercise of long walks; and as he studied geology, he seldom went out without a hammer in his pocket, which he applied to all kinds of curious stones. He was sometimes in danger during these examinations; for he would stop readily in the middle of the public road, to pry into the merits of a fractured stone, and did not always hear the warnings of drivers of coaches and carts. On one occasion, he went with his son John to Avoncliffe, about four miles from Trowbridge, tied the horse to a crag, ascended to the quarry, and commenced hammering away. In turning over a stone, however, it escaped from his hands, rolled down the declivity with such a noise as frightened the horse, and made it run away, and smash the gig. He looked after it for a little while, and when he saw it stopped, he smiled and said, 'Well, it might have been worse.' His income amounted to about eight hundred a year, but he was a mild man in the matter of tithes: when told of many defaulters; his usual reply was, 'Let it be—probably they cannot afford to pay so well as I can afford to want it—let it be.' His charitable nature was so well known that he was regularly visited by mendicants of all grades; he listened to

their long stories of wants and woes with some impatience, and when they persevered, he would say, 'God save you all, I can do no more for you,' and so shut the door. But the wily wanderers did not on this depart; they knew the nature of the man; he soon sallied out in search of them; and they generally got a more liberal present on the way from his house, than at the door. He has even been known to search obscure lodging-houses in Trowbridge, to relieve the sufferers whom misfortunes had driven to beggary. He was, of course, often imposed upon by fictitious tales of woe, which, when he discovered, he merely said, 'God forgive them; I do.' He was most punctual in all his engagements, and felt much annoyed on being detained in the church waiting for funerals. He once waited a whole hour for one beyond the time appointed, and then went home to dinner; but just as he sat down, the burial train appeared: he rose in no pleasant mood; on which his son said, 'Father, allow me to bury the corpse.'—'Well, do so, John,' he answered; 'you are a milder man than your father.'

"Crabbe was particularly anxious about the education of the humbler classes, and gave much of his time to its furtherance. In his latter days, the Sunday School was his favourite place of resort, and there he was commonly to be found in the evenings between seven and eight, listening to the children; 'I love them much,' he once observed; 'and now old age has made me a fit companion for them.' He was a great favourite with the scholars; on their leaving school, he gave them a Bible a-piece, and admonished them respecting their future conduct. His health was usually good, though he sometimes suffered from the Tic Doloureux. His sermons were short, but pointed, and to the purpose; but his voice latterly had failed, and he was imperfectly heard. Not long ago, he met a poor old woman in the street, whom he had for some time missed from the church, and asked her if she had been ill. 'Lord bless you, Sir, no,' was the answer; 'but it's of no use going to your church, for I can't hear you.'—'Very well, my good old friend,' said the pastor, 'you do right in going where you can hear,' and he slipped half a crown into her hand, and went away. He had prepared a selection of his Sermons for the press, as well as a new volume of poems, but he delayed their publication, saying, 'They will do better when I am dead.' He was only one week ill; on the night before he died, he said to a maid-servant who had lived long with him, 'Now, in the morning, when I am dead, go you to bed, and let others do what must be done—but while I am living, stay you beside me.' He died at seven o'clock on the morning of the 8th of February, 1832."

The principal shops in Trowbridge were half closed as soon as the melancholy event became generally known. Mr. Crabbe's remains were deposited in a vault at the south-

east corner of the chancel in Trowbridge Church. The principal inhabitants in the town joined in the funeral procession.

At a meeting of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature, on the 14th of April, 1828, the two royal golden medals, of the value of fifty guineas each, given annually to individuals distinguished by the production of works eminent in literature, were adjudged to Mr. Crabbe, as the head of an original school of composition.

From the London Literary Gazette.

THE MISSIONARY ANNUAL FOR 1833.*

ADDRESSED to one particular class of readers, this work seems to us well adapted to its purpose. The articles are various, and contain much information. Our old friend, Bernard Barton, has contributed a long and interesting poem; while Mr. J. Montgomery has enriched its pages with one or two shorter, but marked with his own peculiar and thoughtful sweetness. We had occasion, not long since, to mention, with the high praise which it deserved, Mr. Carne's "Lives of the Missionaries," a most delightful work; and his account here of "Kangersluksuk in Labrador," a missionary settlement, well merits that we should repeat our eulogium. The burning alive of Hindoo widows has long been the theme of pity and reprehension; but the burying alive has more of novelty; we shall, therefore, extract the narrative.

"The late Captain Ebenezer Chapman Kemp, who, in 1816, commanded the *Moira*, in which I sailed to India, related to me a painful instance of this self-immolation which occurred in his own family. A young woman in his service lost her husband, and resolved, without hesitation, to bury herself alive with the body. Both Captain and Mrs. K. were shocked to hear of her determination, and represented to her both the dreadful character of the crime she was about to commit, and the utter inutility of the sacrifice to the departed spirit of her husband. But all the arguments and entreaties which Christian principle and the feelings of humanity could suggest were urged in vain. She had been taught to believe that, by voluntarily dying with her husband, she would expedite his transit to some unknown region of bliss, and herself bear him company. Every attempt to persuade the infatuated creature to live, whether for the sake of her family, or her own soul, appeared only to cause her the more to exult in her resolution to die. Captain K. continued his humane exertions to the last, even while the awful ceremony was proceeding, but without the least symptom of a favourable impression being produced on her mind. When the pit was

dug, and the dead body lowered into it, she walked round several times, repeating the formularies which the priests dictated to her, and scattering about, as she went along, sweet-meats, parched rice, flowers, and other trifles, for which the spectators scrambled. When these preliminary rites were finished, she descended into the grave, amid the din of barbarous music and deafening shouts of applause. Having taken her seat, and placed the head of the corpse in her lap, she gave the signal to throw in the earth. I forget whether she had a son old enough to take part in the horrid scene, in which case he would be the principal actor; but otherwise, her nearest male relatives, as chief mourners, would take the load, and throw in the first baskets of earth. For some time the grave filled slowly, as the deed of death was perpetrated with appalling deliberation, and the relations continued to throw in garlands, sandal-wood, and other trifles, with the mould that was gradually covering the bodies. When it rose to her breast, the woman raised her left arm, and was seen to turn round her fore-finger as long as it was visible, even after her head was covered. That, however, was a very short time, as the earth was thrown in hastily as soon as the head disappeared, and her relations jumped in to tread it down, and smother their wretched victim. At the very time that Captain Kemp was giving me the affecting account just detailed, several gentlemen in the service of the East India Company were united together for the purpose of collecting authentic information on the subject, with a view to bring it fairly and fully to the notice of the Supreme Government, and, if possible, obtain its abolition. In the following year, 1817, they succeeded in reference to the practice of burying alive, the government issuing orders and instructions for its abolition throughout the company's dominions. These orders were carried into immediate effect, without creating any alarm or dissatisfaction in the native mind."

To this we subjoin an account of an escape from a ship on fire:

"Many of the party, having retired to their hammocks soon after the commencement of the storm, were only partially clothed, when they made their escape; but the seamen on the watch, in consequence of the heavy rain, having cased themselves in double or treble dresses, supplied their supernumerary articles of clothing to those who had none. We happily succeeded in bringing away two compasses from the binnacle, and a few candles from the cuddy-table, one of them lighted; one bottle of wine, and another of porter, were handed to us, with the table-cloth and a knife, which proved very useful; but the fire raged so fiercely in the body of the vessel, that neither bread nor water could be obtained. The rain still poured in torrents; the lightning, followed by loud bursting of thunder, continued to stream from one side of the heavens to the

* Edited by William Ellis. London, Seeley and Sons; Holdsworth and Ball; Simpkin and Marshall; Sutty and Co.

other,—one moment dazzling us by its glare, and the next moment leaving us in darkness, relieved only by the red flames of the conflagration from which we were endeavouring to escape. Our first object was to proceed to a distance from the vessel, lest she should explode and overwhelm us; but, to our inexpressible distress, we discovered that the yawl had no rudder, and that for the two boats we had only three oars. All exertions to obtain more from the ship proved unsuccessful. The gig had a rudder; from this they threw out a rope to take us in tow; and by means of a few paddles, made by tearing up the lining of the boat, we assisted in moving ourselves slowly through the water. Providentially, the sea was comparatively smooth, or our overloaded boats would have swamped, and we should only have escaped the flames to perish in the deep. The wind was light, but variable, and acting on the sails, which, being drenched with the rain, did not soon take fire, drove the burning mass, in terrific grandeur, over the surface of the ocean, the darkness of which was only illuminated by the quick glancing of the lightning or the glare of the conflagration. Our situation was for some time exceedingly perilous. The vessel neared us more than once, and apparently threatened to involve us in one common destruction. The cargo, consisting of dry provisions, spirits, cotton goods, and other articles equally combustible, burned with great violence, while the fury of the destroying element, the amazing height of the flames, the continued storm, amidst the thick darkness of the night, rendered the scene appalling and terrible. About ten o'clock, the masts, after swaying from side to side, fell with a dreadful crash into the sea, and the hull of the vessel continued to burn amidst the shattered fragments of the wreck, till the sides were consumed to the water's edge. The spectacle was truly magnificent, could it even have been contemplated by us without a recollection of our own circumstances. The torments endured by the dogs, sheep, and other animals on board, at any other time would have excited our deepest commiseration; but at present, the object before us, our stately ship, that had for the last four months been our social home, the scene of our enjoyments, our labours, and our rest, now a prey to the destroying element; the suddenness with which we had been hurried from circumstances of comfort and comparative security, to those of destitution and peril, and with which the most exhilarating hopes had been exchanged for disappointment as unexpected as it was afflictive; the sudden death of the two seamen, our own narrow escape, and lonely situation on the face of the deep, and the great probability even yet, although we had succeeded in removing to a greater distance from the vessel, that we ourselves should never again see the light of day, or set foot on solid ground,

absorbed every feeling. For some time the silence was scarcely broken, and the thoughts of many, I doubt not, were engaged on subjects most suitable to immortal beings on the brink of eternity. The number of persons in the two boats was forty-eight; and all, with the exception of the two ladies, who bore this severe visitation with uncommon fortitude, worked by turns at the oars and paddles. After some time, to our great relief, the rain ceased; the labour of baling water from the boats was then considerably diminished. We were frequently hailed during the night by our companions in the small boat, and returned the call, while the brave and generous-hearted seamen occasionally enlivened the solitude of the deep by a simultaneous 'Hurrah!' to cheer each other's labours, and to animate their spirits. The Tanjore rose in the water as its contents were gradually consumed. We saw it burning the whole night, and at day-break could distinguish a column of smoke, which, however, soon ceased, and every sign of our favourite vessel disappeared. When the sun rose, our anxiety and uncertainty as to our situation were greatly relieved by discovering land a-head; the sight of it filled us with grateful joy, and nerved us with fresh vigour for the exertion required in managing the boats. With the advance of the day we discerned more clearly the nature of the country. It was wild and covered with jungle, without any appearance of population: could we have got ashore, therefore, many of us might have perished before assistance could have been procured; but the breakers, dashing upon the rocks, convinced us that landing was impracticable. In the course of the morning we discovered a native vessel, or dhoney, lying at anchor, at some distance: the wind at that time beginning to favour us, every means was devised to render it available. In the yawl we extended the table-cloth as a sail, and in the other boat a blanket served the same purpose. This additional help was the more seasonable as the rays of the sun had become almost intolerable to our partially covered bodies. Some of the seamen attempted to quench their thirst by salt water; but the passengers encouraged each other to abstain. About noon we reached the dhoney. The natives on board were astonished and alarmed at our appearance, and expressed some unwillingness to receive us; but our circumstances would admit of no denial; and we scarcely waited till our Singalese fellow-passenger could interpret to them our situation and our wants, before we ascended the sides of their vessel, assuring them that every expense and loss sustained on our account should be amply repaid."

"The Story of the World," by Josiah Conder, is a most intelligent paper; and, as a whole, the Annual does much credit to its well-known editor, Mr. Ellis.

The volume is embellished with a number

of very beautiful woodcuts, amongst which we would especially distinguish the "Destruction of the Tanjore."

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

JEAN BAPTISTE SAY,
The celebrated Political Economist.

M. SAY was born in 1767 at Lyons, where his father was a respectable merchant, who afterwards removed to Paris about the commencement of the revolution. He himself was educated for commercial pursuits, and was in business for some time, but soon relinquished it, with a view to devote himself entirely to literary labours. He made his debut as a poet in the *Almanach des Muses*. Shortly after, he was engaged by Mirabeau as one of his collaborateurs in the *Courier de Province*; subsequently he became secretary to Clavière, the minister of finance. At the most stormy period of the revolution, when men's minds were entirely engaged with the events of the day, he attempted to recall the public attention to matters of pure speculation, and with that view established, in conjunction with Champaert and Ginguené, a periodical work under the title of *Décade philosophique, littéraire, et politique*. He was very soon, however, deprived of his two associates by the revolutionary persecutions, but was joined by several others, such as Andrieux, Amaury-Duval, &c. with whom he continued this journal, which was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable literary productions of that period. The part which M. Say took in it began to draw the public attention towards him; and when Bonaparte was about to depart for Egypt, he employed M. Say to collect all the works which the nature of that expedition was likely to render necessary to him. This contact with the future head of the state procured his nomination to be a member of the Tribunate, on the first formation of that body. He did not at all distinguish himself in this assembly, and he has since accounted for the silence which he then maintained by the consciousness of his total want of power to oppose effectually the development of a political system which he condemned. He did not on that account give up the idea of serving the public interests, but had recourse to another channel than the tribune. "Enunciating my ideas," he says, "in the shape of general formulæ, I gave currency to truths which might be useful at all times and in all countries." It was then that he began the composition of his "Treatise on Political Economy, or a Plain Exposition of the Formation, the Distribution, and Consumption of Wealth," the first edition of which appeared in 1802, and signalized his entrance into the career of political economy, on his labours in which his reputation has been entirely founded. Having refused to sanction by his vote the creation of the empire, he was ex-

cluded from the tribunate, but appointed shortly after to be receiver of the *droits réunis* (assessed taxes) for the department of the Allier, a place which he very soon resigned, from a scruple of conscience, "being unwilling," he says, "to assist in impoverishing his country." He then established a manufactory, in which it appears he was not successful. But he was not induced by this failure to resume the career of public employments, and his subsequent life was entirely devoted to science. His *Treatise on Political Economy* is the most important of his works, and that which has contributed to make his name known throughout Europe. At the time when it first appeared, very few persons in France or in any other part of the continent cultivated economical knowledge. Although Adam Smith's work had been translated, it was little read or comprehended, and the labours of his predecessor Quesnay, and the first economists, were almost entirely forgotten. There were even strong prejudices against the study among the leading men of France, headed by Bonaparte himself, whose policy it was to proscribe all intellectual labours not immediately connected with mathematical science, as mere reveries, and their cultivators as *idéologues*, a term in his vocabulary synonymous with *dreamer*. M. Say's work produced an entire change in public opinion. Its merits are thus briefly and forcibly characterized by one of the most distinguished of our own economists. "The *Traité d'Economie Politique* of M. Say would deserve to be respectfully mentioned in a sketch of the progress of political economy, were it for nothing else than the effect that his well digested and luminous exposition of the principles of Dr. Smith has had in accelerating the progress of the science on the continent. But in addition to the great and unquestionable merit that it possesses, from its clear and logical arrangement, and the felicity of many of its illustrations, "it is enriched with several accurate, original, and profound discussions."^{*} Of these, the explanation of the real nature and causes of *gluts* is decidedly the most important and valuable."[†]

Besides five editions of the original, enlarged and improved in each, it has been translated into almost all the languages of Europe. The following are the titles of M. Say's other works:—1. *Olbie, an Essai sur les Moyens de réformer les Mœurs d'une Nation*, 1800. 2. *De l'Angleterre et les Anglais*, 1816. 3. *Catechisme d'Economie Politique*, 1815, 5th edition, 1826. 4. *Petit Volume, contenant quelques aperçus des Hommes et de la Société*, 1817. 5. *Lettres à Malthus sur différens sujets d'Economie Politique*. 6. *Cours complet d'Economie Politique pratique*, 6 vols. 1829, &c.; besides a variety of articles in the *Décade Philosophique, Revue Encyclopédique*, &c. He

* Preface to Ricardo's *Principles of Political Economy*.
† McCulloch's *Discourse on the Rise, Progress, &c. of Political Economy*.

also contributed notes to a republication of Storch's *Course of Political Economy* at Paris, and to a translation of Ricardo's *Principles of Political Economy and Taxation*. He died in the middle of November last, aged 67.

We cannot close this notice more appropriately than by quoting some sentences from a tribute to his memory which appeared in the *Examiner* newspaper: coming from the pen of one who had the best means of knowing and appreciating his character, we value the testimony accordingly.

"M. Say was one of the most accomplished minds of his age and country. Though he had given his chief attention to one particular aspect of human affairs, all their aspects were interesting to him, not one was excluded from his survey. His private life was a model of the domestic virtues. From the time when with Chamfort and Ginguené he founded the *Décade Philosophique*, the first work which attempted to revive literary and scientific pursuits during the storms of the French Revolution—alike when courted by Napoleon and when persecuted by him, (he was expelled from the Tribunal for presuming to have an independent opinion); unchanged equally during the sixteen years of the Bourbons and the two of Louis Philippe—he passed unsullied through all the trials and temptations which have left a stain on every man of feeble virtue among his conspicuous contemporaries. He kept aloof from public life, but was the friend and trusted adviser of some of its brightest ornaments; and few have contributed more, though in a private station, to keep alive in the hearts and in the contemplation of men a lofty standard of public virtue."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

EDMUND BURKE.

PART I.

The people of England are attached to liberty. They are made for it. They have by nature a gravity of mind which tends to save them from political rashness. They have a manliness which repels dishonourable submission to force. Thus, superior by their original temperament, alike to the extravagances of democracy, and to the oppressions of despotism, they alone, of all European nations, have been qualified to build up that last and noblest labour of utility and virtue, a free Constitution.

Yet while nations are composed of men they must be liable to error. The vast and fluctuating varieties of human opinion must exhibit those currents and changes which defy or astonish the wisdom of the wise. New and untried hazards must perplex their political fortitude, strong temptations to hasty aggrandizement, or rash terrors of public loss, must overbalance the practical knowledge of the state; and England, with all her experience,

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vigour, and virtue, must take her share in those contingencies which compel nations to revert to first principles, and refresh their declining years by draughts from the original fountains of their fame. It is for such purposes that the lover of his country should value history. For he sees in it not a mere museum of the eccentricities and adventures of nations, it offers more than an indulgence to mere curiosity. It opens the door of that great repository of the faults and frailties, of the greatness and power, of ages which have now gone down to the grave, not to gaze on them as curious specimens of the past, but as opulent and true instructors of the present. He sees in their configuration the secrets of the living frame, the sources of actual public strength, the organs of national renown, the muscular energy, the fine impulses which give activity and force to the whole animated system. But the most effectual portion of history is that which gives down great men to the future; for it furnishes the mind of the rising generation with a model on which it can shape itself at once. The embodied virtue of the champion of truth and freedom stands before it; the progress of genius and learning, of generous ambition and faithful principle, is displayed to the eye in all its successions. There is nothing ideal, nothing to be made up by fancy, or left to chance. The standard of excellence is palpable to the touch; and men can scarcely look upon this illustrious evidence of human capabilities without unconsciously emulating its labours or sharing its superiority.

In giving a rapid view of the life of the celebrated Burke, we are less anxious to render the due tribute to his ability than to his principles. His genius has long gained for itself the highest prize of fame. In an age eminent for intellectual distinction, Burke vindicated to himself the admiration of Europe. Owing nothing of his elevation to birth, opulence, or official rank, he required none of those adventitious supports to rise and move at ease, and with instinctive power, in the highest regions of public effort, dignity, and renown; the atmosphere of courts and senates was native to his majesty of wing. There was no fear that his plumage would give way in either the storm or the sunshine; those are the casualties of inferior powers. He had his share of both, the tempest, and that still more perilous trial, which has melted down the virtue of so many aspiring spirits in the favour of cabinets. But Burke grew purer and more powerful for good; to his latest moment, he constantly rose more and more above the influence of party, until at last the politician was elevated into the philosopher; and fixing himself in that loftier region, from which he looked down on the cloudy and turbulent contests of the time, he soared upward calmly in the light of truth, and became more splendid at every wave of his wing.

This is no exaggeration of his singular
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ability, or of its course. Of all the memorable men of his day, Burke is the only orator, whose eloquence has been incorporated into the wisdom of his country. His great contemporaries grappled triumphantly with the emergencies of the hour, and having achieved the exploit of the hour, were content with what they had done. But it is palpable that Burke, in every instance, contemplated a larger victory; that his struggle was not more to meet a contingency, than to establish a principle; that he was not content with overwhelming the adversary of the moment, but must bequeath with that triumph some new knowledge of the means by which the adversary might be overwhelmed in every age to come; some noble contribution to that grand tactic by which men and nations are armed and marshalled against all difficulty. The labours of his contemporaries were admirable; the mere muscular force of the human mind never exhibited more prodigious feats, than in the political contests of the days of Chatham, Holland, Pitt, and Fox. The whole period from the fall of the Walpole Ministry to the death of Pitt, was an unrelaxing struggle of the most practised, expert, and vivid ability. But it was the struggle of the arena—a great rivalry for the prize of the people—the fierce and temporary effort of great intellectual gladiators. Where they were exhausted or perished, others followed, if with inferior powers, with close imitation. But no man has followed Burke. No defender of the truth has exhibited that fine combination of practical vigour with abstract and essential wisdom, that mastery of human topics and means with that diviner energy which overthrew not merely the revolutionary spirit of his day, but enables us to maintain the conflict against all its efforts to come; like the conqueror of the Python, leaving his own image to all time, an emblem of equally unrivale strength and grandeur, a model of all nobleness in form and mind.

Edmund Burke, like most of those men who have made themselves memorable by their public services, was of humble extraction; the son of an Irish attorney. Yet as Ireland is the land of genealogies, and every man who cares for the honour of ancestry may indulge himself at large among the wide obscurity of the Irish lineages, Burke's biographers have gratified their zeal by searching for the fountains of his blood among the De Burghs or Burgos, whose names are found in the list of Strong-bows, knights in the invasion under Henry the Second. Edmund Burke justly seems to have thought little upon the subject, and contenting himself with being the son of Adam, prepared to lay the foundations of a fame independent of the Norman. He was born in Dublin, January 1, 1730, old style; of a delicate constitution, which in his boyhood he rendered still more delicate by a love for reading. As he was threatened with consumption, he was removed at an early age from the thick air of

the capital to the house of his grandfather at Castletown Roche, a village in the county of Cork, in the neighbourhood of the old castle of Kilcolman, once the residence of the poet Spenser, and seated in the centre of a district remarkable for traditional interest, and landscape beauty. Early associations often have a powerful effect on the mind of genius, and it is not improbable that the rich and lovely scenery of this spot had some share in storing up those treasures of brightness and beauty, that love for solemn and lofty thoughts, which characterized in subsequent life the spirit of this extraordinary man.

From wandering among the hills and streams of this romantic country, of which the acknowledged picture still lives in the "Fairy Queen," Burke was transferred in his twelfth year to a school, kept by an intelligent Quaker at Ballytore, between twenty and thirty miles from Dublin. The opinion then formed of him was not unlike that which we might conceive from his later career. He was fond of acquiring great diversity of knowledge, evinced a remarkable quickness of apprehension, and delighted in the display of memory. He read many of the old romances of chivalry, and much history and poetry. His habits were almost sedentary, but he was gentle, good-natured, and willing to assist and oblige. In a debate, in 1780, after the riots, Burke adverted to his education under the roof of the quaker, Abraham Shackleton. "I have been educated," said he, "as a Protestant of the Church of England, by a *dissenter*, who was an honour to his sect, though that sect was considered one of the purest. Under his eye I have read the Bible, morning, noon, and night, and have ever since been the happier and better man for such reading. I afterwards turned my attention to the reading of all the theological publications on all sides, which were written with such wonderful ability in the last and present centuries. But finding at length that such studies tended to confound and bewilder rather than enlighten, I dropped them, embracing and holding fast a firm faith in the Church of England."

Burke was sent to the Dublin University in 1743. There he acquired no particular distinction. In his third year he became "a scholar of the house," an honour obtained without much difficulty, after an examination in the classical course of the College; and probably one of the premiums at the general examinations of the students. On the whole, he appears to have been either indolent, or adverse to the course of reading pursued in the Irish University. Goldsmith speaks of him as an idler; which was probably true, in the sense of a taste for desultory reading. Leland, then one of the tutors, always admitted that he displayed ability, but, from his retired habits, was unlikely to solicit public distinction. This also is probably true. The evident fact, on all authorities, is, that while in College, he was a

literary lounger, satisfied with going through the routine of the required exercises, but enjoying himself only over novels and newspapers, plays and travels, and the general miscellaneous publications of the day; a style of reading ruinous to all the direct objects of University life, and which nothing but the painful exertions of many an after year, even with the most powerful abilities, can retrieve, but which utterly confuses and dilapidates inferior talents, habituates the mind to frivolous and diffuse expenditures of thought and time, generates all the gossiping and much of the vice of society, and fills the professions with unemployed barristers, unlearned clergymen, and hobbling physicians. Let no man sanction his disregard of the peculiar line of effort pointed out to him by the University, under the example of Burke, unless he can atone for his folly by the mind of Burke. And let no man look with negligence on the prospects opened out to manly and well-directed exertion in Universities, unless he is prepared to begin life anew when he has passed without the walls of those noble institutions; turn that career into a lottery, which might have been a certainty; and prepare himself to encounter that long period of anxiety, toil, defeated hope, and perhaps bitter despair, which must intervene before he can break through the barriers of professional success, and pioneer his way through the rugged ascents and desolate bleaknesses that lie before even the most gifted and gallant adventurer. Yet, in the immediate instance of the Irish University, it is unfortunate that the mathematical sciences form the chief source of distinction;—unfortunate for the double reason, that they are not the best teachers of a national mind, and that they are most peculiarly unpalatable to the prominent tastes of the Irish mind. The country of Berkeley cannot be suspected of wanting any acuteness that may be requisite for the more exact sciences; but still unquestionably the finest efforts of the national faculties have taken a different direction. Poetry, eloquence, vigorous dissertation in the sciences of politics, morals, theology, and history, have been the favourite triumphs of the Irish mind. The indications of natural power in those pursuits ought to have guided the system of the University, and to the extent of largely abandoning the barren soils of mathematics; a science in which not one Irishman out of millions has ever sought or obtained distinction; a science which, from its abstractions, should make the very smallest portion of a national course of instruction; a science too, in which, from its peculiarity, no individual who is not born with an actual and peculiar adaptation of mind for its study, will ever make a productive progress; and a science, too, which in its general use is not merely infinitely below all those pursuits which cultivate either the head or the heart for public or private life, but tending absolutely to re-

press and repel the faculties given for the fulfilment of our duties to society. Of all men, the man least fitted for a large and liberal view of things, is the mathematician. Of all men, the man most incapable of being reached by any reasoning which does not come in the shape of his science, is the mathematician. Of all men, the most tardy proficient in all the sciences which treat of the probabilities of human conduct, of facts not directly before the eye, and of principles not discoverable in curves and right lines, is the mathematician. What nation would choose the mere mathematician for its guide in the intricacies of politics, in the difficulties or the doctrines of religion, in the emergencies which demand the perspicuous understanding and the animating tongue? Yet politics and religion are the great concerns of the present world and the future. The value of the exact sciences is indisputable. But the primary object of all institutes for public education should be public duty. No University, as such, teaches the professions; law and physic are left to their peculiar schools, or are at best but branches and additions to the general course. Let Ireland reflect, by whom has her glory been chiefly augmented in Europe, and while she gives the tribute of enlightened and willing homage to the memory of her orators, poets, and statesmen, her Burkes, Goldsmiths, Swifts, Sheridans, and the long line of eminent men who have made her name synonymous with all that is brilliant, vivid, and vigorous in the human mind, let her throw the whole force of her collegiate system into the formation of characters fitted to sustain their office, and render their services to the empire.

Some slight records of Burke's literary predilections at this period remain. Shakespeare, Addison, Le Sage, Smollett, and Fielding, were his frequent perusal, as they were that of every man of his time. He praised Demosthenes as the first of orators, declared Plutarch to be the pleasantest reading in the whole range of Memoirs, preferred the Greek historians to the Latin, and was attracted by Horace and enamoured of Virgil. So far there was nothing singular in his tastes. He thought as all the world has thought for these two thousand years. But he also preferred Euripides, in all his tameness, to the simple vigour of Sophocles; professed his admiration of Lucretius, desultory and didactic as he is; and even ventured to speak of the *Aeneid*, in all its dreary languor, perhaps the most inanimate poem that ever diffused itself from the pen of a real poet, as superior to the *Iliad*, of all the works of poetry, the most various, vigorous, and natural,—the model of living description, noble sentiment, and mingled strength and splendour of character. On those points he might assert his full claim to singularity. But those were the opinions of a boy, proud and pleased with the first perception of deciding for himself, the

first unfettered plunge into the wilderness of criticism. He afterwards grew wiser as he grew calm.

But, even in his immature age, he had largely formed the taste for which he was subsequently so distinguished. Milton's richness of language, boundless learning, and scriptural grandeur of conception, were the first and last themes of his applause. Young, from whose epigrammatic labour of expression, and clouded though daring fancy, modern taste shrinks, was a favourite in Burke's day, and Burke followed the public opinion, and satisfied himself that he was cultivating his mind by committing a large portion of the dreamy reveries of the *Night Thoughts* to memory. He also wrote some translations of the Latin poets, and some original verses, which exhibiting his command of rhyme, exhibit nothing more.

Burke's profession was naturally marked out by that of his father. In Ireland, where no man is contented with his own rank, the son of a thriving attorney is universally designed for the bar. Burke put his name on the list of the future dispensers of justice in that country of lawyers, Ireland. But, by a custom of the Irish bar at that time, he also entered himself of the Middle Temple in London, a measure now unnecessary for the call to the Irish bar, but still generally adopted, for its advantages in acquainting the student with the habits of the English bar, and in allowing the advocate to transfer himself to English practice whenever circumstances should induce him to leave the Irish Courts for Westminster Hall. Burke arrived in London in 1750. It is remarkable that he had already, in some degree, formed the political views which characterized the most eminent and concluding period of his life; thus the features of his mind, like the features of the body, returned only to their first expression, and showed that his politics were his nature. While but a student in the University, he had been roused, by his indignation at fictitious patriotism, to write a pamphlet against Brooke, the author of that much-praised, but infinitely childish romance, the *Fool of Quality*, who aspired to the name of a popular champion, on the credit of having composed an insolent and absurd tragedy. His second tribute to good order was a letter to Dr. Lucas, a man who hustled himself into importance with the mob of the metropolis, and after a life of clamour, faction, and persevering folly, of the demand of rights that were worth nothing, and the complaint of wrongs that existed only in his own brain, died in the odour of rabble sanctity, leaving his debts and his family as his bequest to popular benefaction.

The observant spirit, and philosophical turn of his mind, are strikingly evinced in a correspondence which he held with an Irish friend. He remarks on his passage to the metropolis—“The prospects could not fail to attract the attention of the most indifferent; country seats sprinkled round me on every side, some in the

modern taste, some in the style of old De Co- verley Hall, all smiling on the neat but humble cottage. Every village as neat and compact as a bee-hive, resounding with the busy hum of industry, and inns like palaces.”

He then sketches the metropolis, intelligently, yet with the ambitious and antithetical touch of clever inexperience—“The buildings are very fine, it may be called the Pink of Vice. But its hospitals and charitable institutions, whose turrets pierce the skies, like so many *electrical conductors*, avert the wrath of Heaven. Her inhabitants may be divided into two classes, the undoers and the undone! An Englishman is cold and distant at first; he is cautious even in forming an acquaintance; he must know you well before he enters into friendship with you; but if he does, he is not the first to dissolve the sacred bond; in short, a real Englishman is one who performs more than he promises; in company, he is rather silent; extremely prudent in his expressions, even in politics, his favourite topic. The women are not quite so reserved, they consult their glasses to the best advantage, and as nature is very liberal in her gifts to their persons, and even to their minds, it is not easy for a young man to escape their glances, or to shut his ears to their softly flowing accents.

“As to the state of learning in this city, you know I have not been long enough in it to form a proper judgment of the subject. I don't think, however, there is as much respect paid to a man of letters on this side of the water, as you imagine. I don't find that genius, the ‘rath primrose, that forsaken dies,’ is patronised by any of the nobility. So that writers of the first talents are left to the capricious patronage of the public.”

All this is like the letter of any other lively observer. But the passage which follows, vindicates itself as the property of Burke. “Notwithstanding discouragement, literature is cultivated in a high degree—Poetry raises her enchanting voice to Heaven—History arrests the wings of time in his flight to the gulf of oblivion—Philosophy, the queen of arts, and the daughter of Heaven, is daily extending her intellectual empire—Fancy sports on airy wing, like a meteor on the bosom of a summer cloud—and even Metaphysics spins her cobwebs and catches *some flies*.” His judgment of that great scene, in which he was so early and so long to be distinguished, is curious. “The House of Commons not unfrequently exhibits explosions of eloquence, that rise superior to those of Greece and Rome, even in their proudest days. Yet, after all, a man will make more by the figures of arithmetic than the figures of rhetoric, unless he can get into the trade wind, and then he may sail secure over the Pactolian sands.”

He then touches on the stage, which, like every worshipper of the traditional excellence of the drama, he concludes to have fallen utterly from its original merits, a complaint re-

newed in every succeeding age, and probably with much the same forgetfulness of the true state of the former. We are to remember, too, that Burke's lamentation was in the days of Garrick, Barry, Mrs. Yates, and a whole galaxy of first-rate performers; sustained by the activity, if not the talents, of such dramatists as Murphy, the elder Colman, Farquhar, and a long list of ingenious men, who kept the stage in continued exertion, and whose labours, in not a few instances, still survive for the pleasure and interest of posterity. "As for the stage, it is sunk, in my opinion, to the lowest degree; I mean with regard to the trash that is exhibited on it. But I don't attribute this to the taste of the audience, for when Shakespeare warbles his native woodnotes, the boxes, pit, and gallery are crowded, and the gods are true to every word, if properly winged to the heart." The whole letter is a striking picture of his feelings on the subjects of most natural impressiveness to a young and susceptible mind. "Soon after my arrival in town, I visited Westminster Abbey. The moment I entered, I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind, which I cannot describe; the very silence seemed sacred. * * * Some would imagine that all those monuments were so many monuments of folly. I don't think so. What useful lessons of morality and sound philosophy do they not exhibit! When the highborn beauty surveys her face in the polished Parian, though dumb the marble, yet it tells her that it was placed to guard the remains of as fine a form, and as fair a face as her own. They show, besides, how anxious we are to extend our loves and friendships beyond the grave, and to snatch as much as we can from oblivion; such is our natural love of immortality. But it is here that letters obtain their noblest triumph; it is here that the swarthy daughters of Cadmus may hang their trophies on high. For when all the pride of the chisel, and the pomp of heraldry, yield to the silent touches of time, a single line, a half worn out inscription, remain faithful to their trust. Blest be the man who first introduced these strangers into our islands, and may they never want protection or merit. I have not the least doubt, that the finest poem in the English language, I mean Milton's *Il Penseroeo*, was composed in the long resounding aisle of a mouldering cloister or ivyed abbey. Yet, after all, do you know that I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country church-yard, than in the tomb of the Capulets? I should like, however, that my dust should mingle with kindred dust. The good old expression, 'family burying-ground,' has something pleasing in it, at least to me."

At this period of his life he appears to have spent some time in rambling through England, for his recovery from a tendency to consumption, and to have lingered away the rest of his hours in desultory reading. In this way he passed, or perhaps wasted, the years from 1750

to 1753. But such a mind must have had many misgivings in such a course, and he was at length stimulated to effort, by hearing that the Professorship of Logic in Glasgow was vacant; and on this prospect he set his heart. The founder, or at least the earliest ornament, of the metaphysical school of Scotland, was an Irishman, Francis Hutcheson. This circumstance might have appeared to Burke as some encouragement to an attempt, whose immediate motives, whether want of money, want of occupation, or thirst of Scottish celebrity must now be sought for in vain. The attempt itself has been disputed; but it is fully established in evidence, that in 1752, or 1753, he was a candidate for the chair of Logic in Glasgow, and fortunately for his own renown, and the reverse for that of the electors and the college, he was an unsuccessful one. His triumphant rival was a name, whose laurels seem to have been limited to Glasgow, a Mr. James Clow.

He had now given up the bar; whether through ill health, disinclination to the severe restrictions of its first steps, or the general and miscellaneous style of life and study which had become favourite and familiar with him. He supped and talked at the Grecian Coffee-house, then the evening resource of all the clever idlers of the Inns of Court. He was asked to dinner by Garrick, then delighting all the world, and whose civilities must have been highly flattering to an obscure Irish student. He made an occasional trial of his powers in old Macklin's Debating Society, and in the intervals of his leisure he is said to have employed himself in joining the general war of pamphlets against the Newcastle Administration.

But this rambling life must have been insufficient for the vigour of Burke's mind; it could scarcely have received much approbation from his judgment. The idea of shifting the scene altogether at length occurred to him, and the prospect of a situation in America, whether solicited by himself, or offered by his friends, seems to have engrossed him for a while. But his father's dislike to the idea of his looking for fortune in lands so remote from Ireland, checked this cherished object; and Burke, in letter which begins with "Honoured Sir," and expresses with his usual grace the feelings of a gentle and dutiful spirit, gave up the design.

He lingered two years longer—unknown, but not idle; for at the end of these two years, in 1756, he published his "Vindication of Natural Society," and his celebrated "Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful." The "Vindication" deserves praise for its authorship, but panegyric for its intention. Bolingbroke had given, from youth to age, the unhappy example of genius rendered useless, rank degraded, and opportunities thrown away. Gifted with powers which might have raised or sustained the fortunes of empire, his youth was distinguished only by systematic vice, his manhood by un-

principled ambition, and his age by callous infidelity. His life is yet to be written, and it would form an unrivalled lesson to those who solicit worldly distinction, by giving popularity to crime. It would show the profligate statesman defeated in all his objects, and the still more profligate champion of unbelief alike stung by the censures and the neglect of wiser mankind. Burke's would have been the pen to have done justice to such a subject. We should have seen his fine sagacity detecting the insidiousness, the smiling hostility, and the inveterate hatred of the enemy of government and religion. His heart would have taught him to abhor the sullen malignity of the infidel, his loyalty to expose the restless disaffection of the rebel, and his sense of virtue to scourge the impurity of the man of the passions. His singular knowledge of past public transactions, and his personal experience of the life of statesmen, would have given the force of maxims to his conclusions; and in the punishment of this showy impostor, we should have had the most eloquent, majestic, and instructive of all lessons to the rising mind of nations.

The "Vindication" was an attack, not on Bolingbroke's Jacobite politics, but on his irreligion. A gross and pernicious scorn of all the truths which man holds sacred had been the fashion of the age. It had been generated among the misty metaphysics of Germany, and was rapidly swelled to its full growth in the public and personal licentiousness of the court of France. From France, England, disdaining to borrow the meanest implement for the meanest uses of life, stooped to borrow the favourite notions of party in government and religion. Bolingbroke, exiled to France for his political intrigues, filled up the dreariness of his solitude by copying French infidelity, and paid his debt of gratitude to England by preparing the poisons of Berlin and Paris for the lips of the people. It was to the honour of Burke, that in his youth, and in the midst of a general delusion of all who constituted the leaders of public taste, he should sacredly discern where the truth lay, and manfully come forth armed in its cause. Nominally adopting the tenets of Bolingbroke, he pushed them on to practical absurdity. Applying to society the modes of argument which the infidel had applied to religion, he showed that it justified absurdities against which common sense revolts, and crimes against which the common safety arms itself; that the plea which might serve to overthrow religion, would be equally forcible against the existence of all order, and that the perfection of the infidel system would reason mankind into the uselessness of a government, as rapidly as into the burden of a religion.

In a passage, which seems to come glowing from the pen of Bolingbroke in his hour of triumph, his young antagonist thus happily at once seizes the sounding amplification of his style, and ridicules the philosophical folly of his argument:

"In looking over any state, to form a judgment on it, it presents itself in two lights, the external and the internal. The first, that relation which it bears in point of enmity or friendship to other states. The second, that relation which its component parts, the governors and the governed, bear to each other. * * * * The glaring side of all national history is enmity. The only actions on which we have seen, and always will see all of them intent, are such as tend to the destruction of one another. 'War,' says Machiavel, 'ought to be the only study of a prince;' and by a prince he means every sort of state, however constituted. 'He ought,' says this great political doctor, 'to consider peace only as a breathing time, which gives him leisure to contrive, and furnishes ability to execute military plans.' A meditation on the conduct of political societies made old Hobbes imagine that war was the state of nature; and truly, if a man judged of the individuals of our race by their conduct when united and packed into nations and kingdoms, he might imagine that every sort of virtue was foreign and unnatural to the mind of man.

The first accounts which we have of mankind are but so many accounts of their butcheries. All empires have been cemented in blood; and in these early ages, when the race of mankind began first to form themselves into parties and combinations, the first effects of the combination, and indeed the end for which it seems purposely formed and best calculated, was their mutual destruction. All ancient history is dark and uncertain. One thing, however, is clear: There were conquerors and conquests in those days, and consequently all that devastation by which they are formed, and all that oppression by which they are maintained. We know little of Scrosteria, but that he led out of Egypt an army of above 700,000 men; that he overran the Mediterranean coast as far as Colchis; that in some places he met but little resistance, and of course shed not a great deal of blood, but that he found in others a people who knew the value of their liberties, and sold them dear. Whoever considers the army which this conqueror headed, the space he traversed, and the opposition he frequently met, with the natural accidents of sickness, and the dearth and badness of provision to which he must have been subject in the variety of climates and countries his march lay through—if he knows any thing, he must know that even the conqueror's army must have suffered greatly. It will be far from excess to suppose that one-half was lost in the expedition. If this was the state of the victorious, the vanquished must have had a much heavier loss, as the greatest slaughter is always in the flight; and great carnage did in those times and countries ever attend the first rage of conquest. It will therefore be very reasonable to allow on their account as much as, added to the losses of the conquerors, may amount to a million of deaths.

And then we shall see this conqueror, the oldest whom we have on record, opening the scene by the destruction of at least one million of his species, unprovoked but by his ambition, without any motives but pride, cruelty, and madness, and without any benefit to himself, (for Justin expressly tells us he did not maintain his conquest,) but solely to make so many people in so distant countries feel experimentally how severe a scourge Providence intends for the human race, when it gives one man the power over many, and arms his naturally impotent and feeble rage with the hands of millions, who know no common principle of action but a blind obedience to the passions of their ruler."

Thus pursuing his way through ancient history, and still designating it as one common display of misery and massacre, the whole resulting from the facts that society exists, and that it has rulers at its head, he comes to the scene which Europe exhibited on the fall of the great tyrant dynasty of Rome. "There have been periods when no less than universal destruction to the race of mankind seems to have been threatened. Such was that, when the Goths, the Vandals, and the Huns, poured into Gaul, Italy, Spain, Greece, and Africa, carrying destruction with them as they advanced, and leaving horrid deserts everywhere behind them. 'Vastum ubique silentium, secreti colles, fumantia procul tecta, nemo exploratoribus obvius,' is what Tacitus calls 'facies victorie.' It was always so; but here it was emphatically so. From the north proceeded the swarms of Goths, Vandals, Huns, Ostrogoths, who ran towards the south into Africa itself, which suffered as all to the north had done. About this time, another torrent of barbarians, animated by the same fury, and encouraged by the same success, poured out of the south, and ravaged all to the north east and west, to the remotest parts of Persia on one hand, and to the banks of the Loire on the other, destroying all the proud and curious monuments of human art, that not even the memory of the former inhabitants might survive. * * * I shall only, in one word, mention the horrid effects of bigotry and avarice in the conquest of Spanish America; a conquest, on a low estimation, effected by the murder of ten millions of the species. * * * I need not enlarge on the torrents of silent and inglorious blood which have glutted the thirsty sands of Afric, or discoloured the polar snow, or fed the savage forests of America for so many ages of continual war. * * * I go upon a naked and moderate calculation, just enough, without a pedantic exactness, to give your lordship some feeling of the effects of political society. I charge the whole of those effects upon *political society*. The numbers I particularized amount to about thirty-six millions. * * * In a state of nature, it had been impossible to find a number of men sufficient for such slaughters, agreed in the same bloody purpose. Society and poli-

tics, which have given us such destructive views, have given us also the means of satisfying them. * * * How far mere nature would have carried us, we may judge by the example of those animals which still follow her laws, and even of those to which she has given dispositions more fierce, and arms more terrible than any ever she intended we should use. It is an incontestable truth, that there is more havoc made in one year by men of men, than has been made by all the lions, tigers, panthers, ounces, leopards, hyenas, rhinoceroses, elephants, bears, and wolves, upon their several species, since the beginning of the world, tho' those agree ill enough with each other, and have a much greater proportion of rage and fury in their composition than we have. But with respect to you, ye legislators, ye civilizers of mankind, ye Orpheuses, Minoses, Solons, Theseuses, Lycurguses, Numas, your regulations have done more mischief in cold blood, than all the rage of the fiercest animals in their greatest terrors or furies has ever done or ever could do."

He then, from a long and detailed examination of the chief provisions and orders of society, draws the conclusion, that man is a loser by association with his kind, by government, by jurisprudence, by commerce, by every shape and step of civilization. But the wildest disclaimer against religion will protest against thus sending man back to the forest, and stripping him of all the advantages of society on account of the disadvantages. He will protest against arguing from the abuse of society in the hands of a certain number of violent men, to its vast, general, and beneficial uses to the infinite multitude. But the same protest is as directly applicable to the sceptic, who rejects religion on account of the casual evils connected with its progress, the religious wars fomented by human passions, the corrupted practices of venal priests, the tyranny of jealous persecutors, the guilty artifice, or the blinding superstition. If the essential good is to be rejected for the sake of the accidental evil, then must civilisation be cast away as well as religion; but if the great stock of human good which religion bequeaths to mankind, the immeasurable consolations, the high motives, the pure guides, the noble and perpetual stimulants reaching through all the depths of the human race, and reaching through them all undebased by human guilt, and maintaining the connexion of man through all his grades with Deity, are to weigh heavier in the balance than the mere abuses of religion by man, then let us acknowledge that the infidel is not simply weak, but criminal, that he shuts his eyes against argument, and that he is convicted of folly by all that remains to him of reason.

The concluding fragment of this essay is curious, as an evidence of the early period at which Burke had matured his pen. The style is no longer the flowing and figurative declamation of Bolingbroke, it is Burke, as he stood

before the world in the latest days of his triumph over the atheistic and revolutionary impulses of Europe; calm and dignified, clothed in the garb of that philosophic melancholy which impreased his practical wisdom so powerfully upon the general heart.

He speaks in the person of Bolingbroke.—“ You are, my lord, but just entering into the world. I am going out of it. I have played long enough to be heartily sick of the drama. Whether I have acted my part in it well or ill, posterity will judge with more candour than I, or than the present age, with our present passions, can possibly pretend to. For my part, I quit it without a sigh, and submit to the sovereign order without murmuring. The nearer we approach to the goal of life, the better we begin to understand the true value of our existence, and the real weight of our opinions. We set out, much in love with both, but we leave much behind us as we advance. But the passions which press our opinions are withdrawn one after another, and the cool light of reason, at the setting of our life, shows us what a false splendour played upon those objects of our more sanguine seasons.”

This tract is remarkable for its declaration of opinions on the right side, when it was the pride of every man who pretended to literature, to be in the wrong. But it is scarcely less remarkable, as actually forming the model of much of that revolutionary writing, which so recklessly laboured to inflame the popular passions, on the first burst of the French insurgency. Burke, in his ridicule, had prepared an armoury for Paine in his profligate seriousness. The contemptuous flights of the great orator had pointed the way for the Jacobin to ascend to the assault of all that we were accustomed to reverence and value. The evils brought upon man by feeble government, misjudging law, ministerial weaknesses, and national prejudices, were eagerly adopted by the champions of overthrow, as irrefragable arguments against the altar and the throne; and Burke must have seen with surprise, or increased ridicule, the arrows which he had shot out in sport, and for the mere trial of his boyish strength, gravely gathered up, and fitted to the Jacobin string, to be used against the noblest and most essential institutions of the empire.

The essay attracted considerable notice.—Chesterfield and Warburton were said to have regarded it for a while as an authentic work of the infidel lord. The opinion prevailed so far, that Mallet, who, as the residuary legatee of his blasphemies, thought himself the legitimate defender of his fame, volunteered a public disclaimer on the subject, and the critics were thenceforth left to wonder on whose shoulders the mantle of the noble personage had fallen. Still Burke was unheard of, but his second performance was destined to do justice to his ability. In the same year was published the *Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful*. No work of its period so suddenly sprang into popularity. The

purity, vigour, and grace of its language, the clearness of its conceptions, and its bold sallies into the metaphysic clouds, which, dark and confused as they had rendered all former efforts, were, by the flashes of Burke's fine imagination, turned into brightness and grandeur, attracted universal praise. Its author was looked for among the leading veterans of literature. To the public astonishment, he was found to be an obscure student of 26, utterly unknown, or known only by having attempted a canvass for a Scotch professorship, and having failed. He now began to be felt in society. The reputation of his book preceded him, and he gradually became on a footing of acquaintance, if not altogether of intimacy, with the more remarkable names of the day connected with life and literature; Pulteney, Earl of Bath, Markham, soon after Archbishop of York, Reynolds, Soame Jenyns, Lord Littleton, Warburton, Hume, and Johnson. This was a distinction which implied very striking merits in so young a man, unassisted by rank or opulence, and with the original sin of being an Irishman, a formidable disqualification in the higher circles of England fifty years ago. This treatise had been the pioneer to his storming of the salient rampart of English formality. But to have not only climbed there, but made good his hold, evidently implies personal merits of an ordinary kind. To good-humoured and cordial manners, to singular extent and variety of knowledge, he added great force and elegance of conversation. Johnson's, even the fastidious Johnion's, opinion of him, is well known, in placing him already in the very highest of intellectual companionship.—“ Burke is an extraordinary man, his stream of talk is perpetual.” Another of his *dicta* was, “ Burke's talk is the ebullition of his mind; he does not talk from a desire of distinction, but because his mind is full.”—“ Burke is the *only man* whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame which he has in the world. Take up whatever topic you please, he is ready to meet you.” In another instance, where some one had been paying himself the tribute due to his memorable powers, he again gave the palm to his friend. “ Burke, sir, is such a man, that if you met him for the first time in the street, where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside for shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner, that when you parted, you would say,—that is an extraordinary man. Now, you may be long enough with me without finding anything extraordinary.”

A portion of this fortunate quality must be attributed to his fondness for general study, and the vigorous memory by which he retained all that he had acquired. But a much larger portion must be due to that salient and glowing power of thought, that vivid mental seizure, by which all his knowledge became a member of his mind; by which every new acquisition resolved itself into an increase, not of his intel-

usage, the bold speech, dark humour, and graces of author and veterans of Burke, he was, utterly attempting and having society. him, and acquainting with the connected Earl of York, W^m. W^m was a dispenser in pulence, Irishman, her cirtreatise "the subl. to have his lodgments of a cordial variety of elegance and studious down, as of extinpetual". book is the from a mind is commonal fame whatever. In had been emarior to his if you where and you or five manner, that is the long ex-
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lectual burden, but of the essential activity and strength of his faculties. He had a great assimilating mind. Johnson's often-recorded expression, "that no man of sense would meet Mr. Burke by accident under a gateway, to avoid a shower, without being convinced that he was the first man in England," found a striking illustration, a few years after, in the testimony of an utter stranger. Burke, in passing through Litchfield, had gone with a friend to look at the cathedral, while his horses were changing. One of the clergy, seeing two gentlemen somewhat at a loss in this vast building, politely volunteered as their cicerone. The conversation flowed, and he was speedily struck with surprise at the knowledge and brilliancy of one of the strangers. In his subsequent account of the adventure to some friends, who met him hastening along the street, "I have been conversing," said he, "for this half hour, with a man of the most extraordinary powers of mind, and extent of information, which it has ever been my fortune to meet, and I am now going to the inn, to ascertain, if possible, who the stranger is." That stranger had completely overlaid the cicerone, even in his local knowledge. On every topic which came before them, whether the architecture, history, remains, income, learning of the ancient ornaments of the chapter, persecutions, lives, and achievements, the stranger was boundless in anecdote and illustration. The clergyman's surprise was fully accounted for, by being told at the inn that this singular companion was Mr. Burke, and the general regret of all to whom he mentioned the circumstance, was, that the name had not been known in time for them to have taken advantage of so high a gratification.

But, for three years more, this memorable man was confined to the struggles of private life. He was still actively, though obscurely, employed in writing or editing a History of the European Settlements in America, in seven heavy volumes, which obtained but slight public notice; laying the foundations for a History of England, which never reached beyond a few sheets; and establishing and editing, in 1758, in conjunction with Dodsley, the *Annual Register*. In this work, the genius of the author is in disguise. We look in vain for the fire, the fancy, which seemed to be constituent features of his authorship. And one of the most remarkable features of the whole performance, is the strong self-denial to which the philosopher and the orator had already learned to tame down the ardour and animation of his mind. But the work was judiciously conceived: it came forth at a time when the public required something more than a chronicler of the passing day; and, like all works which fill up a chasm in public curiosity, it succeeded to a remarkable extent. Five or six editions of the earlier volumes were rapidly received. But income from such sources must be precarious. He had married, had a son; he had hitherto made

no advance in an actual provision for life; and a few years more of the natural toils which beset a man left to his own exertions for the support of a family, would probably have driven him to America, his old and favourite speculation against the frowns of fortune in Europe. At length the life for which he was made, the stirring and elevated interests of political and parliamentary distinction, appeared to open before him. He owed this change to an Irishman, the Earl of Charlemont. Ireland still remembers the name of that estimable person with gratitude. A narrow fortune, and humble talents, did not prevent him from being a great public benefactor. He was the encourager of every scheme for national advantage, the patron of literature, the head of the chief literary institution of Ireland, and of every other institution tending to promote the good of the country. Though living much on the Continent, and in England in early life, and long associated with all that was eminent in rank and talents in Great Britain, he generously and honestly fixed his residence on his native soil, turbulent as it was, remote from all the scenes congenial to his habits, perplexed with furious party, and beggared by long misrule. For this determination, he seems to have had no other ground than a sense of duty. And he had his reward. No man in Ireland was reverenced with such true and unequivocal public honour. In all the warfare of party, no shaft ever struck his pure and lofty crest. Old connexions, and the custom of the time, which made every man of independent fortune enter public life on the side of opposition, designated him a Whig. But no man less bowed to partisanship, no man more clearly washed the stains of faction from his hands, no man was farther from the insanity of revolution. With gentle, but manly firmness, he repelled popularity, from the moment when it demanded his principles as its purchase. With generous, but indignant scorn, he raised up his voice equally against the insidious zeal which would substitute an affected love of country for a sense of duty; and the insurrectionary rage which would cast off the mild dominion of England, for the lust of democracy at home. He finally experienced the fate of all men of honour thrown into the midst of factions. His directness was a tacit reproach on their obliquity; his simple honour was felt to be a libel on their ostentatious hypocrisy. He had been elected by the national acclamation, to the command of the Irish Volunteers, a self-raised army of 50,000 men. He had conducted this powerful and perilous force through an anxious time, without collision with the government, or with the people. But, when French principles began to infest its ranks, he remonstrated; the remonstrance was retorted in the threat of the loss of his popularity. He embraced the alternative of a man of honour, and resigned. But the resignation was fatal to the success of his threateners. When he laid the staff out of his hands, he laid down

with it the credit of the Volunteers. They lost the national confidence from that hour. Rude and violent agitators first usurped the power, then divided it, and then quarrelled for the division. The glaring evil of the bayonet drawn for political discussion, startled the common sense of the nation, and drove it to take refuge with the minister. The army, which had been raised amid the shouts of the nation, was now cashiered by its universal outcry.—The agitators went down among the common wreck, and, in the subsidence of the general swell and uproar of the popular mind, the fame and virtues of the venerable commander of the Volunteers alone floated undiminished to the shore.

But, if for one quality alone, the name of this nobleman ought to be held in memory. Perhaps no public individual of his day extended such ready and generous protection to men of ability, in their advancement in the various ways of life. He had two boroughs at his command in the Irish House of Commons, and, in all the venality which so daringly distinguished partnership in that House, no one ever heard of the sale of the boroughs of Lord Charlemont. He applied his influence to the manly and high-minded purpose of introducing men of talents into the Legislature.

An accidental intercourse with Burke, chiefly in consequence of the character which he derived from the treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, induced him to serve his interests, by a connexion with the Secretary for Ireland, so well known by the name of single-speech Hamilton.

Hamilton's character is a problem to this hour. A single effort of eloquence had placed him among the hopes of the British senate. He never repeated it. Its reputation, and the friendship of Lord Halifax, then President of the Board of Trade, made him a member of the Board in 1756. Hamilton still continued silent. In four years after, he was made Secretary for Ireland, on the appointment of his noble friend as Lord Lieutenant. In the Irish House, the necessities of his situation, as Prime Minister of the Viceroyalty, overcame his nervousness, and he spoke, on several occasions, with remarkable effect. But on his return to the English Parliament, his powers were again shut up; and, by a strange pusillanimity, a tenderness of oratorical repute, unworthy of the member of an English public assembly, during the remainder of his life, his voice was never heard. Yet, probably no man led a more anxious and self-condemning life. During this entire period, public distinction, and distinction peculiarly by eloquence, seems to have never left his contemplation. He compiled, he wrote, he made commonplaces of rhetoric, he was perpetually preparing for the grand explosion to which he was never to lay the train. He saw, and we may well suppose with what bitter stings to his vanity, the contemporaries, whose talents he scorned, hastening on in the path

which he longed, yet feared, to tread, and snatching the laurels that hung down, soliciting his hand. He saw a new generation start up while he pondered, and entering upon contests whose magnitude rendered all the past trivial, and displaying powers which threw the mere rhetorician into the shade, obtain the most magnificent prizes of eloquence. Still he continued criticising, preparing for the great effort that was never to be made, and pondering on the fame which he had already suffered hopelessly to escape, until he sank out of the remembrance of society, and dwindled into the grave. Perhaps literary history has seldom afford an example of vanity so completely its own punisher; his extravagant sense of the merit of a single effort, strangled every effort to come; he was stifled in his own fame; his vanity was suicidal.

With a superior of this order, jealous, anxious, and severe, it was impossible that Burke's open temperament, and gallant dependence on his own great powers, should long cordially agree. At the end of two years, he suddenly abandoned the private secretaryship, to which he declared Hamilton, in the spirit of tyranny, had annexed degrading conditions, and in 1763 returned indignantly to England, to take the chances of beginning the world anew.

But the world on which he now fixed his eyes, wore a different aspect from the humble and cheerless world which he had so long contemplated in his closet. His Irish Secretaryship had made him feel his faculties for public life; it had thrown him into those waves which might waft him on to the most brilliant fortune. He had invigorated every muscle of his mind by the practical labours of office. Those two years, toilsome as they were in the passing, and painful in the termination, had made him a statesman. He was thenceforward marked with the stamp of public life; we hear no more day-dreams of melancholy independence in America. From this moment he was committed to the cause in England. He buckled on his golden armour, and entered the lists for life within the realm which no man more contributed to adorn and to save. Within two years after his return from Ireland, he commenced his career. In 1765, the Marquis of Rockingham was appointed Premier. Burke was recommended to him as private secretary, and the Minister gladly availed himself of the services of a man, already so distinguished for literary excellence and official ability. This recommendation, equally fortunate on both sides, was chiefly due to Mr. Fitzherbert, a man of birth and accomplishment, who had known Burke at Johnson's celebrated club. Of Fitzherbert himself Johnson has left the following graphic sketch:—"There was no sparkle, no brilliancy in Fitzherbert; but I never knew a man who was so generally acceptable. He made every body quite easy, overpowered nobody by the superiority of his talents, made no man think the worse of himself by being ill

rival, seemed always to listen; did not oblige you to hear much from him, and did not oppose what you said."

Burke's tardy progress to the station for which nature, genius, and acquirement had formed him, is another among the thousand proofs of the fallacy, that talents make their own fortune. We see here a man of the highest abilities, with those abilities directed to the express labours of public life, associating with a round of leading persons in life and literature, blameless in his private conduct, undegraded by pecuniary difficulty, ardent in spirit, and giving evidence of admirable qualities for the service of the state; and yet we see this man of talent and diligence, of vigorous learning and public virtue left to linger in obscurity for ten of the most vivid years of his being, admired and overlooked, applauded and neglected, down to the point of abandoning England, and fixing himself a reluctant exile in a foreign country, and from this fate rescued by the mere accident of club companionship, indebted for the whole change in his prospects, for the interposition between eminence in England and banishment to America, to the casual civility of a good natured man of conversation. The truth is, that genius is *not* the quality for this self-elevation. It is too fine, too fastidious, too delicate in its sense of degradation, and too proud in its estimate of its own rank, to take the better and humiliating chances of the world alone. It has the talon, and the plume, and the eye that drinks in the congenial splendour of the sun. But those very attributes and organs are its disqualifications for the work that is to be done by the mole-eyed and subterranean ambition of the routine of public life. This is the evil of all long established governments. Public employ, the object of the most generous of all ambitions, is surrounded with a system of artificial obstacles, a circumvallation of dependence through which no man can make his way by his single assault. Patronage holds the key of every gate of the citadel. Family influence, personal connexion, private obligations, all must sign the passport that admits the new man within the lines and ramparts of this singularly jealous and keenly guarded place of strength. It is only in the great general changes of the state, in the midst of mighty revolutions and sweeping overthrows of established authority, when the old bulwarks are broken down into fragments, that young talent can despise ancient vigilance, force its way over the ruins, and be master, in its own right, undindebted but to its own solitary prowess and self-dependent energy.

Yet all may be for the best. Even in the restraints laid upon the saliency of genius, there may be that good which redounds in securing states from rash ambition, the besetting sin of powerful minds. It may be useful even to the productive services of such minds, that they should undergo in part the training that belongs to delay and disappointment. The

pride of talent may be wisely taught that the feelings of a race whose mediocrity it would be ready to trample under its feet, that the commonplaces and forms of society, that even the feeble prejudices which grow up with old institutions, like the moss and weedy blossoms, harmless ornaments round the walls of our castles, are entitled to some share of its regard; that there are other ministers of good on earth, than the impetuous stride and burning glance of genius; that the general genial harvests of social life, are not to be ploughed in by the lightning, nor reaped by the whirlwind. At least, we may well rejoice in the alternative which leaves us the quiet of society, undisturbed by revolution. To pass in peace through life is the first gift of government to nations. A few "bright particular stars" may thus be lost to the national eye, glittering for a moment, and then sunk below the horizon for ever. But we may well be content with a sky which gives us the light of day and the seasons in their time, unstartled by the terrors or the wonders of those flaming phenomena which, if they descend to increase the splendour, may come to shock the harmony of the sphere.

Burke was now brought into Parliament for Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, by the influence of Lord Verney, and on July the 17th, 1765, received his appointment as private secretary to the Minister. Yet even at this moment his fortunes were on the verge of wreck. His country operated against him; and, as in the crude conceptions of the English populace, every Irishman must be a Roman Catholic and a Jacobite, the old Duke of Newcastle, a man who through life exhibited the most curious combination of acuteness and absurdity, of address in office, and eccentricity everywhere else, instantly adopting the wisdom of the coffee-houses, hurried to the Marquis of Rockingham to protest against his bringing this firebrand into the magazine of gunpowder which then composed the Ministry. The Marquis, a simple man, was terrified at what he had done; but a straight-forward one, he had the manliness to mention the statement immediately to his new associate. Burke, probably not without some contempt for the understandings of both the noble Lords, satisfactorily showed that it was even possible to be an Irishman and a Protestant at the same time; and referring to his career in the College, where he had obtained a scholarship,—an honour reserved expressly for Protestant students,—he at length succeeded in appeasing the trepidations of the two Ministers, and establishing the facts, that, being a Protestant gentleman by birth, he was not a Jesuit, and being educated in the Irish University for the bar, he was *not* educated for a priest at St. Omers.

But it may be easily conceived that this rapidity of suspicion was not palatable to the feelings of a man like its object. He instantly retorted upon the Premier; and declared, that his retaining office was thenceforward in-

compatible with his feelings; that suspicion so easily roused and so readily adopted, would naturally introduce reserve into their intercourse; and that conceiving a half confidence to be worse than none, he must immediately resign. The Marquis listened, but he was an old English gentleman. The dignity of conscious spirit and virtue in Burke, attracted only his applause. He desired that the subject should be entirely forgotten, professed himself more than ever gratified by the manliness of his conduct, and refused to hear of his resignation. Burke, of course, gave way to this generous refusal, and proved himself worthy of the most perfect confidence, by his zeal and services during the life of his noble friend, and by many an elegant tribute to his grave. In one of his speeches in Parliament, several years after the death of the Marquis, he thus feelingly alluded to his appointment and his patron :

"In the year sixty-five, being in a very private station, far enough from any idea of business, and not having the honour of a seat in this House, it was my fortune, unknowing and unknown to the then Ministry, by the intervention of a common friend, to become connected with a very noble person at the head of the Treasury department. It was indeed in a situation of little rank and of no consequence, suitable to the mediocrity of my talents and pretensions; but a situation near enough to enable me to see, as well as others, what was going on. And I did see in this noble person such sound principles, such an enlargement of mind, such clear and sagacious sense, and such unshaken fortitude, as bound me, as well as others better than me, by an inviolable attachment to him from that time forward."

The new Ministry opened the session of Parliament on the 14th of January, 1766. Burke immediately showed the value of his accession. His first speech was on American affairs, and his force, fancy, and information, astonished the House. Pitt, (Lord Chatham,) whose praise was fame, followed him in the debate, and pronounced a panegyric (a most unusual condescension) on the new orator. He observed that "the young member had proved himself a very able advocate. He had himself intended to enter at length into the details, but he had been anticipated with so much ingenuity and eloquence, that there was little left for him to say. He congratulated him on his success, and his friends on the value of the acquisition which they had made."

The stirring times through which we have passed, and the still more stirring times which seem to lie before us, throw an air of lightness over transactions deemed momentous in the days of our fathers. The last quarter of a century shoots up between like the pillar of the Israelites, covering all behind us with cloud, and all before us with flame. We have become accustomed to a larger wielding of

power for larger consequences,—not armies but nations marching into the field,—not empires but continents convulsed with overthrow, or rejoicing in the fracture of their chains—conspiracies of kingdoms, and triumphs of the world. To us the strifes of domestic party, which excited the passions of our ancestors, have the look of child's play; we hear the angry declamation and the prophetic menace, with something not far from scorn for the men who uttered and the men who believed. The whole has too much the air of a battle on the stage. And it must be acknowledged that the mimic spirit of the hostility was well authenticated in the perpetual changes of the actors, in the unhesitating shifting of their costume, in their rapid transitions from banner to banner, in their adoption night after night of new characters, and their being constant to nothing but a determination to be always before the public, until age or national contempt drove them from the scene. But other things and other times are in reserve for their offspring. We see the gathering of storms that shall try the strength of every institution of England and mankind. A new evil has been let loose upon the earth, from a darker source than any that the timid crimes or colourless follies of past ages ever opened. French Jacobinism has spread through the world. Its Babel was cast down in France, but the fall has diminished nothing of its malignity, and nothing of its power. Its confusion of tongues there has only induced it into the knowledge of every language on earth, and the scattered strength of atheism and revolt has gone forth to propagate the kingdom of violence, and the idiocy of the passions, round the globe. The multitude in every quarter of Europe are already in the hands of Jacobinism. A spirit of fantastic and scornful innovation is at this time abroad, marshalling every casual discontent into its levy against the liberties and thrones of all nations; every complaint of idleness, of folly, of fortune; of the common chances of nature; even scarcity, disease, the simple inclemencies of the seasons, swell the same muster-roll of grievances with misgovernment; until the signal is given, and with rebellion in the van, and rapine in the rear, the whole sullen battalions is moved against the last refuges of law, government, and religion. Unless some hand mightier than that of human championship drive back the tempter to his dungeon, the ruin of all that deserves our homage is inevitable. The rise or fall of rival administrations will then cease to be a matter of moment to any living being. Be their merits what they may, they will hold their power but by the caprice of the crowd. If they are virtuous, they will but raise the scaffold for themselves; if they are vicious, they will but wash it with the blood of others. All the old generous impulses to public service, all the glowing and lofty aspirations which gave men wings in their ascent up the steeps of honour, and made the

ruggedness of the height, and the tempests on its brow, only dearer portions of the triumph, will be at an end; there will be but one motive to labour, self and lust; one check to treason, fear. Successive administrations will be gathered and dissolved with the rapidity of a snow-ball. Their rise and progress will be no more noted, and no more worth being noted, than the floating of bubbles down the stream. The names of Whig and Tory will be equally obnoxious, or equally forgotten. One great faction will absorb all. A hundred-headed democracy will usurp the functions of government, and turn ministers into clerks, and cabinets into bureaus for registering the plunder, or tribunals for shedding the blood of the nation. Is this an imaginary picture of the rule of the multitude? Or is it some sullen remnant dug up from the sepulchres, where the crimes of antiquity lie, fortunately hid from the world? Is it not even a creation of our own day, is not its fiery track felt still across every field of France? We there saw a power, which had no name in courts or cabinets, start up with the swiftness of an exhalation, and spread death through the state. England was saved; over her a great protection was extended. A man of the qualities that are made for the high exigencies of empires, guided her councils, and appealing to the memories and the virtues of the country, rescued the constitution. Let the successors to his power be the successors to his intrepidity, and, no matter by what name they are known, we shall honour them. No voice of ours shall call their triumph in question, or be fretfully raised in the general acclamation that follows their car to the temple of victory. But the time for the old feeble compliances is past in every kingdom of Europe. The time for stern determination, prompt vigour, sleepless vigilance, and sacred fidelity, is come. The materials of revolt are gathered and heaped high, and ferment in every province of the Continent. We know the conflagration that is prepared at home, we have heard the insolent menace of the hundred thousands that are to march with banners flying from our manufacturing towns to meet the insurgent million of the capital, and concoct laws for King, ministers, and nation, under the shadow of the pike. But we know, too, how such menaces were met before; how the throne was strengthened by the very blast that was to scatter its fragments through the world; how the temple, instead of a ruin, was turned into an asylum for the grateful virtues of the land; how the national terror was transmuted into valour and patriotism; and even in the rolling of the thunders that still shook the Continent, England saw but the agency of a power above man, armed for the preservation of her empire.

Burke's early distinction in Parliament was the result of a mind remarkably constituted for public effort; but it was also the result of that active and masculine diligence which charac-

terised him through life. Contemplating statesmanship as holding the highest rank of intellectual pursuits, and not unnaturally excited by the lustre of its rewards, he had from an early period applied himself to the study of politics; as he advanced nearer to the confines of public life, he had adopted the practical means of exercise in speaking, in some instances at debating clubs, of attending the debates in the House of Commons, and of making himself acquainted with the principal subjects which were likely to attract discussion. Such was his diligence, that on the subject which must have been the most repulsive to his soaring mind, the details of the commercial system, he was soon conceived to be among the best informed men in England.

This was the day of ministerial revolution—cabinets were abortions. The reign had commenced with an unpopular ministry, solely sustained by the character of the monarch. But no ministry can stand long on any strength but its own. The King, weary of upholding the Bute cabinet against its original tendency to go down, at length cast it off, and it sank never to rise again. The Grenville ministry succeeded to its place, and its unpopularity. It was charged with the Bute principles without their palliatives, with purchasing place by the spoils of the people, with crushing the national liberties with one hand, while it was surrendering the national honour to foreigners with the other; of being a government of nepotism, favouritism, and secret patronage, a Bute ministry in masquerade. The general outcry at once demanded its overthrow, and the restoration of Pitt. The King, with a submissiveness which fully contradicts the charges of obstinacy, now offered the government to the man of the popular choice. Burke, in a letter to the celebrated Flood, written in 1765, with admirable sagacity, narrates the course of the negotiation, and almost predicts its results. "There is a strong probability that new men will come in, and not improbably with new ideas. There is no doubt that there is a fixed resolution to get rid of them all, (unless perhaps of Grenville,) but principally of the Duke of Bedford. So that you will have much more reason to be surprised to find the ministry standing by the end of the next week, than to hear of their entire removal." His idea of Lord Chatham is curious, and the event showed his knowledge of that memorable man's character. "Nothing but an INTRACTABLE temper in your friend Pitt can prevent a most admirable and lasting system from being put together. And this crisis will show whether pride or patriotism be predominant in his character; for you may be assured, he has it now in his power to come into the service of his country upon any plan of politics he may think proper to dictate, with great and honourable terms for himself and every friend he has in the world, and with such a strength of power as will be equal to every thing but absolute despotism

over the King and kingdom. A few days will show whether he will take this part, or that of continuing on his back at Hayes talking *fus-tian!* excluded from all ministerial, and incapable of all Parliamentary service. For his gout is worse than ever, but his pride may disable him more than his gout."

The history amply confirmed the conjecture. The Duke of Cumberland was sent by the King to offer the Premiership to Mr. Pitt. He refused it. The ministry, elated by the discovery that a substitute was not to be found, and indignant at the attempt to find one, raised their demands upon the King. But the royal resources were not yet exhausted, and within two months the Marquis of Rockingham was placed at the head of a new cabinet. Burke's panegyric on the Premier was the exuberance of a glowing fancy set in motion by a grateful heart. But it was an error. The Marquis was not the leader to collect the scattered energies of party, and shape them into system. Compared with Bute, he wanted conciliation, and with Grenville, knowledge of life and business. Formal and frigid, relying upon personal rank for official dignity, and for public confidence on hereditary prejudices, and forgetting the new element which had risen to disperse all such prejudices, he found himself suddenly in the rear of public opinion, saw even his own adherents starting forward before him; saw his whole force broken up, and after a struggle of a few months between pride and feebleness, retreated from a field into which he ought never to have entered. Burke, on this event, probably as a matter of duty, wrote his defence, "A short History of a short Administration," a work of a few pages, and dry as it was brief. A dull epitaph, and only the fitter for the tomb that it covered.

Pitt now came in triumph, with the people yoked to his chariot; the King more reluctantly, but nearly as much yoked as the people; he rapidly formed an administration, and commenced his career with an energy which justified the national election. But with all the qualities which could raise him to the highest rank, he wanted the one important quality which could alone keep him there. He made no allowances for the feelings, the habits, or the weaknesses of other men. In a despotic government, perhaps, he would have been minister for life, and the admiration, if not the terror, of Europe; his clearness of political vision, the lofty mastery with which he grasped the thunders of the state, and the unerring vigour with which he launched them, his natural habits of command, his severe integrity, and his brilliant, bold, and indefatigable ambition, would have achieved all the miracles of despotic policy, and raised a small kingdom into power, or extended a large one into European supremacy. But the time for this display of unmitigated strength was past in England. Even in France, the era of the Richelieus and Mazarines was no more. Great

schemes of independent government were no longer to be created. The minister must work with such materials as were supplied to him, and Chatham, who, under a Philip the Second, would have broken down the Netherlands, or stifled their hostility by throwing the weight of the world upon them; or under a Henry the Eighth, would have alike trampled out the Reformation, or swept its enemies before the breath of his nostrils, according to the caprice of his sovereign; was forced in the day of George the Third, to concede and compromise, to feel the tenure of his power dependent on men whom he could scarcely stoop to acknowledge as his associates, to ballast the vessel of the state with even the fragments of former party, and, having done all, to see the helm wrenched from his hand.

The difficulty of forming the new cabinet, and the disunion which so quickly gave the King the power of dissolving it, were popularly caricatured by Burke. "He (Lord Chatham) put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dove-tailed, a cabinet so variously inlaid, such a piece of diversified mosaic, such a tasseled pavement without cement, here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white, patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans, Whigs and Tories, treacherous friends and open enemies, that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assort'd at the mine board, stared at each other, and were obliged to ask,—Sir, your name? Sir, you have the advantage of me.—Mr. Such-a-one—I beg a thousand pardons. I venture to say that it did so happen, that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoken to each other in their lives."

Burke, on the fall of his friends, withdrew for a few months to Ireland. He felt, with a just sense of his own reputation, that overtures would probably be made to him, and, with a sense of delicacy sufficiently remarkable in a young statesman, determining to avoid even the imputation of waiting to be purchased, he took his departure within two days of the ministerial retirement. But the changes of cabinets were now comparatively unimportant to his fortunes. He had shown what he was, and he could be forgotten no more. He had now risen to the surface, and no fall of ministers could carry him down with them again. Once set floating on the tide of public affairs, he had within him a buoyancy that nothing could outweigh; the probability even was, that every swell and agitation of the surface would only lift him still higher, and make his qualities more conspicuous in the general struggle. The impression made on his friends in London, interestingly recorded in a letter of Johnson to Langton, in 1766. "We have the loss of Burke's company since he has been engaged in public business, in which he has gained more reputation than perhaps any man at his first appear-

ance ever gained before. He made two speeches in the House for repealing the Stamp Act, which were publicly commended by Mr. Pitt, and have filled the town with wonder. Burke is a great man, and is expected soon to attain civil greatness." The Chatham ministry followed the fate of its predecessors. Raised in defiance of the throne, it was naked on the side of prerogative; and while it was engaged in defending itself from the new hostility of the people, it received a blow against which it had made no preparation; the ministry fell under the royal hand. Pitt, too proud to capitulate, and deserted by his troops, gave up the contest at once, and left his power to be partitioned among his deserters. The Duke of Grafton was placed at the head of a cabinet formed of recreants of all parties; and one of the most ineffective and characterless cabinets that England ever saw, began its operations, with a populace inflamed to the most extraordinary excesses, with a failing finance, a general convulsion of the commercial system, and the whole body of the colonies in uproar, hurling scorn on the mother country, denying and defying her laws, disputing her rights, and with the same rebellious banners waving from their shores to repel the authority of England, and welcome the alliance of her enemies.

Burke was now the acknowledged leader of that part of opposition which professed the principles of the Marquis of Rockingham; Mr. Grenville, of that part which had fallen with himself from power. No two men could have fewer conceptions in common. Differing in all points of policy, they were kept together only by their hostility to the weak and wavering cabinet, whose overthrow they hourly contemplated. At length, a pamphlet, entitled, "The present State of the Nation," written by either Mr. Grenville, or his former secretary, Mr. Knox, under his dictation, and containing some sarcasms on the Rockingham ministry, brought Burke into action. He flew to the defence of a cause which he considered his own, and by his "Observations on a late State of the Nation," completely retorted the charges, and added to his fame all that profound thought, exact details of the national interests, and animated eloquence could give. But the chief excellence of all this eminent person's works is, that they are for the general experience of mankind; they are not the artificial ornaments of the hour, but instinct with the spirit of life, which makes them flourish as green as ever from generation to generation. Rapid and brilliant as his conceptions rise from the passion of the moment, and transitory as may be the circumstances of their origin, they have in them nothing transitory, nothing of the meteor; they take their place at a height above the vapours of this dim world, and minister illumination to every age to come. He thus speaks of the fatal facility with which public men slide into apostacy—(The Bedford party

had at this period seceded from their old friends, and joined administration)—

"It is possible to draw, even from the very prosperity of ambition, examples of terror, and motives to compassion. I believe the instances are exceedingly rare, of men immediately passing over the clear, marked line of virtue, into declared vice and corruption. There are a sort of middle tints and shades between the two extremes; there is something uncertain on the confines of the two empires, which they first pass through, and which renders the change easy and imperceptible. There are even a sort of splendid impositions, so well contrived, that at the very time when the path of rectitude is quitted for ever, men seem to be advancing into some higher and nobler road of public conduct. Not that such impositions are strong enough in themselves; but that a powerful interest, often concealed from those whom it affects, works at the bottom and secures the operation. Men are thus debauched away from those legitimate connexions, which they had formed on a judgment, early perhaps, but sufficiently mature, and wholly unbiased."

With what countenance might some of the apostates who carried the Catholic question look in this mirror held up to them by the frowning genius of Burke! With what shame and remorse might those who have still the power of feeling, see the features stamped by that guiltiest of all tergiversations! With what terror might those who are beyond shame see their crime blazoned and thrown into hideous light, for the scorn and warning of all posterity! The only distinction between Burke and the reality is, that the apostacy which is long to wreak its retribution on England, had none of the flowery descants, the smooth and stealing lapses, the gentle labyrinthine circuits into vice. There was no gradation. The treachery did not descend to wear a mask, nor the wrooer to desire one; the crime was embraced in all its deformity, and the criminals boasted of the openness of the intrigue, and made a reputation of the audacity with which they abandoned every sense of personal and public honour.

The picture of the bond slaves of party, who begin by sacrificing their principles, and then sacrifice their friends, is incomparable. "People not well grounded in the principles of public morality, find a set of maxims in office ready made for them, which they assume as naturally and inevitably as any of the insignia or instruments of the situation. A certain tone of the solid and practical is immediately acquired. Every former profession of public spirit is to be considered as a debauch of youth, or, at least, as a visionary scheme of unattainable perfection. The very idea of consistency is exploded. The convenience of the business of the day is to furnish the principle for doing it. Then the whole ministerial cant is quickly got by heart. The prevalence of faction is to

be lamented. All opposition is to be regarded as the effect of envy and disappointed ambition. All administrations are declared to be alike. Flattering themselves that their power is become necessary to the support of all order and government, every thing which tends to the support of that power is sanctified, and becomes a part of the public interest.

"Growing every day more formed to affairs, and better knit in their limbs; when the occasion (now their only rule) requires it, they become capable of sacrificing those very persons to whom they had before sacrificed their original friends. It is now only in the ordinary course of business to alter an opinion, or to betray a connexion. Frequently relinquishing one set of men and adopting another, they grow into a total indifference to human feeling, as they had before to moral obligation, until, at length, no one original impression remains on their minds, every principle is obliterated, every sentiment effaced.

"In the meantime, that power which all these changes aimed at securing, remains still as tottering and uncertain as ever. They are delivered up into the hands of those who feel neither respect for their persons, nor gratitude for their favours; who are put about them in appearance to serve, in reality to govern them; and when the signal is given, to abandon and destroy them, in order to set up some new dupe of ambition, who in his turn is to be abandoned and destroyed. Thus living in a state of continual uneasiness and ferment, softened only by the miserable consolation of giving now and then preferments to those for whom they have no value, they are unhappy in their situation, yet find it impossible to resign; until at length, soured in temper, and disappointed by the very attainment of their ends, in some angry, in some haughty, in some negligent moment, they incur the displeasure of those upon whom they have rendered their very being dependent. Then, '*perierunt tempora longi servitii*,' they are cast off with scorn, emptied of all natural character, of all intrinsic worth, of all essential dignity, and deprived of every consolation of friendship. Having rendered all retreat to old principles ridiculous, and to old regards impracticable; not being able to counterfeit pleasure, or to discharge discontent, it is more than a chance, that in the delirium of the last stage of their distempered power, they make an insane political testament, by which they throw all their remaining weight and consequence into the scale of their declared enemies, and avowed authors of their destruction. Thus they finish their course. Had it been possible, that the whole, or even a great part of those effects on their fortunes, could have appeared to them in their first departure from the right, it is certain that they would have rejected every temptation with horror."

We shall now have to follow Burke through more various and elevated transactions; in which he was no longer the contemplatist, but

a great leader of the contest. The sounds of war and anarchy were coming from America, they were reverberating from Ireland, they were preparing to be answered by a tempestuous roar from France; every principle of national stability was to be tried in its turn. The character of Religion, Loyalty, and Government, was to undergo the fiercest ordeal known in history, and at every trial, the genius and wisdom of Burke were to be among the most conspicuous guides of the land.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ABSURDITY OF CAPTAIN BACK'S ARCTIC ENTERPRISE, AND OF THE PROPOSED EXPEDITION BY SEA.

THE various attempts of our scientific navigators, who in recent years have gone forth to break the icy barriers of the north-west passage to the shores of the Americas, have yet produced no result beyond the very numerous volumes which detail the adventures of Parry, Franklin, and the other enterprising spirits who have pierced the recesses of the Polar Seas and Regions. For very many years the attention of the public has been at intervals engaged with the buzz of preparation for the departure of expedition after expedition; and, though all hope of substantial commercial advantage to be derived from the discovery of a north-west passage, has long since passed away, it is yet creditable to the British, that for purposes purely geographical, large sums have been cheerfully expended:—"the nation of shop-keepers" is always in the van to promote the extension of the domains of science.

Enough has been discovered of the Polar Regions, to prove that, in the event of a discovery of a passage, no regular use could be made of that icy track of navigation; and before many years the completion of a canal or railway across the Isthmus of Panama, by cutting off a navigation of ten thousand miles round Cape Horn, will form the long-desired communication with the shores of the Pacific, and supersede the necessity of a precarious and dangerous passage by the Polar Sea. Still, to this wealthy and magnanimous nation, it is undoubtedly an object worthy of very considerable expenditure, to complete the geographical theory of the earth—to solve the mysteries of the polarity of the needle—to examine the vegetable and mineral productions of the Polar world—and to carry the lights of Christianity and civilization to the roaming natives of those dismal and solitary regions.

It has therefore been with no ordinary interest, that we have watched the progress of the late subscriptions for the equipment of an expedition in search of the gallant and enterprising Captain Ross and his brave companions. And if in the exercise of our duty to the public, we think it expedient to point out the inse-

iciency of the plans proposed, assuredly it arises from no want of sympathy and deep interest in the fate of our enterprising countrymen, now perhaps pining in the agonies of famine and "hope deferred."

The principal members of the land expedition have, we believe, already embarked at Liverpool for New York; and it is presumed that they will arrive at Montreal, the real starting-point, on the 10th of April. The route to be then pursued, is the usual one for the fur-traders in the employment of the Hudson's Bay Company, by the Autaway, French River, the Great Lakes, and Lake Winnepeg, to the Great Slave Lake, which comprises a distance of two thousand five hundred miles from Montreal. This point is expected to be reached in the middle of July; and at the Great Slave Lake, Indian guides and hunters will be engaged to accompany the party to the Great Fish River, which falls into the Polar Sea, and is about three hundred miles, at that point, from the wreck of the Fury. The mode of travelling upon the Lakes, is by canoes of birch-bark; but at Cumberland-House, one of the four stations of the Hudson's Bay Company, the party will embark in bateaux, which are better adapted for conveying the provisions, tents, ammunition, and stores. The chief dependence for food, will consist of pemmekan, or the dried flesh of buffaloes or reindeer, with such game as may be procured upon the way.

The expedition will winter at the Great Fish River; and previously to retiring to quarters, Captain Back proposes to proceed, for a limited distance down the river, in light canoe, with eight well-armed companions, in the hope of obtaining some information respecting Captain Ross and his companions, from the Esquimaux.

In the ensuing spring, the whole party will proceed down the river to the wreck of the Fury, which is *supposed* to lie about three hundred miles from the spot: though it appears that the course of this river has never yet been explored, and insuperable obstacles may perhaps intervene, to defeat the entire purpose of the project. Should the party, however, succeed in reaching the wreck of the Fury, and no trace of Captain Ross be there discoverable, it will then be necessary for Captain Back and his companions to retrace their steps to the winter-quarters at the Great Fish River; and returning, it is intended to erect land-marks and signal-posts on peaks and capes, to arrest the attention of Captain Ross and his comrades, should they happily be endeavouring to return by land.

In the second spring, the expedition will again emerge from winter-quarters at the Great Fish River, to the shores of the Polar Sea; and after due search in various directions, in the summer of 1835, if it should fail in discovering any satisfactory tidings of Captain Ross and his party, it will set out on its return to England.

Our readers will observe, that the expedition first traverses on foot a distance of three thousand miles of country, from Montreal to the Great Fish River; and this without horses, bread, or conveniences of any description whatsoever—their sole subsistence, during their immense route, being dependent upon supplies of pemmekan, and game casually killed upon the way. Then, after the exhaustion and debility occasioned by the privations and fatigue already undergone, commences the winter in quarters at the Great Fish River, with a continuation, for five long months, of unvarying animal food; and, in the spring of 1834, begins the true labour of the expedition. We fear, indeed, that cold, privation, and disease, will thin the numbers of the party, before emerging from winter-quarters—and that few of those who survive will ever return to winter-quarters again, in the following year. Of all the attempts hitherto made to winter in the Polar Regions, we believe that a very scanty remnant of the crews have ever resisted the effects of cold, scurvy, and mental despondency: and greatly do we fear that, of the present expedition, few will again reach their native country. Allowing that no dangers threaten the party from the Indians, the wolves, or other enemies of the stranger in those regions, we can see no substantial relief which can be afforded to Captain Ross and his companions, by men who will themselves be exhausted, and in no better condition than their fellow wanderers in those solitary regions. It is also worthy of remark, that if Captain Ross and his party be now in existence, and within a distance of three hundred miles from the Great Fish River, there is every probability that they will yet find their way, stocked with supplies from their own vessels, to the settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company. Upon a full review of the project of the land expedition, and the necessity of passing at least one entire winter in the Polar Regions, we are compelled to express our fears, that it will prove utterly futile and unsuccessful. It may be characterized as a curious and cruel absurdity, supported by public subscription, and countenanced by a humane and enlightened government.

We cannot but think how infinitely more judicious it would have been, to have concentrated all the subscriptions of the public, and the donation of the government, upon the single purpose of fitting out a steam-vessel, to proceed, in the present spring, to the wreck of the Fury. The necessary search might thus have been effected in a single summer. If Captain Ross and his comrades be now in existence, still, the intervention of another year, which must elapse before the arrival at the Polar Sea, of Captain Back, may be fatal to the party. But a steam-vessel, departing in the present spring, would arrive at the wreck of the Fury very early in the summer, and there replenishing her fuel, by breaking up the timbers of that vessel, might proceed to the very

highest latitudes ever yet attained, and return in security in the autumn.

A steam-vessel of the smallest burthen—thirty or forty tons—would be sufficient for the purpose proposed; and, being partially rigged, the voyage to the *confines* of the ice might be made, without the consumption of any fuel whatever: by the use of sails, in periods of fair wind and at all available times, the stock of coal to be conveyed might be much reduced, without detriment to that celerity of operation which must be the soul of this enterprize. We believe that steam offers the only certain mode of reaching the scene of the fate of Captain Ross:—for we hold it to be highly improbable, that he has not penetrated far beyond the wreck of the *Fury*. The most reasonable conjecture is, that, by means of steam, he has advanced into trackless fields of ice, from which, on the exhaustion of his fuel, he has never been able to emerge. We think it highly probable that he still exists—for his arrangements were made for an absence of many years—and in every probability his vessels are yet unharmed, amidst mountains of impassable ice.

No sailing vessel will in any probability ever reach this ill-fated crew:—for when we recall to mind the rapidity of the adverse current, and the heart-breaking toils of Captain Parry and his companions, who strove in vain to accomplish even the remaining fifteen miles to the 84th degree of north latitude, in order to secure the reward of £10,000, offered by the Board of Longitude, we feel assured that no effectual progress will ever be made in those seas, except by the use of steam.

We therefore submit to the patrons of this generous undertaking, that a steam-boat will be the only effectual vehicle of proceeding in quest of our gallant countrymen: and most devoutly do we wish a prosperous termination of an enterprize which ranks among the foremost of those humane and magnanimous efforts, which pre-eminently distinguish this country from all surrounding nations. The managers of the affair have already committed one glaring absurdity: let them not, after this fair warning, be guilty of another.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ON MORAL FICTIONS.

Miss Martineau's Illustrations of Political Economy.

THERE are two kinds of moral fictions—the one in which some decided end is inculcated (the moral to the fable), as in certain of Miss Edgeworth's tales,—the other in which no *one* distinct end is arrived at, and no solitary maxim worked out from the rich variety of the whole;—but which, nevertheless, abounds in moral lessons and scientific inquiries, in which the

heart is touched, the passions elevated, or the mind enlightened. Thus is it with Fielding's novels and Shakspeare's plays. It has been well remarked by Godwin, that the moral tendency of a work may often be diametrically opposite to the moral end; that is, from the one pervading moral which seems to be the intended result of the fiction. This is very remarkable in Moliere's comedies, where the moral end seems often to be the innocence of adultery or the success of knavery; while the moral tendency (which is to display the self-deceits of the heart—the weaker sides of vanity; and, above all, to enlarge the boundaries of our knowledge whether of men or of the consequences of social customs) does more than counteract the signification of the moral end, and conducts us to reformation by opening new vistas into truth. Nothing can be worse than the seeming moral conveyed by the "Beggar's Opera;"—nothing can be finer or more widely instructive than its moral tendency: the end is the impunity of crime, but the tendency is the unravelling of state hypocrisies, and the tricks with which mankind are plundered by the political Peachums. Thus it will often happen that the most valuable works instruct not by the avowed moral but by the latent one; as Le Sage's "Gil Blas" has done more for human knowledge, which is the parent of human virtue, than the "Cælebs" of Miss Hannah More. Those fictions are the most complete of purpose in which both the end and the tendency are good, as in the admirable satire of Jonathan Wild, where the tendency is the exposure of vice, and the end is its natural punishment. But fictions of this order, uniting both purposes, are rare; for the element of writers of great power is in the passions and the crimes; and the human interest ceases when the dark and exciting history of these is crowned by some frigid saw, which conjures all the living characters we have seen into shadowy delusions—not formed to move and breathe before us in the various career of actual life, but solely to serve the purpose of a homily and illustrate a moral conceit. Sensible of this, the greatest writers rarely consent thus to dissipate the dread and solemn effect their works can bequeath.* They know that the more life-like and actual their characters, the deeper the moral feelings, produced by their history, will sink into the soul; and they are conscious, also, that a thousand incidental morals may be destroyed if your attention is coldly chained down to the pedantic examination of one.

Every great writer is more or less of a mo-

* Yet, singularly enough, a typical and pervading moral will be borne more readily, and can be admitted more artfully, into the metaphysical fiction than in any plainer form of conveying morality. The Germans have tried it, particularly Goethe,—the greatest artist whoever lived,—in "Wilhelm Meister," with prodigious effect. And some of the ancient critics have imagined the "Odyssey of Homer" to be an allegory, in which Ulysses is the soul, and Ithaca the port of Reason.

alist, often unconsciously to himself; and, in proportion as his sources of interest are sought from the internal, not the outward, characteristics, he is not only the greater artist, but the more instructive teacher. Thus Shakespeare, who draws all his interest from the soul and heart of man, is not only an immeasurably greater poet than Scott, who (with reverence be it said to his just claims to immortality), for the most part, seeks interest in ingenious narrative, in the more ordinary passions, in description of costume, manners, and feudal parade;—but he is also a much mightier moralist, though often offending more visibly against conventional morality. Every revelation of some passion, thought, sentiment that belongs to us, but has not yet been analyzed, is a discovery in morals; and a master is great, not in proportion as he descants on old discoveries, but as he arrives at new. This is an important consideration which, in regarding the relative merit of moral writers of fiction, we are bound to keep in view; always recollecting that the more various, latent, and abstruse the passions touched upon, the more likely is the philosopher to be deep in his science and novel in his discoveries. But in the heaven of philosophical fiction there are many mansions. There may be often truths known to the few which it is almost originality to popularize to the many. For next to inventing a truth, is the merit of making it generally known. This is peculiarly the case with political truths. So few have analyzed them,—and, while so necessary to the public, they have been for the most part treated in so dry a manner,—that to drag them from their retreats,—to gift them with familiar language,—to send them into the world preaching and converting as living disciples, is only a less proof of the inspiration of genius than the primary power of creation. It is to perform to political morals the same task as Addison fulfilled with domestic. Miss Martineau, in the excellent fictions she has given to the world, has performed this noble undertaking, and accomplished this lesser species of inspiration. She has taken the facts of Political Economy, and woven a series of tales, of great and familiar interest, illustrative of the broader and more useful of its doctrines. It is as a writer of fiction, however, that we only regard her; because the province of a writer is to be adjudged, not according to the end which he arrives at, but the means he employs. As we measure the claims of Lucretius to philosophy, not by comparison with philosophers, but with poets; as we call Fielding a novel writer, and only incidentally a moralist; as we consider Plato, though poetical, a philosopher; and Shakespeare, though philosophical, a poet. Besides this, were Miss Martineau viewed only as a political economist, her merits would shrink into an exceedingly small compass; for though, as we before said, it is a great merit to popularize known truths, the merit is that of a writer, not a philosopher. Miss Marti-

neau has not added a single new truth to the science; and it is only the most generally acknowledged axioms which she has ventured to embody in her tales;—this, indeed, with obvious wisdom; for if she had illustrated the more equivocal and less settled principles, the merit of the illustration would have become exceedingly questionable. Illustrations of Political Economy by fiction are something like the application of metaphors to reasoning; they make old truths agreeable, unfamiliar truths intelligible: but you cannot argue equivocal truths by metaphors alone. As a political economist, then, we do not consider Miss Martineau entitled to high estimation: as a writer of moral fiction, we think she is entitled to a considerable station. We do not indeed agree with our admired contemporary, "The Examiner," in ranking her on the same level with Miss Edgeworth. The end at which she would arrive *may* be equally useful, but the means she employs are less brilliant and of a lower order of genius. She has not, for instance, the simple yet pointed wit of Miss Edgeworth—the wit which almost approaches to Swift's, in "Castle Rackrent," and to Voltaire's, in "Murad the Unlucky." Still less has she the rich, various, racy, national humour which her great predecessor displays—she does not draw forth all those latent qualities which are to human nature what idioms are to language—an index to its deepest stores, and most graceful peculiarities. She has as yet given us no parallel to the Irish postilion and the Irish peeress of the "Absentee;" nor (though she equals Miss Edgeworth in sentiment, and excels her in tenderness)—in stern pathos, and the more terrible interest that may be deduced from the errors of daily life, has she approached, by many degrees to the death-bed of Vivian—or the almost sublime hiatus which closes the narrative of Basil the Procrastinator. The power ultimately to rival Miss Edgeworth she may possess, but the proof of the power is yet to come. At present, while we hope much from what she may write, we must estimate her by what she has written.

Nor must it be forgotten, that Miss Edgeworth wrote *the first*, and that her writings are equally directed to the elucidation of political morals, though not to the same points in politics which Miss Martineau has selected. The peculiar nature of the subjects chosen by the latter author has contributed greatly to contract the sphere of her inquiry into the diversities of mankind: for the most part her characters are divided into two great genera—the one character is prudent, honest, and enlightened—the other is reckless, embruted, and criminal. It is the old division which Miss Edgeworth herself has marked so repeatedly before—well regulated labour, and thriftless indolence. Angus and Ronald, George Grey and Joe Harper, with a few external differences, are merely one exemplification of a common principle, and individuals of the same

species of character. On the other hand, Dan the Indolent and Hal the Thoughtless are equally similar in their general aspects. Nor is there, as in Edgeworth, Scott, and our greater writers of fiction—a variety of rich and humorous peculiarities struck out from each, so as to stamp the general attributes with individual and unmistakeable traits. The space, too, to which the writer has confined herself is so limited, that it would require a very short, and almost epigrammatic style, to mark distinctly and vividly the different characters—making point the substitute of elaboration. Marmontel delineates his actors with a stroke:—Richardson, diffuse and lengthy, requires volumes to make you acquainted with *his* creations. The style of Miss Martineau, though not the order of her talents, resembles rather that of Richardson than of Marmontel: the rapid, condensed, antithetical analysis, is perfectly unknown to her—she writes with purity and elegance, but with that style which requires expatiation to do justice to her own conceptions. She is subject, moreover, to another fault—which is the consequence of her choice of subject;—her dialogue offends versimilitude—she writes more simply when she narrates, than when she causes her labourers and her fishermen to speak in their own persons. It is easy to see her benevolent and wise purpose in making the poor themselves speculate on truths, rather than be lectured by others into instruction. It opens to them what may be called “Intellectual Independence,” and teaches, on a large scale, the Lancaster system, that the best schoolmaster is the pupil himself. But while this purpose is a full excuse for her practice in drawing philosophical fishermen and Socratical cottagers, the practice cannot but interfere with the effect of the fiction, and the artist-like delineation of the characters. So we feel that Shakspeare, if writing now, would not put into the mouth of a veteran serjeant, in a country village, passages like this:—“In England the law of primogeniture has encouraged the accumulation of property in a few hands to a very mischievous extent. There are far too many estates in this kingdom too large to be properly managed by the care of one man, or by the reproducible capital of one family.” Nor would he paint the squire’s footman (however travelled the footman be), as responding most rabbinically to the serjeant on this knotty matter, and suggesting legislative modes to supply the place of the law of primogeniture. “There might,” quoth the footman, “be directions that the land should be sold, and the purchase-money divided, or a legacy of land left to one of the children, charged with portions or annuities to the rest, or an injunction that the family should form a sort of joint-stock company, and cultivate their property by shares.” All this is very sensible; but to fiction in its most sensible shape we must still apply the rules of fiction; and we cannot help feeling that however oracular the

doctrine, the footman is not the fitting Python to promulgate it.

This want of keeping between the truth and its propounder, is yet more unpleasantly glaring in the tale called “Weal and Woe in Garveloch,” where, in the most barbarous spot of earth, half-starved fishermen take the most astonishing views on the theory of population; and in this instance of inconsistency, there is a grosser want of truth than in the other tales. The language of the fisherman is never beneath his wisdom; he talks simply indeed, but it is with the simplicity of a scholar. Ex. gr.

“I know,” replied Angus, “that there is always a prevalence of vices in society, that as some are extinguished, others arise.” . . .

“Very few, if any, pass through the trial of squalid and hopeless poverty with healthy minds. . . . I shall never be convinced, unless I see it, that any vice in existence will be aggravated by the comforts of life being extended to all, or that there is any which is not encouraged by the feelings of personal injury,—of hatred towards their superiors, or recklessness concerning their companions and themselves, which are excited among the abject or ferocious poor.”

Now, without this being fine language, it is not natural, it is not conceivable, language in the mouth of a fisherman of Islay. True, we are told he is of a superior mind, and in his course of trade has seen a little of the world. But a superior fisherman is a fisherman still; nor does he utter the intricate doctrines of a Malthus in the elegant simplicity of a Hume. We the more allude to this glaring deficiency in art (looking upon a writer of fiction as the greatest and most thoughtful of all artists,) partly because we have seen praise very erroneously attributed to Miss Martineau for the familiarity and naturalness of her dialogue, and partly because in our able and spirited contemporary (*Tait's Magazine*), we have noted opinions (to which Miss Martineau's name is prefixed) upon Sir Walter Scott, which we consider to contain canons of criticism, that, did she resolve to reduce them into practice, could not but operate unfavourably on Miss Martineau's future efforts. She denies (by the way) that Walter Scott knew much of the lower orders. If, like the writer of this paper, Miss Martineau had journeyed over Great Britain on foot, boarded, lodged, travelled and feasted with all varieties of those orders, she would have found reason, perhaps, to reconsider her decision. But to return. One point is clear,—if the developement of fictitious characters be employed for the illustration of principles, there is no evading the fundamental law of all compositions in which fictitious characters are presented to us: namely, the giving to each person, so introduced, the language and the train of thought which he is most likely to use and indulge. That we may translate certain barbarous dialects and provincialisms, which contain nothing charac-

teristic in themselves, we allow; but then they must be translated into language and thoughts, if more intelligible, at least equally natural and appropriate. Miss Martineau, whenever she does endeavour to suit the word to the actor, does it too without much discrimination and art; for instance, to the young Irish couple in the "Weal and Woe in Garveloch," the Irish brogue is freely attributed; but very much as the brogue is represented in the ignorant old farces, with plenty of "kilt," and "bother," and "jewel," but without a glimpse of that rich idiomatic humour which in Miss Edgeworth, Crofton Croker, and Mrs. Hall's sketches, relieve the vulgarity and elevate the provincialism into the *bon mot*. Here, therefore, Miss Martineau's use of the appropriate dialect is entirely superfluous; and we are given an imitation of the national peculiarity too incorrect to be successful, yet too flat to be amusing. Besides, there is something a little uncandid in this instance; for the good, honest, laborious fishermen are made to speak like scholars, however unnaturally,—and the poor worthless Milesian is consigned, without mercy, to his brogue, however unhappily represented.

And now, having finished our catalogue of complaints, we come to the more pleasing part of our critical duty, and speak of the counter-balancing merits of Miss Martineau's performances. And in the first place we must beg the reader to observe that it is but fair to attribute the greater part of the defects we have spoken of, not to a want of capacity in the writer, but to the nature of the work—to the limited space of each tale, and to Miss Martineau's evident desire of making everything subordinate to the illustration of certain valuable truths. It is just, therefore, in this, as in all works, to consider first, the author's design; secondly, to see if the design be accomplished; if so, we ought to look leniently on many of the faults inseparable, perhaps, from the accomplishment of the design itself. Putting aside the fact that the dialogues are not appropriate to the speakers, nothing can be more clear, succinct, and luminous than the manner in which the reasonings conveyed in the dialogues are expressed and detailed. A remarkable excellence in Miss Martineau, is the beauty of her descriptions—not exaggerated—not prolix—but fresh, nervous, graphic, and full of homeliness or of poetry as the subject may require. And this power of description extends not only to the delineation of scenery, but also to that of circumstances and of persons. Nothing can be more fine in its way than the description of the hurricane in Demerara—of the fate of the barbarous overseer—of the passionate negro, praying for vengeance in Christ's name by his solitary hearth—of the escape of the fugitive slaves, and the bay and spring of the fierce bloodhound. Nor can any thing be more natural, yet picturesque, than Miss Martineau's sketches of English scenery—the farm—the common—the cottage,

And when her story exhibits probity in distress, she groups the characters in the most noble, yet touching positions; as, when Kenneth sits down at night by the desolate sea on which his father has launched his boat in quest of food for many breadless mouths. And when the wife, coming also to watch the vessel, finds her brave son weeping on the rock alone;—and there—with the stormy breakers below, and the sea-fowl screaming near, and the bark growing less and less upon the wave—mother and son cheer each other with grave but high thoughts; and the most beautiful of human affections gives dignity to the most humiliating of earthly trials.

Another great excellence of Miss Martineau, and the most irrefragable proof of her talents, is in that nameless and undefinable power of exciting and sustaining interest in the progress of her tale,—which is the first requisite of prose fiction, and without which all other requisites become wearisome and vain. And this is the greater merit; because, as we before said, the nature of the story and its occasional treatment interpose so many obstacles in the way of interest, and are perpetually in danger of marring our belief in the life and actuality of the *dramatis persona*.

Miss Martineau's talents, and the value of her works, are indisputable. She has arrived at that point of excellence where we begin to estimate the value and adjudge the station of the writer. • The greatest and most consummate order of perfect intellect, is that in which the imaginative and the reasoning faculties are combined,—each carried to its height:—the one inspired, the other regulated, by its companion; and though we cannot of course attribute to Miss Martineau these faculties in their greatest extent, we can yet congratulate her on no inconsiderable portion of them united with no common felicity. We wish that when she has concluded this series of political tales, she would put her imagination under less visible and cramped restraint—that her moral may be less concentrated—that she may take wider flights into the great range of art—that she may be enabled more happily to consult the dramatic harmonies of character—that she may work out yet more extended and beneficial, though less obtruded, results from more costly materials—that she may be encouraged to venture into far deeper researches into the humours and hearts of men, and far more subtle and daring analysis—not of errors, which are the mere effects of passion, but of the passions themselves; for *they* are the great elements of social change, and the loftiest province of an imaginative and philosophic genius.

From the *Literary Gazette.*

SONGS.

WHEN do I think of thee!—

When think I not?

Thou art, whate'er may be,

Still unforgot.

Does the sweet morning rise,

Bride-like, from sleep,

When their first revelries

Bird and bee keep,

Singing out joyously

In the green tree!

Then, when my hopes are high,

Think I of thee.

When, in the languid noon,

Lip and eye close—

When, like a fairy boon,

Sweets leave the rose—

Then life's enchanted stream,

Lovely and lone,

Mirrors a name and dream—

Both are thine own.

When the chill midnight bids

Dark shadows lour—

Tears in the fragrant lids

Of each pale flower—

Then, O how mournfully!

Think I of thee—

So darkly our destiny

Closes round me!

Fate has one hope for me,

Life but one lot;

When do I think of thee!—

When think I not?

L. E. L.

—

THESE are the words, the burning words,
I used to breathe long, long ago;
My lute has lost its early tone,
My lip forgot its early glow.

I sing no more as I have sung;
My lute and love are separate now—
'Tis taken from its red-rose tree,
And hung upon a darker bough.

But do not think that I can bid
My first and dearest dream depart:
Oh! love has only left my lip,
To sink the deeper in my heart.

I cannot bear to sing of love:
It seems like sacrilege to me,
To let a cold and careless world
Hear words which only are for thee.

L. E. L.

—

From the *New Monthly Magazine.*

THE AIGULETS OF ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

(A Secret Anecdote.)

THE annals of gallantry, and even romantic fiction, have opened few scenes more strangely magnificent than some of the incidents which mark the rapid but splendid career of that fa-

mous Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was the idol minister of two monarchs, and the victim of favouritism.

Certain it is, when Villiers was on his short embassy in France that he dared to become an impassioned lover of Anne of Austria, the consort of Louis the Thirteenth. The mysterious interview in the garden at Amiens is mystically revealed in the verses of Voiture, for poets are great tattlers in the history of love-affairs. The Queen, ever a refined coquette, was herself reduced by Buckingham's personal fascination. Deeply enamoured of the peerless Englishman, she ventured to give an evidence of her devotion of a very extraordinary nature. The rival of Buckingham, both in love and politics, the subtle Richelieu, flattered his vengeance that, by a bold stroke, he would have been enabled to have exposed this testimony of the Queen's frailty to the eyes of the luckless monarch, who was already kindled by inextinguishable jealousies. Richelieu's extraordinary attempt seems to have led to circumstances on the part of Buckingham which may almost render the tale incredible; but when a minister of state degenerates into a romantic lover, and the honour of the *dame de ses pressées* is in jeopardy, we must recollect that it requires little exertion to set in motion all the resources of power, and the whole machinery of the state. The particulars which we are about to relate are strange, but appear authentic; for they are confirmed by a positive assertion in the memoirs of the Duke of Rouchefoucauld. The romantic incident, which has been preserved by a French manuscript, is not indeed to be found among the writers of secret memoirs in our own country, where, indeed the secret must have been confined to the two personages, neither of whom would willingly have revealed it to the other; but this did not happen at the Court of the Louvre, where it not only excited a deeper interest than at the Court of St. James, but involved the fate, and baffled the designs of the highest personages who were the actors in this little drama.

The French monarch had presented his Queen with an uncommon present, whose fashion and novelty at the time were considered as the most beautiful ornament worn. It was what the French term *des ferrets d'aiguillettes de diamants*,—aigulets, or points tagged with diamonds.

On the arrival of Buckingham, every day was a festival. Richelieu gave a magnificent entertainment in the gardens of Rueil, the most beautiful in France; the nobility prided themselves on their suppers, their balls, their concerts, and their masquerades. Buckingham danced with all his peculiar graces; the Queen honoured him as her partner in what is called a "counter-dance," (or, as we commonly call it, a country-dance.) "And, as in this English dance opportunities are continually occurring to approach one another, to give and to cross their hands, the eyes, the gestures, timidity, or

boldness, and a thousand indescribable things are too intelligible, though they pass amidst the silence in which such spectacles are performed, out of respect to the public." This Frenchman describes our obsolete country-dances to have been as dangerous as were our *waltzes* on their first introduction.

Richelieu was jealously watchful of what was passing; the Countess of Lenoy gave him an account of every thing her prying eyes could discover. Under the specious title of *Dame d'Honneur*, our Kings have found means to place near their Queens perpetual *surveillance*. But as the Superintendent of the Royal House has private *entrées de cabinet* at all times, which are not the privilege of the *Dames d'Honneur*, Madame de Chevreuse passed whole hours alone with the Queen, and the Cardinal, however well informed of the exterior, was very little of what passed between the Queen and her friend. The French Minister pressed Buckingham to close the negotiation of the marriage of Henrietta; but Villiers had no desire to quit the French Court, always finding some occasion for delay. At length the ceremony was performed, with great splendour. In all that had hitherto passed, the Queen had received from Buckingham many proofs of his lively but respectful passion. She certainly was not insensible to love, and if she really caught the flame which she had herself lighted up, there is no doubt that her virtue supported her, and that Buckingham departed with all the honourable treatment which a stranger can receive from a great Court, and only vexed to recross the seas without any other fruits of his love than that of having been listened to with favour.

There was one indiscretion which escaped from the Queen. On the evening of Buckingham's departure, she sent the Duke secretly by Madame de Chevreuse, the gift she had received from her royal consort, the aigulets tagged with diamonds; and this present, which might have been considered a mark of the magnificence of the Queen, became, by the circumstance of the gift, and the pleasure of the mystery, an act of delicate gallantry which charmed the English Duke, and sent him home a happy man.

During the journey of Buckingham, the Countess of *Clarik*, (probably the Countess of Carlisle, for Frenchmen generally spell our names by their ear, which is very bad,) somewhat in pique at what she had heard of the infidelity of her straying admirer, had found out a secret way to correspond with Richelieu, who, on his part, had not omitted any thing which tended to inflame the English Countess. This great Minister was well known for multiplying all sorts of means to gain intelligence from all the Courts of Europe; his industry never slumbered, and his treasure was never spared. The present which the Queen had made of her aigulets tagged with diamonds, had not escaped the vigilant eyes of the *Dame*

d'Honneur, and the secret had reached Richelieu. This Minister had long watched his opportunity to ruin the Queen in the mind of the King, over whom, indeed, he himself exercised the greatest authority, but which sometimes was balanced by the Queen. Richelieu wrote to the Countess of *Clarik*, desiring her to renew her intimacy with Buckingham, and if, in any of the approaching entertainments which would take place on his return, she should observe in his dress aigulets tagged with diamonds, that she would contrive to cut off two or three, and despatch these to him. Buckingham was too feeble to resist the studied seductions of his old friend; and the Countess found no difficulty in accomplishing her task. At a ball at Windsor Castle, Buckingham appeared in a black velvet suit, with gold embroidery; a scarf was flung over his shoulder, and from a knot of blue ribbons hung twelve aigulets tagged with diamonds, flaming their hues on the surface on which they played. When Buckingham had retired home from the ball, his valets de chambre perceived that two of the twelve aigulets were missing, and they convinced him that these had not been dropped by any accident, but had positively been cut off. There was something in his recollection that evening, which bred a suspicion. He felt conscious that whoever had done this had some latent motive. The secret history of these diamond aigulets could only be known to their wearer, yet, notwithstanding, and as it were by intuition, he thought that the honour of the royal giver might, in some mode or other, be concerned in possessing these twelve aigulets entire. He decided that, notwithstanding the artifice of the cunning purloiner, he would prevent any design, if there were any, of the enemies of the Queen that the number should not be diminished. With his extraordinary rapidity of conception, Buckingham struck out a gigantic scheme which no one less than a Minister of State and the most romantic lover could have executed. Early in the morning, couriers were despatched to close the ports, and neither the packet-boat with the mail nor any vessel sailing for France were suffered to depart. At that moment, when the Rochellers were waiting for the promised reinforcements from England, an universal panic struck both nations, and war seemed on the point of declaration. However, this sudden cessation of national intercourse was only to gain a single day, that his celebrated jeweller might, at any cost, and with all his skill, procure two aigulets tagged with diamonds, of the same size and appearance with the remaining ten. What cannot such a man and such means effect? The work was finished; and on the following day France and England were at peace. The ports were re-opened, and Buckingham despatched a secret messenger to France, who conveyed the twelve aigulets tagged with diamonds to the hands of Madame de Chevreuse. He acquainted her with his recent adventure, and communicated his sus-

pitions of the Countess of *Clarik*, who was frequently by his side during the ball, and with whom he had danced. He requested the Queen would receive back what he himself valued most, lest any concealed mystery should prove ruinous to her quiet. The precaution was not useless; for as soon as Richelieu had received the two tags of diamonds sent him by the Countess of *Clarik*, this Minister, who was trying all methods to ruin the Queen in the King's favour, and the royal jealousy had already broken out on her intercourse with Buckingham, now hit on what he concluded to be a certain triumph. He put into the King's head to request the Queen would dress herself more frequently with the diamond aigulets, for that he had been secretly informed that she had valued his present so lightly as to have given it away, or had sold them, for that an English jeweller had offered to sell him two of these aigulets.

The blow aimed by Richelieu rebounded on himself. The Queen, affecting no surprise, with apparent simplicity commanded instantly that her casket of jewels should be brought, and opened by the King. He had the satisfaction of counting the twelve aigulets tagged with diamonds, and seeing the Queen more beautiful than ever by wearing his gift on that day. Her Majesty had also the satisfaction of learning that the King severely reprimanded Richelieu for his perpetual suspicions and his false intelligence; and Richelieu doubtless must have astonished the Countess of *Clarik*, by return of post, in expressing his indignation at being so inconceivably mystified.

Such is the story, which, it will be acknowledged, is at least amusing. It seems so far authentic that it appears to have been written by some contemporary at the French Court, which we may infer by the cautious defence of the character of Anne of Austria, whose coquetry the writer has palliated, and whose virtue he imagines was her sufficient safeguard. The incredible part is the extraordinary expedient of Buckingham in shutting the ports for a single day while his jeweller was working on the two aigulets to supply the missing ones. The romantic and determined character of Villiers admits the possibility of so bold a manœuvre; but still we can hardly satisfy ourselves of the veracity of this singular tale, without granting Buckingham a depth and a rapidity of penetration beyond his accustomed volatile habits. Love and honour may have been sufficient for his inspiration on this occasion; and as the fact, with some of the details, is alluded to by the Duke of Rouchefoucauld in his Memoirs, we cannot condemn this anecdote of secret history as a mere fiction.

The subscription for the perpetuation of Abbotsford, with its library and museum, the darling objects of Sir Walter Scott, to be held in his line and name for ever, seems likely to succeed.

THE ASSASSINS.

M. VON HAMMER'S remarkable History of the Order of the Assassins, has, we perceive, been translated into French. It is a shame to our literature that this author's curious and important researches in Oriental history are not more known in England. He lived thirty-six years among the Turks, studying their records with German perseverance. Would not an English version of his complete History of Turkey be appropriate at this period, when the elements of that empire are thrown into a chaos, out of which great changes must spring!

From the Athenaeum.

THE WIND IN THE WOODS.

"Tis a pleasant sight, on a vernal day,
When shadow and sun divide the heavens,
To watch the south-wind wake up for play—
Not on the sea, where ships are riven,—
Not on the mountain, mid rain and storm,
But when earth is sunny, and green, and warm,
O woodland wind, how I love to see
Thy beautiful strength in the forest tree.

Lord of the oak, that seems lord of the wild,
Thou art shaking his crown and thousand arms

With the ease of a spirit, the glee of a child,
And the pride of a woman who knows her charms ;—

And the poplar bends like a merchant's mast,
His leaves, though they fall not, are fluttering fast;
And the beech, and the lime, and the ash-crowned hill,

Stirs to its core at thy wandering will.

The pines that uprear themselves dark and tall,
Black knights of the forest so stately and old,
They must bow their heads when they hear thy call,

Aye, bow like the lily, those Norsemen bold:
And every tree of the field or the bower,
Or single in strength, or many in power,
Quiver and thrill from the leaf to the stem,
For the unseen wind is the master of them!

It is gallant play; for the sun is bright,
And the rivulet sings a merrier song;
The corn in the meadow waves dark and light
As the trees fling shade, or the breeze is strong.
And over the hills, whether rocky or green,
Troops of the noon-day ghosts are seen;
The lovely shadows of lovelier clouds,
With the gleam of the mountains amongst the crowds.

The birds as they fly scarce use their wings,
They are borne upon those of the wind to-day;
And their plumes are ruffled, like all green things.
And flowers, and streams, by his noisy play.
One hour—and valley, and wood, and hill,
May be sleeping and shining all bright and tall;
Not a wave, not a leaf, not a spray in motion,
Of all which now looks like a vernal ocean;—
Beautiful that;—yet I love to see
Thy strength, O wind, in the forest tree!

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McCULLOCH'S EDITION OF THE
WEALTH OF NATIONS.

[Continued from page 561.]

The distinction between "productive" and "unproductive" labour, appears to have been most unfortunate in its terms. It clearly was not meant to say, that there was labour that produced *nothing*; for if so, wherefore was it laboured? And if Kemble is an unproductive labourer, why is not a ploughman, a grazier, or a brewer? There is about as much left of one man's performances as the other's, the day after the enjoyment. The only substantial distinction that can be set up among species of labour, is analogous to that formerly stated between "capital" and wealth applied to direct enjoyment. There may be labour employed for the production of things which are useful as they lead to the production of other things, and there may be labour for the production of things that are to be enjoyed in their own proper substance. A corollary may be held to be, that all labour of the first kind is exerted with a view to its being accessory to labour of the second; for no man labours for labour's sake, but that somebody may enjoy. The terms "productive" and "unproductive," may on the whole be surmised to have arisen out of a confused notion of labour well and ill employed.

The Note in II. 150, is full of the Ricardo mistake on Rent. At the same time there can be no doubt that Adam Smith had not entirely escaped from the mist of the French *Economists*; whose error lay in not discovering that the wonderful powers attributed to earth and rent, were all resolvable into one man taking from another man by virtue of a monopoly.

Adam Smith would not have said, that "to expect that the freedom of trade should ever be entirely restored in Great Britain, is as absurd as to expect that an Oceana or Utopia should ever be established in it," (II. 305,) if he had possessed a clear vision of the fact, that everything which is gained to anybody in consequence of prohibition, is lost twice over, once by the consumers, and once more by the English traders on whom they would have spent the difference. Wait till the knowledge of this becomes vernacular.

Adam Smith's digression on the Bank of Amsterdam (in his Fourth Book, Ch. 3.) may be noted as leading to the solution of one of the most curious problems in the range of political mathematics,—the mode of production of the phenomenon called an *Agio*. A piece of paper shall pass for four, five, or fourteen per cent more than the coins it purports to represent, in consequence of certain conveniences and superiorities which are perhaps visibly not worth more than half a crown; and, which is the most curious

point, these conveniences shall be obtained for nothing by the circulator after all, for he passes the paper for the same value that he received it, without ever deducting the half crown. There may be reason to believe that the explanation of this phenomenon is the *experimentum crucis* of that theory of the value of currency, which maintains that the value of a currency, metallic or paper, may be raised to any level by merely limiting its quantity; a theory which the author (Note II. 90) has been observed as receiving with assent.

In the Note in III. 10, it is stated, that

"Profits are the excess, or the value of the excess, of the commodities produced by the expenditure of a certain quantity of capital and labour, over that original quantity of capital and labour, or its value. It is clear, therefore, [*why?*] that they must be wholly unaffected by the mere extension of the field for the employment of capital, how great soever that extension may be."

The query that arises on this is, whether all extension of the field for the employment of capital, is not attended at the time with an increase of the rate of profits, and whether this is not the very instrument of inviting capital to occupy the new opening. There seems to be a confusion of the effect *after* capital has run in, with the effect *during* the running in.

On the Note in III. 139, it may be observed, that the error of the *Economistes* did not lie in the direction there stated, but, as before intimated, in the non-discovery that all that was got for rent by one man was taken from another.

The restriction of banking companies in England to not more than six partners, reduced in 1826 (see Note III. 262) to a circle of sixty-five miles round London, is a subject often brought into debate at the present conjuncture. If the pitch and tar in the dock-yards were allowed to be wheeled away by companies of six, and the question were whether it should be allowed by companies of sixteen,—the solution would mainly depend on whether anybody was impeded by the restriction. If they are, the restriction is a comparative good; and if they are not, no reason is produced for the alteration demanded.

The charge of fallacy in the Note III. 420, appears to be untenable. If the producers cannot indemnify themselves for a tax on profits out of some rent or other, they will give up the production altogether. It is part of the Ricardo mistake on "the portion that pays no rent."

The price of sugar from Jamaica (Note III. 482) has at all events been a monopoly price ever since an extra tax was laid upon the sugars that might compete. The fact that every individual who pleases may carry his capital and industry to Jamaica and

become a producer of sugar, is as much beside the mark, as would be the fact that he may become a grower of corn under the corn laws.

The state of the case with respect to Public Debts (IV. 1) is, that the government seizes upon some sum, as suppose a hundred millions, not in its gross shape, but in the shape of the perpetual annuities which are of the same value in the market; and then it sells these annuities, to people who are willing to give the gross sum in return. Hence a hundred millions raised by funding, is as irrecoverably spent and thrown away (saving any utility there may be in the objects on which it is spent) as if it had been raised by a poll-tax of 100*l.* apiece on a million of the inhabitants. People may squabble afterwards about the payment of the interest; but nothing can restore the hundred millions. Despots have unhappily found this out; and if England is ever overrun by the Holy Allies, whose limbs are in our high places, they will levy the largest amount they can by funding, as they did in France; knowing that to the citizens of England afterwards, the evil will be as irreparable as the docking of a horse,—they may carry their tail in any way they like, except putting the old one on again. Hence that the debt is only owing from one Englishman to another, is a good argument so far as it is to prove the impossibility of gaining in the aggregate by refusing to pay the interest;—no argument at all, if it is to prove that the debt is not an enormous evil, for which the authors should be made responsible if they had not taken care to get out of the way. In England there is fortunately the option of allowing the country to out-grow the debt by restoring the freedom of trade and particularly the trade in corn. And if this is not done, the result will be, first a rush upon the fund-holders, and then, as this can produce no aggregate improvement, a rush upon the property of everybody else that has any. For all which, those who persevere in prohibiting commerce by act of parliament, will justly be responsible.

Nearly the whole of the Fourth Volume consists of Supplemental Dissertations under the title of Notes. The first is on the definition of Labour. Few persons have hesitated to believe, that labour means the exertion of living agents, and that it is not usual to say a steam-engine labours. The reason given in IV. 77 why we ought to say so, appears highly inconclusive. It is, that

"If a capitalist expends the same sum in paying the wages of labourers, in maintaining horses, or in hiring a machine, and if the men, the horses, and the machine can all perform the same piece of work, its value will obviously be the same by whichever of them it may have been performed."

From which it is argued, that "whatever actions or operations have the effect to communicate the same value to the same or different articles or products," ought "all to be designated by the same common term." Now the fact is, that the communicating the same value, is the only thing in which there is any sameness; and therefore it is this, and not any thing else, that should be "designated by the same common term." The whole of this Note may be considered as a specimen of confounding instead of discerning.

Note II is on "Value;" a word on which there has been infinite debate. The value of a thing [*valor.*] in the primary sense, is how much [*valet.*] it is equivalent to, or will fetch of some other thing or things in exchange. In this sense there seems as little possibility of assigning value to a thing, without reference to some other thing, as of assigning ratio. And as ratio may be defined to be that relation of one magnitude to another, which is sought by inquiring what multiple, aliquot part or parts, of the one, is equal to the other; so value, in the primary sense, may be defined to be that relation of one substance to another, which is sought by inquiring what quantity of the one will voluntarily be given in exchange for an assigned quantity of the other. But after this relation has been determined between all imaginable substances respectively and one particular commodity, which in all civilized societies is money; by a slight metastasis, the substances which will exchange for equal quantities of money are said to be of equal values, and substances which will exchange for different quantities are said to be of values proportioned to those quantities. And by a further license, the *value* of a thing comes popularly to mean the quantity of the general measurer, money, for which it will, at the period that may be in question, exchange. Hence there appears no difficulty in ascertaining the meaning of *value*, when applied to the comparison of objects at the same period and in the same state of society. But if question were to be made, of "What was the value of silk stockings in the time of Queen Elizabeth," or "What was the value of a tenpenny nail in Otaheite on its first discovery by Europeans," it could apparently only be answered by approximation. There need be no hesitation in stating, that in both these cases the things mentioned were of *much higher* value than in England at this moment. But if greater precision is insisted on, there seems no resource but expressing the values by reference to exchangeable things of some kind, which though they do not necessarily afford an exact measure, afford something like an approximation, of the accuracy of which an estimate may at the same time be made by the inquirer as far as he is able. For example,

the silk stockings or the nail may be stated to have been equal to so many days labour of the lowest kind of labourers, or so many of some higher kind; though it does not even follow that the proportion between the numbers presented by these two modes of expression, should be the same that it would be in England at this day. Or it might be estimated in *hogs*; though it does not follow that a hog in Otaheite or in Elizabeth's time may not have been a more lordly dish than in England now. Value, therefore, like greatness, has in all cases a reference, direct or implied, to something else. And if there was no one thing in existence which could be trusted to have precisely the same proportion in respect of magnitude to other things that it had in the time of Elizabeth, there would be the same difficulty in settling the magnitude of things in that era, that there now is in settling their value.

An intricacy is observable in some parts of the commentator's work, arising from the intrusion of the fact, that the value of things produced without monopoly is perpetually gravitating towards the cost of production. This may be true, but there is no use in continually bringing it forward in a way that tempts the reader to believe they are the same; for the fact is that they are never the same, or only for such comparatively rare periods as a swinging body is at the lowest point. And this perpetual oscillation on both sides of the cost price, instead of being an inconsiderable accident, is in reality the great agent by which the commercial world is kept in motion; and it depends for its existence on the principles of Monopoly Price,—the sellers having to a certain degree a monopoly in their favour whenever the quantity in the market is less than could be sold at the cost price, and the buyers having an advantage of a similar kind when the quantity in the market is more.

Rent, which is the subject of Note III, is another mere corollary from the principles of Monopoly Price. A *monopoly* is when the quantity of a commodity is limited either by nature or art, so as to cause the competition for it to raise the price higher than the average cost of production. A monopoly may be of the kind in which no part of the produce costs comparatively more in production than any other part; as may be the case with the *Eau de Husson*, which, if as generally surmised it is only an extract from some common vegetable, might be made by cart-loads without comparative increase of cost. Or it may be of the kind where a certain part of the produce is raised at a somewhat increased cost, though this process may not be carried so far as that any particular portion of the produce can be assigned which sells for no more than the cost price; as may be the case with Tokay, in the raising of which it is probable that there are portions of the vine-

yard that require comparatively more labour than some others, but none whose produce does not sell for more than the cost price,—and moreover possible enough (for the vine is said to abhor manure,) that there may be no such thing as increasing the produce by any higher degree of what is called *dressing*. Or it may be of the kind in which portions of the produce may be raised at different costs, up to that which swallows up the whole price; as is the case with the corn raised from the various qualities of land in the hands of the landlords in general. But in all these cases the principle of Monopoly is one, and the varieties are the results of the diversity of extraneous circumstances. There is no more ground for maintaining any difference in the common principle, than for maintaining that there is a difference in the principle which causes a man to fall from a church steeple, a waggon to run down hill, and a bullet to describe a parabola instead of flying off in the tangent. And this seems to furnish the reply to an objection received from a highly eminent name in political economy, against having called Adam Smith's the "True Theory of Rent." It may be that he did not trace the full extent of the difference, between a monopoly of class No. 3 like corn, and one of class No. 2, like Tokay; but if he has struck out the leading principle of both cases, he may be held to have a good general claim. A man must leave something for posterity.

Great part of the Note on Rent is occupied by replies to the objections urged from various quarters against the unhappy mistake on the subject of "the portion of produce which yields no rent," which has had a sensible effect in retarding the progress of political economy for nearly twenty years. These were conclusively answered by Say in the year following their publication; whose assertion that "*the so called theory of rent, has introduced no new truth into the science of political economy, and explains no fact that is not explained more naturally by the truths that had been previously established,*"* might easily have been carried forward into the demonstration that it has been productive of extensive practical error.

On one part of the objections the commentator says,

"Besides the objections which have now been examined and refuted, another has been urged from time to time against the theory of rent, as now explained. The authors of this objection affect to suppose that Sir Edward West, Mr. Malthus, and Mr. Ricardo, considered the cultivation of inferior land as the *cause* of a high price of corn. But this, they allege, is to invert the order of the phenomena; the cultivation of inferior soils

* *Say, Vol. iv. ch. 20. See extract translated in the Westminster Review No. XXXII for April 1833, p. 406.*

not being the cause but the effect of high price, and this high price being itself the effect of demand. This very doctrine, however, has been explicitly laid down by the distinguished authors previously referred to, and particularly by Mr. Ricardo.* They have no where contended that a high price of corn was caused by the cultivation of inferior land; what they contend is, that it is caused by the *necessity* under which every increasing population is placed, of cultivating such inferior land, or being starved. The wants and desires of man are the *cause* why all commodities are produced, and are, by consequence, the cause of their value; but it is the difficulty experienced in gratifying these wants and desires, or, in other words, the cost incurred in the production of commodities, that measures and regulates this value. This is the theory laid down by Mr. Ricardo and the other expounders of the doctrines of rent, and it cannot be in any degree affected by the petty cavils alluded to."—IV. 116.

This statement has many inaccuracies. The objection alluded to, was not that the expounders of the new doctrine maintained a *high price of corn* to be caused by the cultivation of inferior land, but *rent*; though it would not have been far wrong if it had said the other, and the commentator says so himself in this very book. By a bounty on corn exported from England to Spain, (IV. 335,) he says, "Corn would be permanently reduced [in price] in Spain, because the unusual cheapness of the foreign supplies would throw the poorest cultivated lands of that country out of tillage; and it would be permanently raised in England, because the increased demand would stimulate the bringing of poorer lands under cultivation." Is this saying "the bringing of poorer lands under cultivation" is the instrument of "raising" price, or not? The upshot therefore is, that the supporters of the new theory do not always know what they have said and what not; and consequently they say and unsay. All of which is great damage to political economy.

At the same time the difference between saying that the cultivation of inferior land causes a *high price of corn*, and that it causes *rent*, is intrinsically little or nothing; for it is only by causing a high price of corn, that it can be imagined to cause rent. Only if instances had been adduced where the cultivation of inferior land was stated to cause *rent*,—as for example in the Note I. 263 of the present commentator before quoted in its order,—the commentator would probably have turned round and claimed the benefit of the distinction.

The conclusive proof of the weakness of

the new theory, was that it led to conclusions contradicted by experience on the incidence of tithes and poor-rates, consisting in the assertion that they fell on the consumers. The commentator appears to have given up both these consequences, but to maintain the premises. It has therefore become incumbent on him to show, where the error was which can authorize allowing the consequences to be wrong and the premises right. And it is more especially required of him, because he is a convert. He formerly maintained stoutly, that "tithes and other taxes on raw produce do not form a deduction from rent, but go to increase the price of produce."* The truth is the commentator has been driven out of mistakes of his own and other people's by "petty cavillers," and is not thankful.

The Notes on Population, on the Consequences of the Use of the Potato, and on Wages, might all be directed with advantage into a demonstration of the horrible cruelty and injustice which prohibits foreign commerce by Act of Parliament. They tell but half their story; they discuss the evil, its symptoms, and its progress, but stop short when they ought to point out the maintaining cause. It is a cruel joke to talk about the evils of an increasing population, when that population is cut off by law from the power of selling the produce of its labour, for the interest of a robber caste; who tell us plainly, that like the French *noblesse*, they will pay no taxes, unless they may have liberty to take the amount again from other people, and who, if speedy change of mind be not vouchsafed them, will come to the same rough end.

The Note on the "Circumstances which determine the Rate of Profit," is intended for an overthrow of Adam Smith's opinion on that subject. The reasoning adduced contains an odd specimen of fallacy. The object is to prove, that though competition may equalize profits, it cannot reduce their general amount.

"It is easy to see that competition can never produce a general fall of profits. All that competition can do, and all that it ever does, is to reduce the profits obtained in different businesses and employments to the same common level, to prevent particular individuals from realizing greater or lesser profits than their neighbours. But farther than this competition cannot go. The common and average rate of profit does not depend on it, but on the excess of the produce obtained by the employment of a given amount of capital, after replacing that capital, and every contingent expense. Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that a manufacturer has a capital of £10,000, the half of which

* "See his Principles of Political Economy," &c. 3d edit. p. 173."

* See Art. *Taxation* in the Supplement to the 4th and 5th Editions of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, p. 532.

is expended in buildings and machinery, and the other half in paying the wages of his workmen, and that his taxes amount to £100; suppose now that the produce annually obtained by this manufacturer is 12,000 yards of broad cloth; and that this produce is sufficient, besides replacing the whole of that portion of his capital which is devoted to the payment of wages, and whatever portion of the fixed capital may have been wasted, as well as paying his taxes, insurances, and all other necessary outgoings, to leave him 1,000 yards of cloth, or £1,000 of surplus. The profits of this manufacturer would be at the rate of ten per cent.; and it is obvious that they could not be affected by the most intense competition. Competition cannot affect the productiveness of industry, neither can it, speaking generally, affect the rate of wages, for, such as the demand for labour is, such will be its supply, and it cannot affect the burden of taxation. It is plain, therefore, that it can have nothing to do in determining the common and average rate of profit. It will prevent any individuals from either getting more, or taking less, than this common rate; but it can have no further effect."—IV. p. 189.

Now upon this "it is easy to see," that though competition might not affect the fact of the results from the capital of 10,000*l.*, being 12,000 yards of cloth, it is just the thing which will affect their being worth 12,000*l.*, and leaving a surplus of 1,000*l.* If competition should lower their marketable value to 12,000 pence, it is surmised the capitalist would be in a melancholy state. And it is precisely because men will not employ capital for less than a certain rate of profit,—which may be supposed the rate which will arise to the cloth manufacturer from the 12,000 yards being worth 12,000*l.*,—that cloth will be manufactured to the amount which will cause 12,000 yards to be worth 12,000*l.*, and to no greater. Here, therefore, being a singular fallacy and mistake, it may be concluded that Adam Smith was right when he maintained that profits were lowered by the competition of capitalists, and raised by its absence; the inferior limiting cause, or that which prevents capitalists from offering competition beyond what will admit of a certain rate of profits, being manifestly the opinion and habits of society, which as they determine the final or average proportion which shall be maintained between the numbers of the labouring population and the funds for their support, or in other words determine the average rate of Wages, so they also determine the average rate of Profits of Stock, which are only the wages of another description of labourers, consisting partly of the recompense of present labour exerted in the form of superintendence, and partly of the recompense of past labour exerted in the creation of

their capital.* It would in fact be no bad rule always to assume Adam Smith to be in the right, when his opponents let fall any thing about 'the fundamental principle with respect to the decreasing productiveness of the capital successively applied to the soil.'

But, it will be said, if capitalists of all kinds, as, for instance, coachmakers, upholsterers, and glass-makers, would agree to increase their production at the same time, and in the same degree, would not this enable the cloth-maker to have as good a coach, as many tables, and as much glass to set upon them, in return for his yards of cloth as ever, without troubling his head whether the money price of these things continued the same or not? No; there is a fallacy something like that of the schoolboy, who fancies pebbles might go for halfpence, if only every body would agree to take them. It is impossible that production *should* be equally increased in all kinds, however resolutely the capitalists were bent on the experiment; and not only would it not be increased equally, but in some most important articles, it would lag behind in a manner that would be immediate ruin to the scheme. If, for instance, all the manufacturers as above, were to take into their heads to try to double their workshops and their workmen, they might proceed a little way in the pursuit, but where would they get double the quantity of food? Capitalists might set up two workshops, and make two coaches instead of one; but where would they get two landed estates, and make two crops of corn instead of one? The land is not there to be had; and if it is urged that they may apply their capital to the bad and rejected land, it is plain that this is only an indirect limit instead of a direct one. It is the bird tied to a spiral spring; which though it may gain a little by pulling, is in reality as much tied as another. The limit to the quantity of food, a limit always existing even where not brought nearer by unjust laws, is therefore what would bring the whole scheme to a halt. If this limit can be extended, as for instance by getting access to the food of foreign countries, or if the situation is supposed to be one on which good land can be occupied at pleasure,—these are precisely the circumstances in which increase of production of all kinds may and will go on equably, and without producing a competition that will prevent the expected profits. But if these circumstances do not exist, then the increase of production in some kinds will find a limit through the impossibility of a corresponding increase of pro-

* For further illustration of this, see the 'True Theory of Rent,' Ninth Edition, p. 16 and elsewhere. Published at the Office of the Westminster Review; price Threepence.

duction in some other kinds. It is likely that other things besides food, might be found contributing to bring on the check; but food is the principal, and therefore it is sufficient for the argument. Here, then, appears to be the sore place, both of the theory which says "the most intense competition" could never produce a general fall of profits, and of that which says variations in wages, profits, and rents, cannot cause the value of commodities in the advanced stages of society, to vary.

In the Note on the Effect of Variations in the Rates of Wages, and Profits on the value of Commodities, all that is connected with allusions to the "fundamental principle" in the form of the "capital last applied to the land," &c. may be cut off as fallacious, except where the result accidentally accords with the result of substituting the general principle of monopoly price. For example, when it is said that "the giving up of rent by landlords would not enable raw produce to be obtained at a reduced price,"—this is true, not for any reason connected with "the portion of the necessary supply that is obtained by the agency of the capital last applied to the land," but simply because it could make no difference in the price of a limited quantity of produce, whether it was sold for the benefit of one set of men, or of some other. And this reason would equally hold good, if a situation should be discovered where, either from ignorance or natural circumstances, there should be no such thing known as different qualities of soil, or increase of crops arising from laying out more money on the land. The insisting, therefore, on adhering to what is a mere accident, and representing it as the cause of the general result,—is like insisting that the king's coach was made to move because the horses were cream-coloured; and though the main fact asserted, namely, that the coach has been drawn may be undeniable, it is plain that such a mode of accounting for it must lead to error in the end.

On the Note on Money, it is apprehended, that though the results laid down are true, the reasoning by which they are supported does not go to the bottom of the question; and that a nearer approach to this is made in the place pointed out on occasion of a previous allusion to the subject of money. The part of the case which relates to Banking, and particularly to the question of the establishment of a National Bank, may be considered as having been discussed in the Article on the *Renewal of the Bank Charter* in the preceding Number of this Review.*

The Note on "Corn Laws and Corn Trade" contains exceedingly valuable matter; and perhaps the only objection that can be raised to any portion of it,—with the exception of some allusions to that bane of political economists, "the newly employed capital," which, however, do not seem to affect the results,—is to the part near the conclusion, where an *ad valorem* duty of *seven or eight* per cent. is spoken of as what the agriculturists might possibly justly claim "to indemnify them for peculiar charges." There can be no policy in indemnifying the agriculturists by a tax which deprives the public of several times the amount given to the favoured class, when there remains the incomparably cheaper plan of removing the supposed burthena from the agriculturists, and laying them on somebody else. No man spends two shillings, as the means of indemnifying his neighbor for a balance of one; if his neighbour's claim is just, he pays the shilling.

The Section (1.) on the Effect of granting a Bounty on the Exportation of Corn, is peculiarly important. It is not certain that the author was aware of the value of the inference incidentally thrown out, that "bounties on exportation," and "restrictions on the importation of corn," have results of precisely the same kind,—or of the high degree in which light is thrown on the operation of the Corn Laws by his discussions on a bounty.

"If the prices of corn in Britain and Spain were nearly on a level, no exportation from the one to the other would take place. But if, when prices were in this situation, a bounty, say of 10s. per quarter, were granted by our government, corn would be immediately poured from England into Spain. Limits would, it is true, be soon set to this exportation and importation. The competition which takes place among exporters, as among every other class of traders, prevents their realizing more than the common and ordinary profits of stock; and hence grain would be exported from England into Spain, not in the expectation of realizing the whole of the bounty as profit, but in the view merely of securing the ordinary rate of profit on the capital employed in its transfer. A rise of prices, though not to the whole extent of the bounty, would therefore be immediately felt in this country, and a corresponding fall in Spain. Nor would this rise and fall of price be temporary. Corn would be permanently reduced [*in price*] in Spain, [*not*] because the unusual cheapness of the foreign supplies would throw the poorest cultivated lands of that country out of tillage [*for the tendency of throwing any land out of tillage, so far as it goes, is to raise the price of corn and not to lower it; but because the increased quantity of corn arising from the cheap foreign*]

* The Article on *Renewal of Bank Charter* in No. XXXIII of the Westminster Review. Republished as a Pamphlet; price Twopence.

supply would bring down the price of corn upon the whole, and this reduction would throw a certain quantity of poor land out of tillage, though to a much less amount than would reduce the whole supply of corn to the former magnitude;] and it would be permanently raised in England, [not] because the increased demand would stimulate the bringing of poor lands under cultivation [but for causes the opposite of those which operate in Spain.] A bounty, to the extent we have supposed, would perhaps depress prices 5s. a quarter in Spain, and raise them as much in Britain. To the Spaniards it would be extremely advantageous, as it would enable them to purchase the most indispensable necessary of life at so much less than they could otherwise have done; in Britain, however, its effects would be directly opposite. A few more of our heaths and bogs would indeed be cultivated, but every class of persons in the kingdom, landlords alone excepted, would find it more difficult to procure food than before. The higher price of our corn, supposing it not to raise wages and diminish the profits of stock, which it would most unquestionably do, would obviously be of no advantage to the public."—IV. p. 334.

Here is presented a distinct vision of a rise of price in England, accompanied with benefit to the landlords, and with the cultivation of a few more heaths and bogs, which the landlords will not fail to hold forth as a matter of national exultation; but at the same time attended with a removal of coin, to a much greater amount than the produce of the said heaths and bogs, and an increased difficulty of procuring food, to every body except the landlords. The sums the landlords gain, somebody else loses; and there is a loss to the community besides, of precisely the quantity of production business, and employment, which would have been created by the expenditure of these sums in their proper places. And the same processes may be traced point by point, in the case of a tax on importation.—It will not fail to be observed, that the insertions in italics are foreign to the author's text; and that the points therin controverted do not affect the final argument.

The commentator's statement of the operation of the English Corn Laws, is that the loss sustained by the public "may be fairly and moderately estimated at from nineteen to twenty millions" a year, of which scarcely one-fifth "finds its way into the pockets of the landlords" after all; the rest being "absolutely and totally lost to the country, without contributing, in the smallest degree, to increase the comforts or enjoyments of any individual whatever." There certainly has been no instance in history, where two-thirds of a population, not

avowedly slaves, and under physical restraint accordingly, have submitted to such an infliction, to please the remaining third. The process will be brief, and ought to be. Either the fund-holders and the church will join with the commercial interests, and the rest of the public, in putting down the enormity by legislation; or their possessions will be taken in the first instance, either by the operation of legislation or otherwise, and afterwards begin the attack on all property, hard enough upon the innocent, but the inevitable consequence of the prodigious provocation. The outrageous injustice of the landlords is the key to the public danger, the spigot that confines the fermenting contents of the national beer-barrel, which must speedily burst if not relieved. If this were taken away not all at once, but by a moderately rapid progression, the debt and taxation would be made a flea-bite, not by removing them, but by increasing the ability to bear them, which comes to the same thing. The public irritation would fall, as the fierceness of a den of hungry savages might be lulled by the application of joints of meat; and there would be a great calm. It seems impossible that before the mischief goes much further, a government should not arise, possessing about as much prudence and decision as might be competent to the regulation of a regimental hospital, and by speaking the truth, and rallying the parties concerned, cut off the progress of the evil by cutting off its source. In which hope, the policy at present would seem to be, to endeavour to accelerate the crisis; as surgeons promote inflammation which is to terminate in cure.

The "Navigation Laws" were the restrictive fallacy applied to shipping. To please the English ship-owners, the consumer of a foreign commodity was to lose all the difference between their inferior skill in their craft, and the skill of anybody else who might be superior; and some class of English traders, with whom the difference would have been spent, was to lose the amount over again besides. They were an Act to enable ship-owners to put twenty shillings into their own pocket, by taking forty from the community. It is grievous to think, they should have been invented by republicans; but it is some consolation, that the dynasty of harlots which succeeded was no wiser.

The only plea which, in the present day, could hold an hour against the examination of reasonable men, is that which maintained they were for *defence*. The representation was, that the object was to increase the number of mercantile sailors, and that the sailors were essential to the safety of the country. The answer to this is, first, that a sailor, like every thing else, may be bought too dear; and secondly, that the practice of

making the defence of the country habitually dependent on the accumulation of merchant seamen at double their commercial value, is as rude and inartificial, as it would be to enact that every horse should have two drivers, for the purpose of securing the power of increasing the corps of artillery-drivers with men expert in the vocation. The folly may not be so glaring; but it is of the same kind. If the artillery were to propose such an enactment, they would be told to train drivers for themselves. But it is easier for an aristocratically governed navy, to kidnap sailors than to make them; and like other kidnappers, they prefer that their game should be thick. Nothing but the contemptible inability of the English people to preserve themselves from gross personal oppression on the part of the aristocracy, could have continued the brutal practice of impressment. A sailor, too, acts at a disadvantage compared with other men. He is insulated by his vocation, and may be oppressed with comparative safety; while if the proposal were made to oppress bricklayer's labourers, it would cause a general appeal to the only substantial security a people has against an aristocracy, resistance. The bricklayer has the advantage of being a land-animal; and the consequence is, that sailors are subjected, not only to the privation of the personal freedom of which their countrymen make their sneaking boast, but to an abiding state of misgovernment in the ordinary pursuit of their vocation, of which nobody that has not seen it can form a competent idea. Now and then some tyrant who to ordinary wickedness unites extraordinary folly, finds his way into the newspapers in spite of all that can be done for his assistance; and this is nearly all the redress a sailor has.

The whole of the Note on "Impressment" may be taken as a text-book by any person wishing to be master of the subject. Its conclusion is particularly forcible and true. Unless means are previously taken to remove the cause of complaint, the sailors if they are wise, will, on the first breaking out of war, go over to America in a body; and it has been avowed that an understanding to that effect has been extensively circulated among them. The first principle of a free government, is that oppression cancels all duties; and it is the first principle, because to this alone the existence of any freedom upon earth is traceable.

Of the "Colonial System" the only remains, since the alteration in the Navigation Laws, consist in the duties levied on goods of the same kind as produced in the favoured colonies, from foreign countries, and sometimes from dependencies of the same country. Of the first kind is the tax on Norway deals; of the second is the degrading tax on sugar, imposed for the abstract love of slavery felt by the gone-by government, and the interest

acknowledged in maintaining it for its reflex effects on the community at home. A people that pays a poll-tax for the support of slavery, is manifestly but a remove from slavery itself; it is therefore nothing surprising, that a government whose basis was the public wrong, should have supported the outpost of slavery in the colonies at all hazards. For all that is thus given to the slave-holders, it is clear the people of England pay twice; once in the loss to the consumers, and once more in the loss to the traders on whom the difference in a state of freedom would be spent. It is not a proposition to be mineed, but one to be brought forward with the gravity of a theorem in Euclid,—that if the West Indies were by a convulsion of nature to sink into the sea, the commercial and political advantages to the British community would be enormous, incalculable; and the gain in a moral and domestic point of view, would be that of the cessation of a tribute, in comparison of which any that was ever paid by a nation to a conqueror, was honour and positive renown. No man has a right to demand of another, that he shall degrade himself by pretending ignorance, that if such a consummation should be in the page of destiny, all the employment to trade, navigation, or manufactures of any kind, which might thereby be caused to cease, would be replaced by a greater extent of trade, navigation, or manufactures, arising with the country whose cheaper produce is now prohibited by the delegates of the slave-holders in the House of Commons;—with the single reservation, that places should be lacking in the world from which the same supply could be procured. But this reservation can have no bearing on the effects of removing from us the present slavery-tax on sugar. Either such removal will cause the whole supply of sugar to be increased, or it will not. If it does, there is an end of the threat of an insufficient supply. If it does not, the public will be where it is, and will be under the necessity of giving the same price for sugars of all kinds as at present; and so the West-Indians will go on. The pretence, therefore, that the public would lack a supply of sugar, is only for knaves to frighten children with. The truth is, the government has loved slavery and the support of slave-holders; and for this predilection of the government, we the slaves at second-hand, must pay.

The Note on the "Commercial Treaty with France in 1786," has the appearance of having been written some time since, and having received the benefit of the author's later knowledge, without all the expressions being removed which have the air of running counter to it. Thus it talks of a "fair principle of reciprocity," and "all really beneficial commercial transactions being founded on a fair principle of reciprocity," as if the

author believed "reciprocity" had anything to do with the common-sense of the affair. Yet nothing can be clearer than the paragraph in which he puts down the foolish fallacy that we should wait for reciprocity.

"The disinclination of foreign governments to enter into commercial treaties on a footing of reciprocity, has sometimes been urged as a reason why we should not admit the commodities of their subjects into our markets. But a regard to their own interest will always induce those who consider the matter dispassionately to purchase whatever commodities they want in the cheapest and best market. It is true that the French government have, by an unwise and most impolitic regulation, prevented the introduction of English cottons and hardware into France; and have thus forced their own subjects to misemploy a large proportion of their capital, and to purchase inferior articles at a higher price than that for which they might otherwise obtain them. But this is a line of conduct that ought to be carefully avoided, not followed. The fact that a foreign government has done an injury to its subjects by making them pay an artificially enhanced price for their cottons and hardware, can be no apology for the government of this country injuring those entitled to its protection by making them pay an enhanced price for their wines, brandies, and silks. To act thus is not to retaliate on the French, but on ourselves."—IV. p. 417.

The "Petition of the Merchants of London for a Free Trade" in 1820, is a consoling document; particularly when connected with the subsequent virtual abrogation of the Navigation Laws. It is consoling because it gives a high idea of what has been accomplished, and an earnest of the future.

On the subject of "Commercial Revulsions," it is important to notice, that by far the greater part of the phenomenon arises out of the system of protection. Men are supported in a trade by making other men pay for what they do not want, and when the wretched system fails, as fail it must, there is proclaimed to be a Commercial Revolution. If the system of protection had never been, honest commerce would have taken its course silently, and capital and employment would have been attracted to one trade and drawn off gradually from another, as the changes in the world and human wants required. And another point still more urgent in the actual condition of things, is the insisting on the principle, that if any of the artificially cockered interests give substantial evidence of suffering from physical want, *the evil should be met by a direct gift of money on the part of the community*, and not in a way which levies the sum twice over, once from the consumers and once over again from some other class of British traders with whom those consumers

would have spent the money. Every class which presents itself with a demand for relief through the medium of "protection," ought to be considered as saying, "Forasmuch as nobody wants the goods we make, we beg that some other class of traders may be robbed to serve us, and the consumers over again besides."

The case of the "Herring Fishery" is reducible to the same principle as other commercial frauds. To put an extra price into the pockets of certain herring-fisheries and the capitalists who employ them, we take it twice over, first from the eaters of herrings, and secondly from those traders with whom the money would have been expended. The argument of ancestral wisdom is, that neither the eaters nor the traders form a compact mass. The principle therefore is like one which should allow the herring-fisheries to raise a sum by collecting half-pence on the highway, with the additional special condition that half the halfpence should be thrown into the sea.

The Note on the "Disposal of Property by Will" is too favourable to what it calls "the custom of primogeniture." It omits the principal circumstance connected with its effects in this country; which is, that it makes part of a regularly organized system, for concentrating the wealth of the family in the senior member, with the view of making it an engine in his hands for effecting the maintenance of the junior branches through the medium of the public wrong.

Of the "Government, Revenue, and Commerce of India" as at present conducted, with its adjunct the China Trade, the principal feature may be stated to be, that it is a commercial fraud of the same nature as the Herring Fishery; except that the plunder instead of being collected from old women who eat herrings, is collected from old women who drink tea, and that the enjoyers sail in twelve-hundred-ton ships instead of herring-busses, and go to India to fetch it. In both cases the amount gained is taken twice over from somebody else; once from the old women, and once more from the people who would have had their custom if it had not been laid out where it is.

In the Note on "Taxes on the Rent of Land," the charge against Adam Smith amounts to his having said that taxes on Rent would fall on the landlords, without noting that such taxes could not sweep away the portion of the rent of a farm which consists of the interest of capital expended on improvements or buildings. The answer to which appears to be, that Adam Smith would have called one Rent, and the other the Interest of Capital.

The Note on "Taxes on Profits" declares that Adam Smith is wrong in saying such taxes fall ultimately on the consumers; and

that this is only true when the tax is laid on the profits of "one or a few businesses." A presumption of the inaccuracy of this, is in the difficulty of assigning the point where "a few businesses" are to merge into enough to produce the general effect. The error may be suspected to lie in the reasoning about the "*real value*," the truth apparently being, that when a tax is imposed on the profits of any particular business or species of capital, the parties concerned reduce the *quantity* of their business or capital, till what is left pays them the ordinary rate of profits as before. If any of them remove capital to other employments, they will either not succeed in establishing it, or drive out a corresponding quantity of the capital of less able and fortunate dealers somewhere else. And the same process will be repeated, if the tax be extended to *all* profits. The final consequence of which will be, that in addition to the tax being ultimately paid by the consumers, there will be a reduction to the amount of the tax, of the commodities sold and consumed within the country.*

From this results the very important proposition, that a tax on manufactured goods, is analogous in impolicy to the attempt at raising money for a favoured class by restrictions; and for the same reason, namely, that there is a *double incidence*, or the amount is lost twice over. The tax is paid once by the consumers, and there is a gratuitous loss to an equal amount on the capitalists and labourers besides; this last gratuitous loss being measured by, and in fact identical with, the losses arising to the manufacturing capitalists and labourers from the diminution of the extent of their business. This fact will make a powerful demand on the public attention, whenever the public has got through a few of the subjects whose pressure is more immediate.

The Note on "Taxes on Wages" is exposed to the same objections as that on Taxes on Profits. The cases of Wages and of Profits are in fact the same; profits being only the wages of a particular kind of labour, and the absolute magnitude of both being settled in the same way, by the opinion and habits of society.

The Note on "Taxes on Raw Produce" exhibits a retreating from the Ricardo fallacy on Tithes. It in fact gives up the general assertion "that tithes fall on the consumer," which was precisely the point where the error of what was put forward as the new theory of rent became distinctly ostensible by the consequences; and confines itself to contending that the opponents of that opinion have not assigned sufficient magnitude to the loss which they maintained to fall on the

consumer in consequence of the existence of different qualities of soil.

The Note on "Taxes on Commodities" sets out with a clear insight into the very point that was defective in the case of taxes on profits,—namely, the certainty that the dealers in the article taxed will be "forced to contract their business, and by lessening the supply, raise the price to such as will yield the common and ordinary rate of profit." But it is followed by an effort to confine this to the case of *luxuries*. What are luxuries? Salt is a luxury, to the man who is obliged to eat his potatoes without. This part of the argument is in fact a portion of the principles formerly contested in the cases of Taxes on Profits and on Wages. The truth with respect to taxes on commodities not produced under a monopoly, whether luxuries or not, and whether the duty be laid *ad valorem* on all or in any other manner, appears to be that the price is raised till the tax is paid by the consumers, but there is at the same time a diminution of the whole production, consumption, and employment of the community, to the amount of the tax over again.

The researches on the "Funding System" point mainly to the conclusion, that when a nation's disposable income has been absorbed by the interest of debt, the only chance left is to outgrow the debt by removing checks upon the industry of the community, if it is lucky enough to have any. Of luck of this description, our own has no deficiency.

The "Additional Note on Rent" is amusing by the *bonhomie* of the assertion, extracted from a writer of as early date as 1801, that "Rent is, in fact, nothing else than a simple and ingenious contrivance, for equalising the profits to be drawn from fields of different degrees of fertility." Nevertheless the same writer's ideas are not far from the truth on the nature of effective demand, and its connexion with the price. It is not exactly that men say "We must and will have such a quantity of corn whatever we may pay for it." But they raise the price which they will bid for corn, and at the same time economize its use in all the ways they can discover, till at last they agree upon a division which will make the existing supply hold out; the increase of price encourages increase of supply in future, and by the repetition of the process and its opposite, the price and the supply are made continually to meet. With the exception, however, of the odd imagination alluded to, the extract is far from being a bad account of the origin of Rent.

It is very clear on the whole, that the commentator has got at least half-way out of the Ricardo fallacy on Rent; but he is loath to acknowledge the fact, and tries all turns to persuade the reader that he was never so far wrong as might be thought. He would do better to apply his influence and his talents,

* For an extended examination of this, see "True Theory of Rent," Ninth Edition, p. 18.

to display the full extent of the mistake. Another request which may reasonably be urged, is, that after having let down the question of Absenteeism by advancing a demonstration before parliament which burst in the proof, he would either support what others have produced in the way of a *probes* later on the same point, or put forward something better of his own.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

MURAT'S SKETCH OF THE UNITED STATES.*

Most pleasant is it to those who stand aloof from, but who do not therefore watch with less benevolent interest, the heady current of human affairs, to behold, that in spite of innumerable obstacles, the small bark which is freighted with the germs of much of the knowledge on which universal human happiness must be based, still preserves an even keel, still goes steadily onwards, and each day better provided, by the care of those who conduct it, with all that is needful to ensure the ultimate success of the voyage. Knowledge is daily gaining upon the world, and close at hand follows Wisdom, to turn every fresh accession of it to the purposes of utility. We do not speak of the knowledge which is taught in schools, that dubious kind resting solely on authority, and which, imperfectly understood, rarely produces fruit. The knowledge we speak of is of that practical kind which tends to strengthen the reasoning powers amongst the great mass of mankind, and renders it a difficult matter to gull them as of yore, with the coarse devices which the self-interested and low-minded amongst them, whether kings, conquerors, priests, lawyers, or demagogues, have been accustomed to set up. Mankind are still gullible, it is true; their kindly sympathies as a body, where not blighted by misery, render them the willing prey of the designing; but the number of those who can hope to succeed in gulling them is every day lessening, because a larger amount of skill is required to overreach their extended capacity. Public errors are becoming more and more obvious in the increasing light of truth, and once beheld, are extinguished for ever. As a mass, men do much wrong in ignorance, but rarely in wilful malice, unless misery urges them; and ignorance alone is the cause of that misery. When ignorance shall disappear from the majority, misery also will vanish. But mere writing, mere words, un-

fortunately, will not drive ignorance away. The school of practice seems also to be essentially necessary. Wise men have long foreseen the results of ignorance. Wise men, had they possessed the confidence of their fellows, might have applied the needful remedies; but the unscrupulous charlatan has ever enlisted the passions of the multitude in his service, and it is not in the nature of passion to listen to the words of wisdom. Still is the prospect cheering; for through the very convulsion which seems to be shaking all things into hideous ruin, the calm philosopher who mingles not in the din, who neither urges nor is urged by the warring mass, can see the rising ferment in which is embodied the dim form of Truth. The combatants at times catch fragments of her robe, and are dazzled by its texture. Yet awhile, and she will smile upon them in beaming radiance, and they will wonder at the blindness which led them so long to strike at each other in error.

"Experience maketh fools wise," says the proverb. It is an unfortunate condition of humanity, that mere precepts cannot make an impression. It is needful to pass through the gate of experience in order to reach conviction. Still, much has been done. People refuse to worship as of yore, the senseless idols which authority had set up. They no longer ask how *long* a custom has existed, but what may be the *utility* of its continuance. Numberless confused answers are given both by the ignorant and by the designing, yet only through the midst of this confusion lies the pathway to truth. The clear vision of the philosopher can espouse it, but amidst the Babel of tongues, his warning voice will for awhile be drowned. But even though it be late, the day-spring will at last visit us.

The work whose title stands at the head of this article is the production of M. Achille Murat, the son of the Paladin of that name, one of the false gods whom people are now ceasing to worship, who, by way of recompence for the quantity of human blood he shed in the service of Napoleon, was by that remorseless conqueror made king of Naples, which in the perverted style of the imperial court, was considered equivalent to making the Neapolitans free. A Bourbon was turned out, and a Murat was brought in. Their intellect seems to have been upon a par, but the difference between them was, that the former was devoid of physical courage, whereas the latter possessed a superabundance of it, to such an extent indeed, that during the periods of truce while with the army, he was accustomed to engage in hand-to-hand fighting from pure liking for the sport. Without "knowing the divisions of a battle more than a spinster," Murat was an admirable bull-dog, and whenever his master, Napoleon, gave the signal for him to

* *Esquisses Morale et Politique des Etats-Unis de l'Amérique du Nord*, par Achille Murat, Citoyen des Etats-Unis, Colonel honoraire dans l'armée Belge, ci-devant Prince Royal de Deux-Siciles. Paris. 1832. 8vo.

fall on, he was an excellent leader in a cavalry charge, and hewed away with the brawny arm of a butcher. It was therefore perfectly natural that he should bestow upon his eldest son the name of Achilles, and the internal evidence of the work before us shows that something of the disposition of the father has been inherited by the son; that he would rather still be "Prince Royal of the two Sicilies," or, it may be, king of Naples or any other kingdom, than "honorary colonel of the Belgic army," or "citizen of the United States," on which he piques himself with a species of mock humiliation. It has been said that his grandfather was a pastry cook; his father became a king; he himself has been, in addition to the titles already enumerated, slave-holder, lawyer, and postmaster of a village in Florida, which last occupation he altogether forgets to mention. This is more like an Arabian Night's Tale than a story of modern Europe, and is another sign of the age of transition in which we live, wherein good is constantly working its silent way out of evil. In a long dedication to Comte Thibaudeau, M. Murat talks much about rational liberty and self-government, the badness of European governments, and the goodness of that of the United States. He describes the burning delirium with which he quitted his plantation and his study, and hastened to join the ranks of the French army so soon as he heard of the days of July; but the mode in which he talks of his "disappointment" gives strong suspicion, that, dissatisfied with his career in the United States, he was quite willing to *faire fortune* in the career of liberty. He advises the getting rid of European armies by sending them "to make conquests and work civilization in Asia and Africa, which offer a vast field wherein French chivalry may reap a harvest of glory;" after the fashion of ancient Rome. But their numbers are to be recruited from the mother country. The name of MURAT affixed in large letters in kingly style to his preface, with the plebeianism of the Christian name proportionately small, clearly points out one person whom the author thinks fitted to command these "armies of conquest and civilization." The affectation of equality in principle, and its practical denial throughout the volume, form a most amusing contrast, notwithstanding the disgust we experience at the hypocrisy.

The work is in the form of letters, written during the years 1826 to 1832 inclusive. A few of them appeared in a small volume in the early part of 1830, while the author was still in America, and were reviewed in a former number of this journal.* These are incorporated in the present volume. The

author is a clever, though not a wise man, and moreover a very skilful describer; tolerably accurate where he speaks of facts from his own knowledge, but imbued with much prejudice when speaking of the people of the Northern or (as they are more frequently called) Eastern States. Take the work altogether, it is perhaps the best familiar picture that has appeared of that alternately lauded and depreciated portion of the globe inhabited by our Transatlantic brethren. The work of Mrs. Trollope is a caricature, and of course bears a semblance to the reality; but there is much absolute untruth mixed up with it, and its general character is what a note book of Charles Matthews might be supposed to be. Upon this showing only can the extraordinary sale it has met with be accounted for; but it is a grievous reflection, that an ill-natured squib of such a quality should be so eagerly seized on, to keep up the base contentions, whereby two noble nations are made to dislike each other.* "The interests of the two nations perfectly coincide; and the open, and the covert hostilities, with which they plague one another, are the offspring of a bestial antipathy begotten by their original quarrel."† But though the facts of M. Murat may in most cases be regarded as correct, his inferences must be received with much caution; for, in addition to being a bad reasoner, he is evidently under the constant operation of prejudices, arising from an innate love of arbitrary power, which he vainly tries to disguise under an affectation of liberality.

The first letter treats of the general division of the Union into the States, and his prejudice at once breaks out, in speaking of the natives of the New England States, who are the class of men especially known

* To the reader who is desirous of obtaining accurate notions relative to the United States, divested of the hasty, partial, and prejudiced views of tourists and political partisans, we cannot recommend a better work than Mr. Howard Hinton's "History and Topography of the United States of North America," recently completed in two volumes, 4to., and illustrated with appropriate maps and engravings. It contains by far the most complete and well-digested body of information relative to the North American Republic which has yet been offered to the world, written in a style of clearness and even elegance, not usual in such works. The first volume is entirely dedicated to the History, which is divided into three books, and brought down to the fiftieth year of the Republic. (1826.) The second volume embraces, in five books, distributed into convenient chapters, the important subjects of Physical Geography, Natural History, Statistics, State of Society, and Topography. The labour of collecting, classifying, and condensing, within a reasonable compass, such a mass of various and scattered materials, must have been immense, and entitles the author to very high praise. Not less commendable is the spirit of impartiality which reigns throughout, equally removed from indiscriminate eulogies on every thing that is American, or from unjust depreciation.

* No. XIII. Art. x. "The United States," p. 194.

† Austin's *Lectures on Jurisprudence*.

by the name of *Yankees*,* though foreigners have generally made that name apply to the whole people of the Union.

"There (in the New England States) the men seem born to calculate by pence and farthings; but they rise thereby to calculate by millions, without losing an atom of their exactness, or the paltriness of their original views. Their greediness of gain is beyond all shame, and they make no scruple of avowing openly, like Petit-Jean, that "without money, honour is but a disease."

"This calculating and avaricious spirit harmonizes wonderfully with the pharisaical observance of Sunday, which they call the Sabbath, and all the puritanical observances of the Presbyterian faith, of which most of them are professors. They are so scrupulous in this respect, that a brewer was publicly rebuked in church for having brewed on Saturday, which had exposed the beer to work on the Sabbath day. This they call morality, which they hold consists much more in not swearing, singing, dancing, or walking on the Sunday, than in refraining from the commission of fraudulent bankruptcy. This species of hypocrisy is so natural to them, that the greatest number of them practise it with perfect sincerity. They themselves glory in speaking of their country as the "country of steady habits;" not that they are a whit more virtuous, but because they put on a demure air once a week, and on Saturdays are contented with codfish and apple-pies. Boston, their capital, however, abounds with eminent literary men; it is styled the "American Athens;" it was the cradle of their liberty, and produced several of its most zealous defenders, men equally distinguished in council, and in the field of battle. Education is there much more diffused than in any other part of the world whatever. In short, they possess every thing that leads to greatness, and have great views, without ever relinquishing that petty spirit of detail which follows them every where. Every where you may recognise a genuine Yankee by the adroit manner in which he asks questions about matters with which he is perfectly acquainted,—by the

evasive way in which he answers such as are put to himself, without ever affirming any thing,—and especially by the dexterous manner in which he contrives to disappear the moment the bill is ordered."

With little that is positively untrue in this statement—the stories of the brewer and the apple-pies being of course, merely tales, characteristic of former times, rather than of the present—the author has contrived to give a very unfavourable picture of people whom he evidently dislikes. That they have unamiable points, is true; but these are the result of local circumstances, rather than of mental defect. The New England States are the oldest settled, and the land, when compared with the rest of the Union, especially the Western States, is far from fertile. A large annual surplus of people is produced on their territory, beyond what there is food to support, and, consequently, rigid economy is practised by most of the inhabitants, and the remainder emigrate towards the unoccupied lands. Some of them, like the Scotch, become pedlars, dealing in innumerable articles of small value and easy carriage. Like most small dealers who make a trifling return, their occupation must yield a large profit, or it would not maintain them, and to increase the profit, much petty trickery is resorted to, as is common, not with the Yankees alone, but with all people, of all countries, who follow similar trades. The scenes of the Yankee peddling traffic are commonly in the Western and Southern States, amongst people far more wealthy than themselves, and who are consequently more easily overreached in bargain. Hence arises the scandal that the Yankees are all cheats, which is the impression of the southern and western people, who judge of a large body from what they have seen of a few straggling supernumeraries, just as common-minded "Southrons" take it for granted that all Scotchmen must be mean and covetous, because limited means force them to frugality. M. Murat has fallen into this vulgar error. There may be much hypocrisy as well as much sincerity in their strict observance of the formulæ of their religion, as there doubtless is amongst the Scotch; but it is not true that fraudulent bankruptcy is held in less horror than singing or dancing on a Sunday, as M. Murat insinuates. The strongest minds in the Union are mostly to be found in the Eastern States, though, as is usual amongst most people of mediocre wealth, those minds have been applied, hitherto, to trade and commerce, rather than to other things which would have given them more fame and less riches.

M. Murat thus speaks of the Southern States:

"South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, the Mississippi, and Louisiana, constitute properly what is called 'the South.' Their in-

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* The word *Yankee* is said to be an additional corruption from the imperfect speech of the Indians in endeavouring to pronounce the word *English*, which they called *Yenguees*. In Peru there is a popular tradition that Ynca Manco Capac, the first of the Peruvian dynasty, was, in reality, an Englishman wreck'd on the coast, whence came the word *Yncas-Man*. There was also an existing superstition, that the deliverance of Peru from the Spanish yoke, was to be accomplished by a people coming from the west. When the Chileno squadron, commanded and partly manned by Englishmen, went to Peru to make war on the Spaniards, together with the army of San Martin, this superstition did a good service to the cause of the patriots as ever did the anniversary of a victory to Napoleon, in inspiring his troops for a fresh conquest.

terest is wholly agricultural. Long and short cottons, sugar, rice, and Indian corn, form their staple produce, which require the labour of blacks, and produce a price sufficiently remunerating to prevent them from employing their capital in other pursuits. The richness of the soil, and the luxury of the climate, second the labours of the cultivator to such a degree, that it is much more advantageous to employ the negroes in cultivation than in manufactures. Although the characters of the people of these different States vary considerably over so wide an extent of country, a certain southern temperament is, nevertheless, observable in all of them. The frankness, generosity, hospitality, and liberality of the opinions of the people have become proverbial, and form a perfect contrast to the character of the Yankees, not at all to the advantage of the latter. In the midst of this group, South Carolina has made itself remarkable by a union of talents wholly unequalled by any other state of the Union. The society of Charleston is superior to any that I have found in my travels, either on this, or on the other side of the Atlantic. It leaves nothing to be desired in respect to refined and elegant manners; but what is much better in the eyes of persons like you and me, who attach no great importance to politesse, it abounds with men of real talent, and is equally free from pedantry and insignificance."

The "frankness, generosity, and hospitality," which the author describes, are precisely those qualities which do not depend upon the individual man, but on the locality in which he is placed. The Yankees are frugal, because they have more mouths than food. The Southerners are hospitable because they have more food than mouths; and moreover, live in a climate which requires fewer expensive appliances to constitute comfort. In all countries thus circumstanced, hospitality will exist; for in truth, pleasant company is of more value than the food and lodging which is exchanged for it. It is in this point of view that hospitality or ostentation, or both combined, are exercised at the country seats of the English aristocracy; but they are not found in the dwellings of the poor. Hospitality is a quality, whose very existence presupposes a surplus of means in those who exercise it. Reduce the means below par, and the hospitality would cease. Frankness, generosity, and hospitality, are three things which much conduce to human happiness; how desirable is it then, that the surplus of means which usually produces them, should exist in all countries alike. But the generosity which M. Murat vaunts, is rather of a questionable kind. The true meaning of the word has, indeed, been very commonly abused. Amongst common-minded people, the word generosity

means simply the act of giving away anything, without reference to the means or motives of the giver. Thus they esteem a rich man, who gives away a guinea, more generous, by twenty shillings, than the poor man who gives away a shilling, though the proportion of means may be inversely that of the amount. This is precisely the way in which the West Indian character for generosity has been gained. They have given away what cost them nothing to acquire. It was a common remark formerly, that a miser who went to reside in the West India Islands usually became a liberal man, and a liberal man became a spendthrift. The remark countenances the fact, that neither generosity nor meanness are inherent in the moral nature of the individual, but vary with every change in external circumstances. People desire to hoard those things only of which they dread a scarcity. They do not hoard air, because there is enough for all, and where food is in abundance, they become as regardless of its expenditure. There is a far higher quality, more worthy to be called generosity, the self-sacrificing spirit which occasionally prompts individuals to endure personal suffering and painful privation, for the sake of friendship or of public good; of this quality, we apprehend more will be found amongst the Yankees than amongst the Southerners. Something of hardship, though it may debase many, seems to be requisite in order to bring forth the sterner virtues of humanity. That a man can behave well in prosperity, is no argument for his being amongst the most valuable members of society. The whites of the West India Islands, with all their hospitality, are not generally found the most moral of men, or the most punctilious as to the means of relieving their necessities, when unaccustomed privations press upon them; and were the Carolina planters reduced to the same condition, the same causes would probably produce the same effects. As regards their "liberality of opinions, which has become proverbial," this is mere verbiage. Their liberality is applied to themselves—the white land-holding and slaveholding race—exclusively. Put it to the test, by touching upon the emancipation or education of the slaves, and their liberality will vanish into furious invectives on the right of property, and the loss they would incur by negro education. The "elegance of manners and politeness," at least the latter, has been produced to some extent by the practice of duelling, which has a tendency to produce carefulness in word and deed to avoid giving offence; but the "talents," which the author vaunts as superior to those of the Yankees, are very questionable. How else is it, that, in the question of the Tariff, the Southern and Western Members of Congress have been so often beaten by the men of the North, in

side of their having truth on their side.* Speaking of the States of the West, the author says:

"Incomparably the largest and richest part of the Union, they will shortly be, if they are not already, the most populous, and it will not be long before they have power in their hands, as well as luxury, education, and the arts, which naturally flow from its possession."

"Their interest is manufacturing and agricultural, although the first has greatly the superiority. The character of the people is strongly marked by a rude instinct of masculine liberty, frequently degenerating into licentiousness, a simplicity of morals, and a rudeness of manners, sometimes bordering on boorishness and cynic independence. These States are too young to render it necessary for me to say much about their politics; they are generally bitter and ignorant."

This is a fair description of the people whose "gougings and nose-bitings" were formerly retailed in England by unreflecting or interested travellers. All rude people have their modes of settling personal disputes, and people who pass half their time in the woods are not likely to be very refined; but we remember the time when many good easy people in England, fond of reading about horrors, deemed that it was scarcely possible to land in the Union without losing at least one eye and half a nose. Yet, at the same time, had they turned off the king's highway, or their road to Liverpool, they might have found, in most of the Lancashire villages, specimens of private battle, wherein the combatants lay down on the earth, side by side, to "kick, ballock, and bite," to the endangerment of eyes, ears, and noses. But it is a curious fact, that the brutalities of foreign countries afford a peculiar charm in narration, which home productions can never realize. History becomes romance when the scene is laid in a remote region.

The following passage is well calculated to quiet the hopes and fears of those who speculate upon a breaking up of the Union:

"Here principles are immovably fixed in the minds and hearts. The people are unanimous as to the government. They only differ as to the persons, and upon some secondary measures. Shall there be a bank established? Shall there be a canal here or there? Shall there be a law against usury? Shall we send Mr. So and So to Congress? These are the objects which occupy, not a stirring and active minority, but the whole nation. People busy themselves till the law is passed, or the election is over; after that they no longer talk of it, nobody thinks of any further opposition."

And, now that steam-locomotion has half destroyed distance, even thus they may go on till the whole land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, shall be full of people, when there may arise a cause of quarrel, if a large portion of them find a difficulty in procuring the necessities of life.

The second letter gives a lively and tolerably accurate view of the state of the parties called *Democrats* and *Federalists*. In the third letter there is a vivid description of the mode of selling public lands, and the establishment of new towns, which might delight even a novel reader; together with the whole process which is usually gone through for the formation of a new State. The fourth letter treats of negro slavery; and on this subject the author speaks with all that lack of argument which characterises a slaveholder, blinded to every thing but the one consideration—that his "property" is called in question.

"The reasons that may be assigned for not becoming slave-proprietors can only be of two kinds—of right or of calculation. I shall endeavour to refute them; and, first of all, to justify the right of the master, afterwards, to show you that, at certain periods of society, this order of things is as advantageous to the slave as to the master."

Pleasant enough, perhaps, for those who happen to be masters; but what would the slaves say to it? M. Murat, being a master, takes no thought of that, but maintains that might gives right. The samples of his reasoning are facetious enough.

"A man meets with a lion; he has undoubtedly the right to appropriate to himself the lion's skin; but the lion has an equally undoubted right to the man's flesh. The man never thinks of making the lion acknowledge his right to fay him, or to punish him if he does not submit; he proceeds to force him, to compel him."

This is the argument upon which M. Murat claims a right over the slave. He might skin and eat a negro upon the same showing. But let us go on:

"The social state produces great changes in the rights of individuals; nevertheless, the three following rules may be laid down as certain.—1. Societies act towards each other in the same way as individuals to each other, without being regulated otherwise than by the individual (natural) right. 2. Societies act according to the same right, towards individuals who are strangers to them. 3. The members of a society recover their individual independence towards objects, strangers to the laws of that society."

Whereby we glean, that a black man is merely a species of chattel, not cognizable by the laws of a slave-holding society as a rational being. Farther on, the author argues, that a master has as much right to his slave as he has to his horse. But

* The ablest man in South Carolina, and the leader of the Anti-Tariff party, is an expatriated Englishman—Mr. Cooper.

"In short, the slave has as much right to resist his master, and to make his escape, as the master has to appropriate him to his use, and to compel him to be obedient. There is no contract between them, consequently no reciprocal right, for one social right can only be founded upon some other. The error has arisen from this, of supposing the slave to be bound to a moral duty of passive obedience, which is absurd; for that would suppose a contract where all the advantages are on one side, and all the disadvantages on the other; a contract null *ipso facto*. The master, notwithstanding, has as much right to be supported by society in the exercise of his authority over his slave, as in that over his horse."

This is what a great sage would have called "lawyer's law." What advantages does the slave possess? His master keeps him in working order, to get all he can out of his carcase, and would work him to death if he could thereby get a greater profit, and could supply the waste by purchase. Where is the barrier against "passive obedience?" The will of the master, who is both adversary and judge. But let us do the author full justice. Hear what he says further on:

"It is true, that there is no law to protect the slave from his master's bad treatment; but there is in public opinion a much stronger protection than in all laws; the man who would allow his passions to get the better of him, in the manner I have seen described by English writers, would forfeit for ever the character of a *gentleman*."

Alas for the lot of the poor negroes, if this be their only resource! There is no law to protect them, but if their master were to ill use them, he would be esteemed no gentleman! Just such would be the case were a man wantonly to ill use his horses. But alter the case—make the ill treatment of the negroes a matter of mercantile profit—let a man be assured that he could realize his capital by working his negroes to death—how long would this *prestige* of gentility operate beneficially for the slaves? Not one hour. The communion of profit would make a communion of cruelty, and he would be esteemed a fool who failed to tread in the common track. M. Murat had better at once take another ground, and seriously set about proving that the negroes are not men at all, but merely inferior animals. So long as he fails to make good this position, so long as the negroes are acknowledged to be men, so long will the whites sustain more degradation in holding them as slaves than the blacks do in being so held.

"The public opinion in the southern states is, I believe, that slavery is necessary, but that it is an evil. I am far from looking at the matter in this light; on the contrary, I am tempted to consider it, in certain periods

of the existence of nations, as a good." "If, in political economy, slavery has the result of facilitating the peopling of our southern countries, its effect upon society is not less advantageous. The planter, relieved from all manual labour, has much more time to cultivate his understanding. The habit of considering himself morally responsible for the fate of a great number of persons, gives to his character a kind of austere dignity which conduces to virtue, and which, tempered by the arts, sciences and literature, contributes to form of the southern planter one of the most perfect models of the human race. His house is open to all comers with a generous hospitality; his purse is but too frequently so, to profusion. The habit of being obeyed gives him a noble *fierté* in treating with his equals, that is to say, with every white man, and an independence of ideas in political and religious matters, which form a perfect contrast with the reserve and hypocrisy which we too often meet with in the North. Towards his slaves his conduct is that of a father rather than a master, for he is too powerful to be cruel."

"Compare the elections in the great cities of the North and of the South; what tumult in the one, what calm in the other! In the North the inferior classes of society take possession tumultuously of the place of election, and, by their indecent conduct, drive from it as it were every well-educated and enlightened man. In the South, on the contrary, all the inferior classes are black, tongue-tied, slaves. The educated classes conduct the elections quietly and rationally, and it is, perhaps, to that alone that the superiority of talent exhibited by the southern members in the Congress is attributable."

Be it remarked, *en passant*, that the author himself was for several years one of the slave-holders whom he represents as such "perfect models of the human race."

"In all countries, and at all times, a great majority of mankind is condemned to subsist by manual labour, and I have not the least doubt but that this portion of society is much more happy and much more useful in a state of slavery than in any other. Compare the lot of our negroes, well clothed, well fed, with no care for the morrow and no anxiety for their family; compare them, I say—not with the degraded race of free negroes and mulattoes, having the whole weight of liberty without a single one of its advantages, but with the white labourers of Europe, working twice or thrice as much, and constantly on the verge of starvation, both them and their families. I have no hesitation in saying that our negroes are not only much happier than the operatives of the English manufacturing towns, but even than the peasantry generally throughout Europe."

If this argument be a good one, England is at present in a most false position. The

ministry and the people are in fault, and the plans of the Holy Alliance are those best calculated to promote human happiness. All the industrious classes of all countries, whether whites or blacks, ought to be slaves, and the days of July must be held as the overthrow of human happiness. M. Murat assuredly ought not to have been persecuted in the manner he complains of, by the European powers; for he is evidently a good friend to their system, and it were wiser for them at once to admit him into their clique, *parvenu* though he be. Dionysius the tyrant kept a school when he could no longer rule grown people; and M. Murat, the Ex-prince Royal, takes to governing black slaves in America. But his argument is unsound. It may be true that the present condition of the free workmen of England is physically worse than that of the American slaves; but there is this difference, that the former can improve their condition indefinitely, by the exercise of their own energy and discretion; whereas nothing which the latter can do, short of operating upon the fears of their masters, can help them. It is said in the old classic fable, that when the box of Pandora was opened, evils innumerable flew about the world, but Hope remained at the bottom. The black slaves have no hope, because their masters will ever keep them in a state of ignorance, in order to rule them more easily; but with regard to the European workmen, whenever they resolve to limit the supply of labour to the demand there is for it,—in other words, whenever their numbers cease to be above the existing supply of food,—they will gradually rise in the scale of happiness, and be perfectly capable of appreciating the advantages of freedom, which M. Murat appears to consider them at present unfit for. But what must be the state of a man's intellect who can seriously declare that the possession of black slaves “gives to the character a species of austere dignity which conduces to virtue?” If dignity there be, it would rather be found in the poor slave who bears with patience the injustice of his lot, than in the inflictor of the injustice.

"Bad is *all* slavery, but far less degrading,
The black men traded, than to white men trading!"

Much has been written on both sides of the question with regard to negro slavery, but it has been rather with the furious spirit of partizanship, than in the calmness of philosophic research. We can more readily excuse the philanthropists for their enthusiasm, because they err in behalf of the better feelings of human nature; but we regret that they should injure their cause by it. Great pains should be taken to represent the blacks as capable of equaling the whites in intellect if they were instructed. This is not true of the present race, whatever may be the case in future times; and M. Murat is partly cor-

rect in affirming, that "the black race of men is incontestably inferior to the white." If proofs were wanting, look at the fact, that in the West India islands, one white man holds nearly ten black men in a state of forced subjection, which is most distasteful to them. Were the case reversed—one black holding ten whites in forced subjection—how long would it endure? Not a day. The very working tools would prove the weapons of freedom. But, with the exception of Haiti, the negroes have never been able to get up an effective plot; they are evidently infirm of purpose: and even in the island of Jamaica, when the Maroons* had beaten the white troops, they were frightened into submission by some twenty bloodhounds and chasseurs brought from Cuba—frightened even without seeing them. What peculiar excellence have the negroes ever been found to possess? There have been many good mechanics amongst them, and some writers, poets inclusive. But what have they been, more than mere imitators! No great invention, no books of high merit, have been produced by them. Their physical construction is awkward and unshapely; their heads betray no capacity for the development of high intellectual faculties, and their power of language is exceedingly imperfect. Cunning in them for the most part supplies the place of what in the whites is wisdom. Professor Lawrence says of them—

"To expect that the Africans can be raised by any culture to an equal height in moral sentiments and intellectual energy with Europeans, appears to me quite as unreasonable as it would be to hope that the bulldog may equal the greyhound in speed: that the latter may be taught to hunt by scent, like the hound; or that the mastiff may rival in talents and acquirements the sagacious and docile poodle."[†]

What remedy is there then, our readers will ask? Must America ever be cursed with the infliction of slavery? M. Murat has answered the question, and, we think, in a satisfactory manner.

"Formerly slavery was general in the United States, but in proportion as free labour has become cheaper, the legislatures have abolished it. The same thing is now taking place under our eyes in Virginia and Maryland, where the population having increased, the price of labour and of negroes has diminished. The proprietors get rid of them as fast as they can; these negroes are purchased for the new states, in which labour is dear. In a few years there will be scarcely any slaves in those two states, and the legislatures

* From the Spanish word *cimarron*, signifying wild.

† We do not agree with the professor as to what may be in future times, but confirm his opinion as to the present existing race.

will do well, for form's sake, to abolish slavery in them. The same thing will happen in time in all the states, present and future, and the Union will be at last fairly rid of this domestic plague."

This is precisely the mode in which the abolition of slavery must take place in the Union, for to suppose that the slave-holders will give up what they have been taught to consider their property, and many of them possessing no other property, is a hopeless case, because they have the power of maintaining it; and if the negroes were enlightened enough to give regular battle for their freedom, the whites, from their superior intelligence, would slaughter them by thousands. The writer of this article was once rambling over the estate of Mount Vernon, in Virginia, formerly the property of General Washington, and, having lost his way, entered into conversation with an old negress, in the course of which she burst into a long tirade against the Virginian land-holders, who were selling off their slaves to the southern markets, and in some cases giving them their freedom. She herself had formerly been a slave on the estate of Mount Vernon, but had been free six years, and concluded by wishing that she were a slave still, for in that state she had nothing to think of, where-as, being free, she could hardly make a living. Let not the anti-abolitionists quote this as an evidence in their favour. It is but another proof added to the many others, how debasing a thing slavery must be when it deprives human beings of the capacity of self-dependence.

The test of experience has made it very clear, that the whites and blacks cannot live on one territory in a state of equality, any more than the whites and red men. They never mix, except to assume the position of master and servant, or of master and slave. They cannot associate together, for they are incapable of conversing upon the same subjects; and, moreover, the peculiar odour emanating from the bodies of negroes, even when cleanly, more especially in a warm climate, renders them personally unpleasant to white people. Those who have not lived amongst them cannot judge of this matter, but those who have will readily agree to our statement. There are individuals of the white races from whom a strong musky odour is emitted, unpleasant enough, it is true, but not comparable with that of the negro, which resembles that exuding from the snake, the crocodile, and the beetle.

Whenever the black slaves shall acquire knowledge, and the power of consecutive thinking, it is certain that they will not submit to remain slaves. They will either acquire their freedom by concession or force, or they will cut the throats of the whites as as they did in Haiti, or lose their own lives in the attempt. The question is, how shall

this be prevented? In the case of the American continent, by exportation to Africa. In the case of the West India Islands, by the abdication of the whites, whose claim to compensation should meet with liberal consideration. Possibly the slaves would be willing to work out their own freedom if the matter were fairly put to them. Some persons have speculated on the possibility of the negro race being absorbed by intermarriage with the whites. But even could this be accomplished, we should be loth to see it take place, because it would much deteriorate a race which is greatly superior to the other. It would be a long stride backwards in civilization. Were the race horse intermingled with the cart horse, the produce would imperfectly possess the qualities of both. The world is wide enough to hold both black and white nations on its surface, and when there shall be no causes of collision between them, they will cease to inflict mutual injury. Oh that a *man of black blood* might arise, to work out the regeneration of his race in Africa, to undo the work of which the protector of the Red Indians, the philanthropic but unwise, and consequently unjust, Las Casas, was the original projector,—the horrible and atrocious slave trade, and its results!

The fifth letter gives an account by no means flattering of the state of religion in the Union. On this subject, however, we must observe, that the author's ideas are entirely those of the continental *ultra-liberal* school, of men with whom "religion" and "superstition" are synonymous terms—who regard all outward forms of religion as a mere farce, and all who practise them as bigots, knaves, or hypocrites. Such opinions will not be received with much favour or respect, either in America or this country. The sum total of his conclusions, very complacently stated, is, that "the great current of opinions, of literature, and the philosophy of the age," will sweep away the church, and "finally destroy the Christian religion;" and that this "destruction" has, "perhaps," made greater progress in the United States than is generally supposed. As an active but *insidious* co-operator in this work of "destruction," he enumerates the sect of Unitarians, which, by his account, has made great progress lately at Boston, and now includes almost every man of eminence in that city among its converts. The Unitarians, we may remark, whatever M. Murat may think, are a *Christian* sect, and would disclaim, we doubt not, as indignantly as every other sect of Christians, the idea of being associated in any such design as is here imputed to them.

The sixth letter is on the subject of the administration of justice, and the rapturous mode in which the author speaks of his profession of an advocate, or what we should call a practising barrister, gives sufficient

evidence that he has a strong family liking for that species of justice which the longest sword or the shrewdest wit can procure. He, evidently, neither understands jurisprudence nor legislation, and cares nothing for laws except as they open to him a field for the exercise of that species of chicanery which enables the man of ready wit to take advantage of his duller opponent. No man of a rightly constituted mind could have deliberately published the following remarks. They might have served for an after-dinner jest, but as a digested opinion, they mark the utterer for one unfitted to be trusted with authority over his fellows.

"To me, in fact, nothing is at all comparable to the interior of a tribunal. I could pass my whole life with pleasure there, even if I were forced to be but a silent spectator. People talk of the theatre! it is but a feeble and blundering copy of a court of justice. Here we have the reality. Tragedy, comedy, farce and melo-drama, are all to be found here, and the actors are much better than those on the stage, because what they represent are the passions which they really feel; I speak of the suitors and the witnesses. It requires one to have practised to know the pleasure arising from following up an idea,—of hunting out a law which seems to evade your search through twenty volumes, to drive it from one entrenchment to another. When you have got hold of it at last, after verifying a thousand quotations, what a triumph! A very different one, indeed, from that of catching a red-fox after a chase of twenty miles! You arrive at the court; with what pleasure you enjoy the surprise which your discovery causes to the adverse party. He wishes to postpone the trial—you will not consent to it; it must immediately proceed. The examination of the witnesses commences—all are on his side—until you cross-examine them. I know nothing more amusing than to cross-examine a witness, half rogue, half fool, who has been well tutored by the adverse party, before a good jury. What art it requires to make him contradict himself, and after that, how easy it is to destroy the fabric of reasoning of one's adversary! The pleadings follow: then the advocate becomes an actor; it is the finest part of the whole business; and when he has played his part well, whether the cause is won or lost, he carries home the consciousness of having done all that was possible to do, and his client, even if he is the loser, joins in the unanimous applause bestowed on his exertions by the court and the auditory. So that whatever may be the fate of the cause, it always furnishes the advocate with the means of triumph. I cannot speak of the profession otherwise than *con amore*, for the happiest hours of my life are those which I have devoted to it."

What a base kind of ambition is developed

through the whole of this passage! How strongly marked is the self-same spirit which made of the elder Murat a soldier of fortune! What a disregard of every thing but intensely selfish objects, which would lead him to sacrifice the whole human race for the gratification of individual ambition. Elsewhere he praises the laws of the United States, but what a libel is it on them, that he should have been enabled to extract from them so much tyrannous delight, hunting their meaning through twenty volumes, to secure a cause right or wrong, perchance to crush the helpless or aid the guilty, playing the part of an actor in real scenes, either of tragedy or comedy, and then describing it all with infinite gusto, as a thing far preferable to hunting a red fox twenty miles! Are human beings only made for sport to such men as this? We fear that these feelings are by no means uncommon even in England. At a meeting of barristers, at which we were present, the conversation happening to turn upon a member who was expected to retire from practice, an Irish barrister of some eminence, a liberal man on all public subjects, remarked: "Retire! Who ever heard of such a thing? What can he do if he retires? Can any amusement of fox-hunting be so full of sport as man-hunting? Making ducks and drakes of other people's property, without personal risk, and being paid for it in addition! No, no! No lawyer likes to retire after he has once got into practice." If M. Murat was so delighted with the practice of "man-hunting," as an advocate in the United States, why did he leave it and his postmaster's situation? We suspect that he preferred the shorter process of "man-hunting" by means of musket and sabre in Europe. We hope, sincerely, that he may not have the means of gratifying his wishes.

From the seventh letter, which gives a good general account of the existing laws in the Union, we extract the following sentence, in which there would be much good sense, supposing that all lawyers were philosophers.

"In a theocracy, the government is in the hands of priests; under a military despotism, in those of generals; in a country governed by laws, it is just that their interpreters and their ministers should be the governors. And we are well governed, and I look upon this influence of lawyers upon the government as the strongest guarantee of our liberties. And it is to that consummation that Europe will come, in proportion as liberty shall be better understood in that part of the world."

The eighth letter treats of the army, navy, and Indian population. Six thousand men is the total amount of the army, which is not maintained for the purpose of keeping the populace in order, as is the fashion of most other countries, but for the purpose,

principally, of garrisoning a frontier line of some thousand leagues, all round the Union. The artillery occupies the coasts of the Atlantic; the infantry those of the Gulf of Mexico, the frontiers of Missouri, and the Arkansas territory, chiefly as a security against the Indian tribes. The following is a correct statement.

"The present army can only be considered as the skeleton or the nursery of a much larger one; it is destined, so to speak, to preserve the tradition of military usages and regulations. The officers of whom it is composed are, in general, very good, and in the event of a war, would be immediately promoted to superior grades, and distributed among the new regiments that would be raised. What would be most wanted would be good non-commissioned officers, which make the basis and the nerves of every good army.

"The real military strength of the United States consists, not in its army, but in its militia. Every citizen forms part of it up to an age which varies in the different states; for if the army belongs to the federal government, the militia depends entirely on the several states."

Whoever has travelled in the Union will instantly recognize the fidelity of the following picture.

"But it is the militia of the west and of the south which you should see. A regiment of *mounted riflemen*, that is to say, of men inured to all the fatigues and privations of the almost savage life of a first establishment, each of them mounted on a horse which he knows perfectly, armed with his trusty rifle, to which both he and his family have been indebted for many a dinner in time of need. These people laugh at every sort of fatigue; to them a campaign is a real party of pleasure. They are perfectly acquainted with the woods, and know how to find their way by the sun and the bark of the trees, following an enemy or a stag by the scent; in this they are aided by their dogs, for each of them has a dog with him. They wear no uniform; every one comes in the dress he wears in his daily occupation, which has been spun and woven by his wife, from the cotton which he has himself planted. A hat, made of palm leaves plaited, covers a face which has been blackened by the smoke of the bivouac. An otter's skin, neatly folded and sewed together, contains his ammunition, his materials for kindling a fire, and his small allowance of tobacco. A knapsack behind the saddle carries provisions for himself and his horse. The animal is not more nice on that head than his master. A few handfuls of Indian corn per day content him; but in the evening, on arriving at the camp, he is unsaddled, unbridled, and with two of his feet tied together, is turned loose into the woods, where a rich grass quickly provides him with a frugal supper. Disci-

pline is not very rigid with such a troop. No regular movements; every man makes war for himself, and as it were, instinctively. It is a hunting party on a great scale; and yet these are the troops which most distinguished themselves in the last war, and who repulsed the English at the battle of New Orleans."

The philosopher who contemplates the result of this battle, will rejoice over the result, not because those who won happened to be Americans or republicans, but because those who lost were *invaders*.* After a just eulogium on the high state of maritime science and skill in the United States, the author states that in case of a war, it might be difficult for them to find sailors. We have not much patience with the pugnacious disposition which leads M. Murat, like Captain Basil Hall, always to be calculating on wars, even when we recollect that it is their *métier*; but, notwithstanding, we pause to extract the following accurate remark:

"Notwithstanding, there is one consideration which consoles me; and that is, that no war can be undertaken that is not sanctioned by the will of the majority. An unpopular war can never be undertaken by the United States, and if the people wish for war, they will know how to carry it on."

With regard to the race of Red Indians, the author talks much good sense, and also some absurdities. We agree with him that it is not desirable that they should disappear by intermarriage with the whites, because the white race, being decidedly the finest, should be preserved free from an inferior intermixture. But the idea that a people who take little or no thought for the morrow, should overpower the calculating and far-sighted whites,—should "come like clouds of Huns, guided by another Attila, to fall upon Washington as the Gauls did upon ancient Rome," is about as probable as that of the sapient politicians who prophesy that the whole western world must ultimately fall under the yoke of Russia. Natural causes are operating upon the Indians, and gradually they must disappear from the face of the earth, as many wild animals have done, who obstinately refuse to bend to the

* The following are two stanzas from a popular song, entitled "The Hunters of Kentucky."

"We raised a bank to hide our heads, not that we thought of dying,
But that we like to take a rest, unless the game be flying;
Behind it stood our little force, none wished it to be
greater,

For every man was half a horse, and half an alligator.

"They didn't let our patience tire, before they showed
their faces,
We didn't choose to waste our fire, but snugly kept our
places;
Until so near, we saw them wink, we thought it time to
stop 'em."
It would have done you good, I think, to see Kentucky
drop 'em."

way of civilization. The wolf was a savage, and the wolf disappeared from England. The dog, being something more of a reasoner, accommodated himself to the new order of things, and he has remained. A remark has been made by those who only look upon the Indians as inconvenient obstacles to civilization, that the deer and red men are alike, and invariably disappear from the clearings; they cannot thrive away from the shelter of the woods. Dobrizhoffer, the ancient Jesuit, makes the same remark on some of the Indian tribes of Paraguay. The sentimentalists, on the contrary, who regard the preservation of the Indians as paramount to every other consideration, would, if they could, turn out the whites from their cultivated lands recently occupied, and restore them to their original state of woodland hunting grounds. We say would if they could, but this must be understood in theory, for the practice would, by its effects, soon make them converts. The fact is, these sentimentalists are mostly the indwellers of cities, who, supplied with all that can make life desirable, get up sympathy for the Indians, just as they would get up a play, or as the Highland Society, comfortably seated at dinner in well warmed rooms, recommends the use of the kilt to their poorer neighbours on the hill tops as a good old custom. The question is reducible to this. It is clearly understood, from the experience of ages, that the character of the white men and red men is so far dissimilar, that they cannot live on terms of equality while in a state of proximity. Which, then, shall remove—the whites who are many, and who have much valuable artificial property, or the Indians, who are few, and scarcely possess any property but what they carry about their persons? The Indians and sentimentalists reply, that the red men have the best right to remain, because they are the indigenous lords of the soil, and moreover, that the *reservations* of land scattered here and there amidst the territories of the whites, have been preserved to them by specific laws; therefore it is cruel to turn them off. It is a pleasant thing to see the spirit of philanthropy existing, even though it be put forth in absurdities, for it is an evidence of the good that is in human nature, and a proof that the desire to do evil is rare when misery does not press; but the philanthropy has in this case degenerated into a blamable spirit of slander on the government of the United States, a spirit which has been much fomented by former governments in England for mischievous purposes. The opponents of the United States were accustomed to remark on the difference of treatment which the Indians of Canada have received at the hands of the English government, compared with what they have received from the government of the

Union. It is very true, but the two nations have never yet been placed in the same condition. The English government, constantly ridden by a night-mare fear that the Americans would take Canada from them, have on all occasions sought to enlist the passions of the Indians on their side, and to keep them at war with the Americans, by making them annual presents, especially of arms. It is a high crime, whoever may commit it, to incite the savage man to attack the civilized. The Americans have not imitated the example. They make no subsidiary presents, and promptly make war on the Indians in case of necessity, but, nationally speaking, without more of cruelty than is the result of all war.

The American government has ever treated the Indians with national good faith, has never broken a treaty with them. Yet still, cry the sentimentalists, they get possession of all their land. True; but is it by an unfair process? Let us analyze the character of the Indian, and we shall get a result.

The grand distinction between the red man and the white is, that the former, literally, or nearly literally, "takes no thought for the morrow." He is as devoted to the *dolce far niente* as ever was an Italian of easy means. He will not move from his lazy reclining posture until hunger compels him, and, after catching as much game as will satiate his hunger, he returns to it again. Work he will not; *that* his wife must do for him; and though poor in every physical sense, he is as haughty in spirit as though he possessed the whole world uncontrolled. Possessing almost inconceivable constancy of endurance, as regards physical suffering, he has no moral power over himself, to prevent physical enjoyment from degenerating into brutality. To see alcohol and to place himself past thinking with it, are one and the same thing with him. Not even his pride and abhorrence of degradation can effect any restraint. If he could contrive it, he would remain drunk for ever. He can enjoy the produce of the labours of others, but as to working himself, he will not hear of it. He would like to have all the advantages which the white man possesses, but he will not pay the white man's price for them—industry and foresight. The white man asks for an acre on which he can grow corn; the Indian asks for leagues as his hunting ground. The process whereby the hunting ground changes owners is very simple. The whites settle on the skirts of the Indian territories, and enclose their plantations, whereupon the wild animals take the alarm and become scarcer. While the crop is growing, the cultivator or squatter takes his rifle to kill deer. The Indian complains, and a death probably takes place on one side or the other, precisely on the same system as the skirmishes between poachers

and game keepers in England.* The Indians then watch their opportunity, and perhaps massacre a white family or two. The relatives seek revenge, and slaughter perhaps a dozen Indians, whereupon the neighbouring tribes collect from all quarters, and a petty war commences, which gradually increases till the nation is obliged to take it up, and the Indians, as a matter of course, are beaten. They then undergo the fate of the conquered, that is to say, the conquerors seize their land and settle upon it; but in all cases they leave a *reservation* for the use and enjoyment of the Indians, immensely beyond their necessities. In some instances this space has been enough to breed sufficient game to support them, but at all events sufficient cattle. In these *reservations* their right of possession has been strictly respected, and in most cases an annual supply of provisions and necessaries has been afforded. Laws have been enacted to prevent them selling their land by private contract to the whites, who have also been prohibited from selling them brandy, or even trafficking with them, except under protecting regulations. Every

thing, in short, has been done, that *laws* could accomplish, on the part of the American government, to protect the Indians of the reservations from the encroachments of the American citizens. But even as poaching continues in England in spite of game laws, so the whites bordering on the reservations smuggle brandy amongst the Indians, who are nothing loth, and gradually they are stripped of every thing they can alienate, and are left in misery. They will not cultivate the earth for subsistence, and, like children, they will sell for present enjoyment the very provisions they have been supplied with by the government. No laws can provide against such an evil as this, and by degrees their numbers are lessened, because they have not the power of self-control. The land is not divided amongst them, but merely held in common, and nothing is produced from it but what nature furnishes. In the reservations of the state of New York, a portion of the food of the Indians consists of the wild rice, which is indigenous. Brandy, and quarrels, and insufficient food, by slow process, destroy their numbers; and it sometimes happens that half a dozen Indians become the sole occupiers of hundreds of thousands of acres. Yet their right is as religiously respected as if they were a great nation, until they choose to sell it. This is the case still in the state of New York. It has been said, indeed, that the government plays an insidious part, conniving at the injuries the white citizens inflict on the Indians for the sake of forcing them to a sale of their lands; but this appears to be without foundation, for when a number of squatters took possession of the gold mines of the Cherokees in Georgia, a body of the United States' troops were sent to drive them away. Ultimately, the Cherokees agreed to sell their land, and went across the Mississippi. Much abuse was showered on the government for this; but what could they do, when squabbles and murders were from time to time taking place between the uncivilized Indians and the almost as uncivilized border whites, who continually helped to demoralize each other? It was said that it was most cruel to drive the Cherokees away, just as they were becoming civilized. But what was their civilization? It was said that they had divided their lands and had made considerable progress in agriculture; but the fact was that some of their chiefs, who were of half white blood, had taken possession of the land, leaving the common Indians to their accustomed laziness and starvation, and the cultivation was carried on, not by the hands of Indians, but by those of negro slaves. The mass of the red men were as wretched in the Georgian reservations as in all others, but the idea of increasing civilization was constantly kept up for the benefit of a few

* The following anecdote is taken from a newspaper of the Union, called the *Batavia Press*, Aug. 30th, 1829.

"We have a story of an Indian being killed in the town of Le Roy, on Thursday of last week. The story is as follows:—An Indian of the Onondaga tribe, we believe, came to the house of one Miller late at night; and after making some considerable noise at the door, finally succeeded in getting Miller up, who went to the door for the purpose of finding out the cause of so unseasonable a visit. On opening the door he discovered the Indian armed with a rifle and a large knife, who interrogated him as follows—"You name Miller?" The latter, mistaking something in the wind, answered "No." The Indian, it appears, was not satisfied, for he immediately replied, "Me guess you lie little; me guess you name Miller; you hunt deer some; kill 'em some time; guess you kill 'em some Indian too." Miller, being totally unprepared for fight just then, assured him his name was not Miller; but that if he would go away peaceably, he would agree that Miller should meet him in a certain swamp on the Thursday following. With this assurance the Indian departed. On the day appointed Miller repaired to the swamp; but instead of entering it in the direction of the house, he repaired to the opposite side; when near the centre, he discovered the Indian lying flat upon a log, watching, with his gun in his hand, the approach of Miller in the direction of the house, supposing he would come that way. At this time Miller stumbled, which caused some noise on which the Indian sprung upon his feet, and discharged his rifle at Miller, but without effect; Miller, like a true antagonist, gave it back again, and wounded the Indian; but the Indian not being disposed to fall, and Miller, not willing to trust his red friend, worked another button-hole in his side, and is then supposed to have secreted him, as Miller's arms and sleeves were covered with blood when he came out of the swamp. A great number of Indians from Tonawanta and elsewhere, have since been searching the swamp, but have not as yet been able to discover the body.

"It is supposed that the Indian had an old grudge against Miller, which he was disposed to settle before leaving for the west. It would have been better for him to have passed receipts and quit."

interested persons. Let any man of common understanding reflect how constantly it is the case in all countries, that the ignorant mass are made the prey of designing leaders, and he will not find it difficult to credit this statement.

The advocates of the Cherokees stated, as a proof of the civilization of that tribe, that one of their number had actually invented a written alphabet for what, up to that time, had been a spoken language only, and that in that language a newspaper, called the *Cherokee Phoenix*, was published weekly. What the sale might be, or who were the purchasers, we were not able to learn. But admitting the truth of all these statements, what do they amount to? If a tribe of gypsies in England were to invent an alphabet for their peculiar dialect, would it be a proof that they were a highly industrious and civilized race? Would the fact of their having a newspaper in an unknown tongue be a compensation for their collecting a crowd of vagabonds together, and then quarrelling and disturbing the public peace? Let us not be understood as wishing to advocate any cruelty or injustice towards the Indians. We regard them with pity, but we do not see how idle sentimentality is to relieve them. The border-line between them and the whites is ever sure to be the scene of contention and constant squabbles, which the laws of the Union cannot reach. The white inhabitants of the southern states settle their quarrels by duels; the Indians and squatters occasionally "rifle" one another at bush-fighting. It is the custom on the outskirts of civilization, and scenes of a similar nature take place on the reservations. Before the removal of the Cherokees from Georgia, they took it into their heads to attack a stage-coach which crossed their territory, and put the passengers in fear of their lives, though the road had long been in acknowledged use. It is affirmed that the whites purposely seek disputes with the Indians, knowing that it is a means of ultimately getting possession of their lands. That the white men may from interested motives commit unjust actions is nothing new, but the custom is no less ancient for the red men to entice them about them for the purpose of getting brandy; and amongst drunken people there is usually no want of an excuse for a quarrel. That any such interested feelings extend beyond individuals, we deny, and refer to the laws of the Union regarding Indian reservations as a proof. Nothing but making the Indians equal in character to the whites can remedy the evil, so long as they remain in the neighbourhood of each other. This is forbidden by their differing qualities. The whites are industrious, and conscious of superiority; the haughtiness of the Indians is only exceeded by their laziness. It is an acknow-

ledged fact that the Indians, almost universally, are so addicted to the use of "fire-water," that they will sacrifice every consideration to obtain it. Clothes, weapons, children, wives, food, all are as nothing when compared with the accursed poison which steals their senses in momentary delirium. Yet, notwithstanding this, they have never possessed sufficient industry to distil it for themselves. Surely this is a strong proof of their utter want of industrious energy. The French of Canada and Louisiana were accustomed to cohabit with Indian women, but this is rarely the case with the descendants of the Saxon race, who invariably consider them as inferior to themselves, though superior to the negroes, who, however, somewhat contest the point. The writer of this article was once amusing himself in an Indian reservation, shooting at a mark with the bow along with two boys whom he casually encountered. After a few shots, he asked one of the boys what tribe he belonged to? "Oneida," was the reply. "And you?" he asked of the other. "Me, sir," replied the urchin, who might be about ten years of age, "me, sir," drawing himself up,—"I am no Indian!" This was said in quite an offended tone. The writer looked at him again, and remarked that his woolly locks betrayed the one-third of African blood which had been added to that of the white.

Much pains have occasionally been taken by the government, to promote the education of the Indian chiefs in the colleges of the United States, in order thereby to operate upon their tribes. There is no want of natural capacity amongst them; they have the powers of oratory, can think and reason, and have vanity enough to excite them to action; but they have also an intensity of pride, which prompts them to do nothing, rather than submit to acknowledge any inferiority. One of the Indian chiefs went through his studies at the college with considerable *eclat*, and was received in the neighbouring families, as a visitor, upon apparently equal terms. He fell in love with the daughter of a respectable family, who was not altogether indifferent to him, and asked her in marriage. The lady's friends were astonished at his presumption, and refused his application with something of the kind of scorn which an English duke might use towards a tradesman or schoolmaster aspiring to the hand of his heiress. The haughty spirit of the Indian chief was aroused, and leaving the haunts of civilization he retired to his tribe. His tribe beheld him wearing the garb of the whites, and they asked, "Whence comes this degenerate red-skin, who wears not the garb of the forest?" Roused by the taunt, he threw away the trappings of civilization, and took to the mocassins, leggings, blanket, and

rifle. Where is the power, where are the laws, which shall overcome this kind of prejudice? Laws may perchance prevent the white from "working a button-hole" in the body of an Indian, but they cannot force him to make an equal, an associate of him, or to receive him into his house; neither can they force the Indian to strip himself of his haughtiness, and reason like a philosopher on the matter, or to treat the whites *de puissance en puissance*. His philosophy is of that class of which Syphax says:—

" 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans call it stoicism."

Did the Indians possess a race of slaves to work for them, or were they provided with all they needed, abundant hunting grounds, and deprived of brandy, they would probably doze away their existences very comfortably, with the occasional interlude of a war with the neighbouring tribes. But they have no such slaves, and, as it is their fate to be extinguished, it is better that they should cross the Mississippi to quarrel amongst themselves, than remain amongst the whites to produce greater demoralization. It is useless to talk of saving, perforce, a nation which will not take the necessary pains for self-preservation. The talk of preserving a savage nation, separate in institutions, language, and manners, in the midst of a civilized one, appears to us too absurd to require serious refutation.

The invention of the Cherokee alphabet is certainly a remarkable circumstance; the inventor, however, was not a pure Indian, but a half-blood, called in Cherokee Sequah-yah, and in English, George Guess. Being lame in war, and confined to his wigwam, a cripple for life, he set himself seriously to reflect, whether the *talking leaf* of the whites was a gift of the Great Spirit, or only a human discovery. Having decided upon the latter, he set about the task of preparing signs for an alphabet. He first used painted figures of birds and beasts to express sounds. These he afterwards changed for simpler forms, at first two hundred in number, which he subsequently reduced to eighty-six. This is the alphabet made use of for the *Cherokee Phoenix*, a specimen of which is given in the late work of Mr. Ferral. But the mere possession of the power of reading and writing is not civilization, although it is a step towards its acquirement.

M. Murat seems excessively afraid of what the Indians may do some day, to the injury of the United States, and gravely states, that it is possible some Napoleon may one day arise of the red race, who, taking possession of the Empire of Mexico, will stir up the whole of the Indians to make war on the Union, for the recovery of the province of Texas, which has caused so many dis-

putes. This is a wild idea enough. It pre-supposes what never has happened, and is never likely to happen—union of purpose amongst the Indian tribes. Had they possessed the power of union, foreigners could never have gained a footing in their country. Friendly Indians did good service in behalf of the "fathers" in New England. Had Cortez found the Mexicans united, Montezuma would have retained his throne. Had not the Peruvian Incas quarrelled, even Pizarro might have been beaten off by that feeble people. The small number of gallant Araucanians, inhabiting the southern end of Chili, were a free and a united people, and they have remained unconquered even to this day. Daily experience tells us that the Indians would, for the most part, rather fight with each other, than with the whites, and when they do fight with the whites, they are almost constantly beaten.

The province of Texas has become a cause of quarrel, or rather we should say of longing, to more nations than one, and if the descriptions of it be correct, it is a country to States of the Union is too flat to be considered long for. The larger portion of the Southern a beautiful country, though rich enough in products. But Texas is a region of hill and dale, of forest and grass land, of limestone rocks and pure waters, in brooks, springs, and rivers, running over pebbly and sandy bottoms, with a fine climate and fertile soil. Wheat, oranges, and vines may be produced there, and consequently it is fit for breeding almost every kind of cattle. The origin of the disputes about this province, we believe to be as follows:—A few scattered herdsmen bred cattle there prior to the revolution, and the cavalry of the King of Spain kept the hordes of Indians somewhat at bay during a constant war. When the revolution produced disorder, the Indians took advantage of the time, and regained possession of the land from which the Spaniards had driven them away. The red men said, "It is ours." The king of Spain said, "It is mine." The red men had certainly the prior claim; but the power of the Spanish king gained the possession. The government of the Republic of Mexico maintained that the possession reverted to them; but the red men, being strongest, drove away the cattle breeders, and kept the territory for a hunting ground. Under these circumstances, one of the governments which ruled Mexico during the period of changes, granted or sold to Mr. Austin, an enterprising speculator, a large tract of land in the province, for the purpose of establishing a colony of Americans, subject to the Mexican Republic. This was probably done from the feeling that the American hunters would be the best settlers to clear the province of the Indians, and it is understood that they were very successful in doing so. Under these circum-

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stances, it was extremely natural that more of their countrymen should flock to them; in fact, the number of settlers has so much increased, that we believe there are now upwards of five thousand families from the Western States of the Union, who possess thriving properties in Texas. The speculative people of the Union then established a yearly caravan from Louisville and the neighbourhood, which carried on a profitable trade. The Mexican government, finding that this traffic brought no grist to their mill in the shape of custom-house duties, prohibited it, and ordered that in future no trade should be carried on but by sea. The colonists paid no regard to the edict, knowing that there were no means of enforcing it; another law was then made, forbidding all further immigration from the United States, which is probably as little regarded. If the Mexican government attempts in any way to dispossess or coerce these people, they will most probably throw off the present nominal allegiance they pay to it, and set the military republic at defiance. The hope of an advantageous squatting ground will then induce the western hunters to flock there in still greater numbers, and in a short time ten thousand rifles will set at naught all the efforts of the beggarly guerilla cavalry which Mexico can furnish forth, with Indian allies to boot. The Mexicans are loud in their denunciations of this violation of their territory; but the squatters will not be made to understand without force wherein consists the crime of occupying land which was only lying waste. That the province of Texas is not an integral part of the Mexican Republic may be gathered from the fact, that there is extant a decree of the American Congress, determining that it shall be governed as a colony. As it was foreseen that, in time, Texas would become a source of annoyance, as Florida formerly was, attempts have been made, hitherto without success, to purchase it from the Mexican government. It is possible, that in the embarrassed state of their finances, some future government will accept the offered five millions of dollars, and the stumbling block will be removed.* It is very desirable that it should. As the case stands at present, the quarrel is not between the government of Mexico and the United States; but between the Mexican government and Mr. Austin's chartered colony, together with the squatters who have gathered round him. If the power of the Mexican government equalled the jealousy of the generality of the individuals composing it, there would be no restraint of mo-

rality to hinder them from ruining the whole of the colonists. This the latter are fully aware of, and they will, therefore, protect themselves with the strong hand and outstretched arm, well accustomed to wield the long and heavy rifle of the western wilderness. If the province of Texas can maintain itself against the imperfect, because disunited, power of Mexico, it will become an independent community, and, after having become an independent community, it will be entitled to declare itself a member of the Union, if the Union be willing to fraternize with it.

M. Murat's ninth letter gives a fair representation of the finances of the Union, and the general state of commerce, mingled with some remarks not evincing much philosophy. The tenth letter is a lively picture of the habits, manners, fine arts, and literature of the Americans, from which we may discover that their passions and prejudices, are exceedingly like those of their elder brothers in England, always excepting

* The twice two thousand who are called the world."

Some of M. Murat's remarks on painting and sculpture are very just, and evince a deeper consideration of the subject than is generally shown by those who deal in the slang of connoisseurship. Here we must conclude. We recommend the work as well worthy of a place on the shelves of those who wish to understand the character of the Americans, which can only be done, either by visiting the country, or by comparing the different authors who have written on it, amongst whom, M. Murat, notwithstanding his defects, certainly stands high, when his powers of observation are not obscured by prejudice. His inferences are far inferior to his delineations, even where interest does not bias him. His moral perceptions are by no means acute; but when we consider the school in which his early youth was trained, we do not marvel much at this deficiency.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THREE YEARS IN NORTH AMERICA. By JAMES STEWART, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1833.

We have long wished to see such a book, was the gratulatory notice with which the appearance of Mrs. Trollope's work was hailed by those who seem to imagine, that to speak favourably of America is to speak disparagingly and factiously of Britain. The publication of the volumes before us, affords us the opportunity of saying in our turn, that we long have wished to see such a book—a book of Travels in Federal America, written by an honest, dispassionate, and competent observer, but one who,

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* We remember being in one of the Southern American Republics, when an English loan, out of which forty per cent had been peculated, arrived; which yet was accepted in the name of the state, and a still larger portion plundered, by a government which expired on the following day.

though educated and accomplished, should not be of the class, or practised in the artifices of travelling authors—one less anxious to amuse or surprise, or to make himself be talked of as clever, or deep, or patriotic, than to exhibit an unvarnished view of facts as they arose, and to portray, in plain and simple language, the results of an attentive and discriminating course of observation on men and things,—“nothing extenuating, nor aught setting down in malice:”—Such, so framed, and so written, is the work before us; and we, therefore, strongly recommend it to all who wish to obtain sound and correct information as to the actual condition of the vast and interesting countries of which it treats.

Its author, though accustomed to mix in better society than nine out of ten of the foreigners who have visited the United States, does not affect to be disgusted with a great, a growing, and a happy people, because hotels, and the houses of opulent individuals, are not crowded with obsequious waiters and lacqueys—because it is customary for strangers to live in boarding-houses—because gentlemen prefer business to wine after dinner—or because the waiters must be civilly spoken to, and would refuse, instead of demanding, attendance-money. He seems to have thought that the well-being of the great mass of the people,—the comfort and intelligence of those engaged in manual occupations,—and the respect every where paid to talent and eminent public services—might in some measure atone for the want of dukes and duchesses, and all that beautiful gradation of ranks, which, passing through bishops with 15,000*l.* a year, and rectors with 5000*l.* ends in paupers and mendicants. Mr. Stuart had neither Captain Hall’s patrician horror of democracy, nor Mrs. Trollope’s affection of gentility, nor Miss Wright’s love of scepticism and spit-boxes. His object was to give a fair account of the country, without either exaggerating or concealing the good or bad qualities of its inhabitants; and we think he has been eminently successful. Having, with his wife, passed three years in America, and having leisurely travelled over the country, and mixed with all ranks and orders, from the President to the “helps” in boarding-houses, he had peculiar opportunities for forming an accurate estimate of the character and manners of the people; and of the working of their government and municipal institutions. Of these opportunities he did not fail to avail himself; and we venture to say, that such readers as can relish an honest account of an extremely interesting country, written in an unpretending style, will not easily find a more acceptable book than the one we have just recommended to them.

Mr. Stuart arrived at New York on the

23d of August 1828. It might be supposed that the inns and other public establishments in this great city, which, next to London, has the most extensive trade of any place in the world, and which is constantly frequented by multitudes of foreigners from this side the Atlantic, would approach pretty nearly to the best European models. But the fact is not so; and it is singular that New York does not seem to be more advanced than any other considerable town in the States, in those accommodations in which America is most deficient, and which have been the subject of some well-founded, but of more ill-founded and unjust animadversions. Here, as in every part of the Union, the sleeping and dressing conveniences are very indifferent; water is not supplied to the bed-chambers in sufficient quantities; the practice, imitated by our dandies, of smoking cigars, is universal; and the detestable custom, which, however, obtains in Paris, of spitting on the floors or in boxes, is far from being abandoned, though it is on the wane. These, with barmaids who prefer sitting to standing, and waiters who believe that “they too are gentlemen,” seem to form the great drawbacks, in the estimation of the superior class of British visitors, on American society.

Having remained for a short time in New York, Mr. Stuart proceeded up the Hudson in a splendid steam-packet, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, stoppages included. He gives an animated description of the magnificent scenery of this noble river, on the banks of which he subsequently resided for a considerable period; adding some interesting details with respect to the immense canal navigation by which it is connected with the great lakes on the one hand, and the St. Lawrence on the other. The length of the Erie or western canal, is 383 miles; and that of the Champlain or eastern canal, is 63 miles. They were completed in 1825; and reflect great credit on the state of New York, and on the sagacity, enterprise, and perseverance of De Witt Clinton, to whom their construction is principally to be ascribed. They have been of incalculable service to the Union, but particularly to New York. When the plan is completed, by the opening of the Great Canal, now far advanced, from Lake Erie to the Ohio, there will be an internal water communication between New York and New Orleans; and the whole country to the east of the Mississippi and the south of the Hudson will form a vast island!

The progress of population and civilization in America is truly surprising. The Erie canal, by which Mr. Stuart travelled on his way to Niagara, passes by many rich and thriving towns, where, half a century ago, there was nothing but woods. Among his fellow-passengers was a gentle-

man of large fortune at Rochester, whose son, a lad of eighteen years of age, was the first child born in the town, though it then contained 13,000 inhabitants. It had cotton works, power-looms, woollen factories, eleven flour-mills, and six or seven churches. Such wonders every where meet the eye of the traveller in America. And such is the country which our small wits and would-be fine gentlemen sneer at and ridicule, because the people want some of the comforts and refinements to be found in London and Brighton.

Mr. Stuart has given a very instructive account of the New York state prison at Auburn, and of the system of discipline adopted in it. The proper economy of a prison is one of the most difficult problems in practical legislation. So many conflicting principles must be reconciled, that it is almost impossible to adopt a plan which shall answer some necessary conditions without being opposed to others. If a prison be made tolerably comfortable—particularly in a country where no crimes are punishable by death except murder and arson, and where transportation is unknown—it ceases to inspire dread, and punishment is stripped of half its terrors. On the other hand, the feelings and sympathies of society will not allow of prisoners being subjected to any thing like cruel treatment, and their health must be taken care of. Besides this, a prison should be a sort of penitentiary, where offenders are not only to be punished for their offences, but to be instructed and amended. This, however, is no easy matter. In a prison there must be offenders of all descriptions, from the hardened ruffian, to those confined for some comparatively trivial offence; and a system of classification, and of appropriate treatment is, consequently, indispensable. In addition to all this, the expense of the system must be attended to. Prisons ought, in as far as possible, to be made to defray the outlay upon them. The public revenue is never so ill expended, as when it is laid out on the maintenance of thieves and robbers. The practice of the Americans has done a great deal to throw light on these important but difficult problems. Penitentiary punishment, without solitary confinement, was tried in New York, and some of the other states, and was found so signally unsuccessful, that it was proposed by many to re-enact the old penal code. In 1821, the legislature of the state of New York directed that the worst criminals should be subjected to solitary confinement; but this was found to make bad worse. The health of the convicts was seriously impaired; several of them became insane; and the mental faculties of most of them were weakened. In this extremity, the legislature adopted a middle system, corresponding in some im-

portant respects with the Dutch plan. The prisoners are classified, and work together in silence; and a severe system of discipline is enforced,—every infraction of the regulations being instantly punished by flogging. This plan seems hitherto to have answered extremely well. It is obvious, however, that it leaves a great deal to the discretion of the governor and assistant overseers. Every thing depends on their maintaining the regulations, and keeping up the strictest discipline. Any relaxation would be utterly subversive of the principles and foundations of the system. The importance of the following details supersedes any apology for the length of our extract:—

"When convicts arrive, they have their irons taken off, are thoroughly cleaned, and clad in the prison dress. The rules of the prison are explained to them, and they are instructed by the keeper in their duties,—to obey orders, and to labour diligently in silence,—to approach all the officers of the institution, when it is necessary for them to speak, with respectful language, and never to speak without necessity, even to the keepers; never to speak to each other under any pretence; nor to sing, dance, or do any thing having the least tendency to disturb the prison; never to leave the places assigned to them without permission; never to speak to any person who does not belong to the prison, nor to look off from their work to see any one; never to work carelessly, or be idle a single moment. They are also told, that they will not be allowed to receive letters, or intelligence from, or concerning, their friends, or any information on any subject out of the prison. Any correspondence of this kind, that may be necessary, must be carried on through the keeper, or assistant keepers. A Bible is, by order of the state, put into each cell. The bodies of all criminals, who die in the state prisons, are, by order of the legislature, delivered to the College of Physicians, when they are not claimed by their relations within twenty-four hours after their death. The state prisons being in the country,—at a distance generally, it must be presumed, from the residence of the relations,—such a claim can, it is obvious, be but rarely made.

"For all infraction of the regulations, or of duty, the convicts are instantly punished by stripes inflicted by the keeper, or assistant keepers, with a raw hide whip; or in aggravated cases, under the direction of the keeper, or his deputy alone, by a cat made of six strands of small twine, applied to the bare back. Conviction follows offences so certainly, and instantaneously, that they rarely occur; sometimes not once in three months.

"At the end of fifteen minutes after the ringing of a bell in the morning, the assistant keepers unlock the convicts, who march out in military order, in single files, to their

work-shops, where they wash their faces and hands in vessels prepared in the shops.

" New convicts are put to work at such trade as they may have previously learned, provided it be practicable; if not, or if they have no trade, the keeper selects such trade as appears, on enquiry, best suited to them. The hours of labour vary according to the season. In long days, from half-past 5 A. M. to 6 P. M. In short days, the hours are so fixed as to embrace all the day-light.

" At the signal for breakfast, the convicts again form in line in the shops, and are marched by the assistant keepers to the mess-room, which they enter at two different doors, face around by their plates, standing till all have got their places, when a bell is rung, and all sit down to their meals; but, as some eat more, and some less, waiters, provided with large vessels, pass along constantly between the tables, taking food from those who raise their right hand in token that they have it to spare, and giving to those who raise their left hand to signify they want more. The tables are narrow; and the convicts, sitting on one side only, are placed face to back, and never face to face, so as to avoid exchanging looks or signs.

" When the steward perceives that the convicts have done eating, or have had sufficient time for it,—generally from twenty minutes to half an hour,—he rings the bell, when all rise and march to their work-shops, those going out first who came in last. Twelve o'clock is the hour of dinner. The proceedings the same as at breakfast. Before quitting labour, the convicts wash their faces and hands,—form line, according to the number of their cells,—and proceed, in reversed order from that of coming out in the morning, to the wash room, where, without breaking their step, they stoop, and take up their supper vessels and water cans, and march to their galleries, enter their cells, and pull their doors to. Each gallery is occupied by one company, which is marched and locked up by one assistant-keeper.

" Assistant-keepers are constantly moving around the galleries, having socks on their feet, that they may walk without noise, so that each convict does not know but that one of the keepers may be at the very door of his cell, ready to discover and report next morning for punishment the slightest breach of silence or order. The house, containing between 500 and 600 convicts, is thus perfectly still. The convicts are required, by the ringing of a bell, to go to bed upon their framed flat canvass hammocks, with blankets, and are neither permitted to lie down nor to get up without a signal. After the convicts are rung down at night, all the locks are again tried by the assistant-keepers.

" On Sundays the arrangement is the same, with this difference, that, instead of working,

the convicts are marched to the chapel, where divine service is performed by the chaplain. Such of them as are ignorant attend the Sunday school, which is admirably taught, and gratuitously, by students belonging to the theological seminary at Auburn. The keeper and assistant-keepers must be present at divine service, and at the teaching in the Sunday school.

" The rations for each man per day are, 10 oz. pork, or 16 oz. beef; 10 oz. wheat flour, the wheat to be ground fine, and not bolted; 12 oz. Indian meal; $\frac{1}{2}$ gill molasses,—a ration. And 2 qts. rye; 4 qts. salt; 4 qts vinegar; 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. pepper; 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ bushels potatoes,—each 100 rations."

" The gains of the convicts during the last year averaged 29 cents, or 1s. 2d. sterling per day, some of them earning as much as 50 cents, and others not more than 15 cents per day. The amount was sufficient to defray the annual expense, including the whole salaries of the keepers, the guard, and all the other officers. The inspectors and keepers have no doubt that the earnings will increase in subsequent years,—many of the workmen who are under sentences of long confinement having, from practice, become much more perfect in their trades and occupations. The convicts are never, on any pretext whatever, permitted to work on their own account, nor to receive any food, except the prison fare. Neither fermented liquor of any kind, nor tobacco, are allowed to be brought within the precincts of the prison. Nothing is bought or sold within the prison walls, so far as the prisoners are in any way concerned, except their labour.

" The degree of health which has prevailed ever since the introduction of the present system, probably surpasses anything ever known of an equal number of convicts,—between 500 and 600; the number of patients confined to the hospital being about one per cent, and the number of deaths one and a-half.

" No convict has been discharged since the present system was commenced who has not, previous to his liberation, communicated details of his previous history,—how he was brought up,—what instructions he enjoyed,—his employment,—his residence,—his general habits, &c., and also information respecting his confinement, how he considers himself to have been treated, &c. A very curious body of facts will in this way be obtained, especially as means are taken to procure, as far as it can be done, a knowledge of particulars respecting the after lives of the convicts. Of 160 convicts discharged from Auburn, of whom accurate accounts have been obtained, 112 have turned out decidedly steady and industrious, and only twenty-six decidedly bad. It is generally admitted by the convicts, that being deprived of all intelligence of their friends—of the

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affairs of the world—and of all means of intercourse and conversation with each other,—occurse them more suffering, and tends more to humble them, than every thing else—that they are necessarily driven to reflection in their solitary cells, and through all the unvarying routine of their labour and rest. They allow, that the desire to converse is so great, and the temptation to it so strong, that they will risk the hazard of speaking to each other whenever there is any probable chance of escaping detection, but that the vigilance of the keepers is such, that they are never able to carry on a connected discourse. It is not an uncommon thing for a convict, when discharged, to state that he did not know the name of his fellow convicts, who had for months worked by his side, and who had lodged in adjoining cells."

America is not a country for fine gentlemen or ladies to travel in. All who cannot at a pinch help themselves, should confine their excursions to the Macadamized roads of the "old country." At Geneva, a pretty little town further on the road to Niagara, says Mr. Stuart,

"The hotel is large, and well kept, and the people disposed to be obliging; but it is rather difficult to get the waiter or chamber-maid to come to the bed-chamber door for the shoes to clean, and to bring them back, and to bring hot water for shaving in the morning. The custom is in the evening to exchange your shoes, which are left in a corner of the bar room, for a pair of not very nice looking slippers, which again you exchange next morning in the bar room for your cleaned shoes. As to shaving, it is a very general practice for travellers to shave in public in the bar rooms, where there is always a looking-glass. Male persons do frequently wash close to the pump well, where there are basins placed on a wooden bench. This practice is not uncommon in France. The people in this house seem very attentive to every request; but you have no redress anywhere if the waiters forget or refuse to attend to requests which are considered unusual; and if they be Americans, and not of colour, they will seldom receive money from a passenger; and so generally consider it an insult to have it offered, that it is not advisable to make the proposal. On the other hand, whenever the waiters are people of colour, or Irish, or, generally speaking, European, they will not object to receive a doceur; but let the traveller, if he intends to give one, do it in private; and let him take an opportunity to let the waiter know his intention in due time, because he will not otherwise expect any thing, and may perhaps in that case turn out less attentive to your requests than the American, who will seldom refuse if your application be made as a matter of favour in civil terms. Civility,

as lady Montague truly observes, costs nothing, and buys every thing.—Both here and at Saratoga Springs, doors are very generally left unlocked during the night. Shutters to the windows are not common. Clothes are left out to bleach during the night on the unenclosed greens in the villages. On my wife applying for a washer-woman two or three days ago to wash some clothes, our landlady said that they should be washed in the house, and that she would get in a *lady* to assist. The lady, when she appeared, turned out to be a *lady* of colour. It will not at all do here to talk of the lower classes; "Send for that fellow: order such a woman to come here." Language of that kind will not be tolerated by any part of the community. The feeling of self-respect exists almost universally."

Mr. Stuart has given some very judicious advice to English travellers in America. The sum of it is, rather to ask as a favour, than to command as a duty, what you have a right to exact. So long as the meanest labourer can earn a dollar a-day, and buy land for two dollars an acre, that deference to wealth which is willingly paid in the Old World, will not be met with in the New. Some centuries hence, when New Orleans is as large as London, and Nootka Sound has as many ships and as much trade as the Mersey, American waiters and chambermaids will probably be as courteous and obliging, and as much disposed to set a due value upon their civilities and services, as those of our capital and bathing quarters.

Mr. Stuart's details respecting the state of education in New York, New England, and generally throughout the Union, are highly instructive. A good deal of information on this subject was, much to his surprise, communicated to him by a person who happened to drive the stage-coach from Caldwell to Saratoga Springs. He tells us further, that he found this person better acquainted with the system of teaching at present in use in the High School of Edinburgh, than he was himself, though educated there. This extraordinary driver turned out to be high sheriff of the county! He was a general merchant in the village; and having lent a neighbour his horses, he preferred driving them himself to intrusting them to a stranger. He had been selected by his fellow-citizens to fill the situation of justice of the peace, on account of his superior shrewdness and excellent character.

The truth is, that every man in America is instructed, reads the newspapers, and takes a part in the prevailing political discussions. The hotels and public houses have all a pretty good assortment of books; much better, at least, than the trash usually met with in such places in this country. The universal diffusion of education is, in fact, the grand, the distinguishing excel-

lence of America. It is this that has rendered the terms mob, or rabble, inapplicable even to the dregs of her citizens in the Northern States; and fits them for enjoying, without abusing, the freest institutions. Had the tenth part of the sum been expended in establishing schools in Ireland, that has been thrown away in supporting a priesthood detested by the mass of the people, that country would not have been in the disgraceful state in which it now is. And what but the want of education has drawn recruits to the standard of Swing? and made our labourers believe that the destruction of their employer's property was the best means of augmenting their wages?

The following remarks, written by one so eminently qualified as our author to give advice on such a subject, deserve the particular attention of those intending to settle in America as farmers:

"In originally dispossessing the forest, and clearing the ground, the American has great advantages over the European emigrant. He understands the use of the axe from his infancy, and much more rapidly brings the trees to the ground. His house and fences are far more economically erected. His employment in these operations is that to which he has been all his life accustomed. His health does not suffer, as a stranger's does, from the hardships to which he is in the meantime exposed, nor from the exhalations which always accompany the clearing of woodland, and which are so apt in this country to produce fever and ague. My present impression is, that it is far more advisable for an emigrant to pay a little for land *lately* cleared, though at a price exceeding the sum actually expended, than to risk his own health and that of his family; but let him be well advised, and not acquire land, already impoverished by cropping, and which has become foul, and lost the vegetable mould,—the efficacy of which renders the use of manure for a time unnecessary. Let him, above all, be satisfied, before he fixes on a situation, that there is good wholesome water near the spot where his house is to be placed; and that the district of country is, generally speaking, healthy. Water is very frequently bad in this country; and often impregnated with lime to so great an extent that it cannot be used with safety. One of the first questions that a traveller, on arriving at a hotel, puts, is, whether the water is good? and it is extremely difficult to get information that can be depended on, either as to the quality of the water, or the comparative healthiness of the place. The inhabitants already settled and possessed of property have an obvious interest to make favourable representations. In many cases, where emigrants do not show due caution, they not only expose themselves and their families to disease, but to that sink-

ing and depression of spirits, which frequently results from discouragements and difficulties, so likely to incapacitate for the necessary exertions, especially in a country, to many of the customs of which they are strangers.

"After a portion of the ground is cleared, and the necessary accommodation for the family of the new settler, obtained on the spot, the maize of the first crop, which is generally abundant, in consequence of the effect of the vegetable mould, the accumulation of ages, gives a sure supply for the family, and the necessary horses and cattle;—and a regular arrangement, according to the settler's means, is fixed for proceeding in clearing and increasing the ploughable land, either by girdling the trees, or taking them out altogether. A tree is said to be girdled, when the bark is cut round, so as completely to destroy the vessels by which the process of circulation is conducted. Part of the foliage generally remains for the first year.

"The general practice is to cut down and remove such trees as are best suited for the houses to be built, and for fencing, and to set fire to the remainder, and to the rubbish on the field;—the fire, of course, consumes a considerable part of the girdled trees; and until they decay, it has a melancholy desolate appearance, even though covered with luxuriant crops, which it at first bears. Many of the trees are black from top to bottom, and all going fast to decay, and tumbling with a crash, as you pass them. This method of bringing land into cultivation is not, however, by any means universal. In many cases, the whole wood is cut down, and the land at once cleared; and a fine crop of maize, perhaps forty or fifty bushels per acre, raised, with very little exertion on the part of the cultivator, from the rich virgin soil.

"It is not unusual for the neighbouring farmers to assist in conveying the wood, and in the other operations for putting up the first log-house for the settler's family, which is quickly completed. When neighbours in this or other similar works lend their assistance for a day, they call it a frolic, and all work with alacrity. This house, though rudely constructed, is, so far as I have seen, far better in point of accommodation than cottages for farm-overseers in Britain; and it is only meant as a temporary dwelling house, until other matters are so far arranged as to give leisure to the settler to erect a comfortable abode. The permanent dwelling houses are fully equal in extent and appearance to the average farm-houses of Britain. There is no want of comfort. The house is always placed near a spring, from which the farmer has his supply of water; and over the spring he fre-

quently places his milk-house, which also is constructed for keeping meat. An ice-house, too, is now very generally reckoned necessary for the accommodation of the family. About the house, there are usually a few weeping willows and locust trees, both fine trees in this country, the latter, too, most useful. The garden, though close to the house, is, as already mentioned, apparently in bad order, and frequently not enclosed; but the soil and climate are such, that, with very little labour, abundance of vegetables are raised.

"An apple orchard, with some peach and plum trees, is almost always to be found within a few hundred yards of the house; and at about the same distance, if the farm is not near a village, is a small bit of ground enclosed as the burying ground,—the graveyard, as it is here called, of the family.

"The various crops raised in that part of the State of New York, which I have seen, are very much the same as in Britain, with the addition of maize, for which the climate of Britain is not well adapted. Wheat, however, is the most valuable crop. A considerable quantity of buck-wheat and rye is grown. The greater degree of heat is not favourable for oats and barley. Potatoes, turnips, and other green crops, are not at all generally cultivated in large fields. Rotations of crops are far too little attended to. I observe in the magazines and almanacks, that in the rotations, a crop of turnips, ruta-baga, or other green plants, is generally put down as one part of the course; but I have nowhere seen more than the margins or edges of the maize, or other grain, devoted to green crop, properly so called. The attention of the farmers seems chiefly directed to the raising enough of maize for home consumption, and of wheat for sale; and when you talk to them of the necessity of manuring, with a view to preserve the fertility of the soil, they almost uniformly tell you, that the expense of labour, about a dollar a day, for labourers during the summer, renders it far more expedient for them, as soon as their repeated cropping very much diminishes the quantity of the grain, to lay down their land in grass, and make a purchase of new land in the neighbourhood, or even to sell their cleared land, and proceed in quest of a new settlement, than to adopt a system of rotation of crops, assisted by manure. There is great inconvenience, according to the notions of the British, in removing from one farm to another; but they make very light work of it here, and consider it to be merely a question of finance, whether they shall remain on their improved land, after they have considerably exhausted its fertilizing power. In a great part of the northern district of the State of New York, there is still a great deal of land to be cleared; and a farmer may, in many cases, ac-

quire additions to his farm so near his residence, that his houses may suit the purpose of his new acquisition; but he is more frequently tempted to sell at a price from fifteen to thirty dollars and acre, supposing the land not to be contiguous to any village. If he obtains land near his first farm, after he has worn it out, he lays down the first farm in grass, allows it to be pastured for some years, and breaks it up again with oats.

"Maize, or Indian corn, which *par excellence* is alone in this country called corn, is a most important addition to the crops which we are able to raise in Britain. It is said to have been first found in the island of St. Domingo. It is used as food for man in a great variety of ways, as bread, as porridge, in which case it is called mush, and in puddings. When unripe, and in the green pod, it is not unlike green peas, and is in that state sold as a vegetable. One species in particular, called green corn, is preferable for this purpose. Broom corn is another species, which is reckoned best for poultry,—and of its stalks a most excellent kind of clothes' brush, in universal use in New York, is made. Horses, cattle, and poultry, are all fond of this grain, and thrive well on it. The straw is very nutritive, and considerable in quantity."

All religions are tolerated in Great Britain, but in America they are all on the same footing; each enjoying the same favour and protection as the others. In this respect she may read an important lesson to other and older, and, as they are pleased to reckon themselves, more enlightened countries. Generally speaking, the greatest cordiality exists among the different sects. Individuals professing different creeds not unfrequently meet at the same communion-table; and clergymen of different persuasions assist each other in the ceremonial services at the founding and opening of churches. Mr. Stuart had frequent occasion to admire the total absence of cant and hypocrisy in American Society. But there is, notwithstanding, as much real religion in America, as in many countries well supplied with bishops, deans, tithes, and other such approved religious means and appliances. Indeed, the present complaint is, not that there is any excess of scepticism in America, but that it is overrun with fanaticism! It hardly, however, becomes those familiar pretenders to "the gift of tongues," and who have seen Mackintosh and Canning struggling for admittance to hear Irving's orations, to affect such extreme surprize at the crowding of the Americans to camp-meetings, revivals, and such exhibitions. Mr. Stuart seems inclined to regard those assemblages in a more favourable point of view than we think they deserve; and it is probably true, that under every mode of religious worship, whether States have established religions or not, there

will be occasional displays of credulity and fanaticism. They who have any wish to inform themselves regarding the *Shakers*, will find the means of gratifying their curiosity in the ample details concerning them collected by our author.

Mr. Stuart's second volume is greatly more interesting and important than the first; and it is proper that his readers should be made aware of this. It is principally devoted to an account of the Southern and Western States,—countries comparatively little visited by European travellers, but which exhibit moral and physical features of the deepest interest. Our limits constrain us to restrict ourselves to the notice of only one or two topics.

In the Southern States, slavery exists in its worst form, and to a frightful extent. The Americans have successfully maintained "that rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." But it would seem from their practice that they meant this to be understood of whites only; and that one of the "sacred rights," for which they braved the power of England, was the right to oppress and trample on such of their fellow men as happened to be born black. The abolition of the slave trade by the Americans is, we are sorry to say, rather nominal than real. There is a Guinea within the Union. It was recently estimated that every year from 10,000 to 16,000 slaves were sold by the more northern slave holding States, and exported to Louisiana, and those more to the south.* It is no uncommon thing, for husbands and wives, mothers and children, to be, on such occasions, separated from each other; and the cruelties thus inflicted have frequently provoked the most dreadful outrages. In point of fact, the condition of the slaves in the West Indies is, in all respects, save only the abundance of food, decidedly preferable to that of the same class in the United States. And yet the great majority of the white inhabitants, and the legislature, seem all but insensible of the existence of this tremendous evil. The increase of the black population in the Southern States, is more rapid than that of the white; so that, even if the present order of things could be maintained for a few years, it must sooner or later come to an end; and the blacks, if they be not restored to their rights as men, and voluntarily admitted to participate in the privileges now engrossed by the whites, will probably establish their freedom and equality by an appeal to the sword. Under these circumstances, it might be expected that efforts would be everywhere in progress for the improvement of the slaves, and for preparing them for the enjoyment of rights

which reasonable men cannot fail to see must ultimately be conceded to them. But the very opposite conduct is pursued; the slaves are treated as if they were wholly powerless, and as if nothing were to be apprehended from their deep-rooted desire of vengeance, or from the justice of Providence! The accounts which Mr. Stuart gives of the behaviour of the whites towards the blacks in the Carolinas, Georgia, and other Southern States, are alike disgraceful to the Americans and afflicting to humanity. Every possible effort is made, not to instruct, but to exclude them from instruction. The blacks are prohibited from attending the schools kept by white persons; and in 1823, the Grand Jury of Charleston proclaimed, as a "nuisance, the numbers of schools kept within the city, by persons of colour," expressing their belief "that a city ordinance, prohibiting, under severe penalties, such persons from being public instructors, would meet with general approbation." Such an ordinance was, of course, soon after issued!

There are, no doubt, many instances to the contrary; but on the whole, those most favourable to the Southern Americans must admit, that, speaking generally, they treat their slaves with the most revolting inhumanity. The following details will harrow the feelings of our readers; but it is right that such barbarity should be held up to the execration of the world. After describing the degrading treatment to which free persons of colour are exposed in Charleston, Mr. Stuart proceeds thus:—

"So far as respects the slaves, they are even still in a worse situation; for, though their evidence is in no case admissible against the whites, the affirmation of free persons of colour, or their fellow-slaves, is received against them. I was placed in a situation at Charleston which gave me too frequent opportunities to witness the effects of slavery in its most aggravated state. Mrs. Street treated all the servants in the house in the most barbarous manner; and this although she knew that Stewart, the hotel-keeper here, had lately nearly lost his life by maltreating a slave. He beat his cook, who was a stout fellow, until he could no longer support it. He rose upon his master, and in his turn gave him such a beating that it had nearly cost him his life; the cook immediately left the house, ran off, and was never afterwards heard of—it was supposed that he had drowned himself. Not a day, however, passed without my hearing of Mrs. Street whipping and ill using her unfortunate slaves. On one occasion, when one of the female slaves had disengaged her, she beat her until her own strength was exhausted, and then insisted on the bar-keeper, Mr. Ferguson, proceeding to inflict the remainder of the punishment—Mrs. Street, in the

* Some restrictions have, we believe, been recently laid on this traffic; but we are not aware of their exact nature.

meantime took his place in the bar-room. She instructed him to lay on the whip severely in an adjoining room. His nature was repugnant to the execution of the duty which was imposed on him. He gave a wink to the girl, who understood it, and belloved lustily, while he made the whip crack on the walls of the room. Mrs. Street expressed herself to be quite satisfied with the way in which Ferguson had executed her instructions; but, unfortunately for him, his lewdness to the girl became known in the house, and the subject of merriment, and was one of the reasons for his dismissal before I left the house;—but I did not know of the most atrocious of all the proceedings of this cruel woman until the very day that I quitted the house. I had put up my clothes in my portmanteau, when I was about to set out, but finding it was rather too full, I had difficulty in getting it closed to allow me to lock it; I therefore told one of the boys to send me one of the stoutest of the men to assist me. A great robust fellow soon afterwards appeared, whom I found to be the cook, with tears in his eyes;—I asked him what was the matter? He told me that, just at the time when the boy called for him, he had got so sharp a blow on the cheek bone from this devil in petticoats, as had unmanned him for the moment. Upon my expressing commiseration for him, he said he viewed this as nothing, but that he was leading a life of terrible suffering; that about two years had elapsed since he and his wife, with his two children, had been exposed in the public market at Charleston for sale,—that he had been purchased by Mrs. Street,—that his wife and children had been purchased by a different person; and that, though he was living in the same town with them, he never was allowed to see them;—he would be beaten within an ace of his life if he ventured to go to the corner of the street. Whenever the least symptom of rebellion or insubordination appears at Charleston on the part of a slave, the master sends the slave to the goal, where he is whipped or beaten as the master desires. The Duke of Saxe Weimar, in his travels, mentioned that he visited this goal in December, 1825; that the "black overseers go about every where armed with cow-hides; that in the basement story there is an apparatus upon which the negroes, by order of the police, or at the request of the masters, are flogged; that the machine consists of a sort of crane, on which a cord with two nooses runs over pulleys; the nooses are made fast to the hands of the slave and drawn up, while the feet are bound tight to a plank; that the body is stretched out as much as possible, and thus the miserable creature receives the exact number of lashes as counted off. The public sale of slaves in the market place at

Charleston occurs frequently. I was present at two sales where, especially at one of them, the miserable creatures were in tears on account of their being separated from their relations and friends. At one of them, a young woman of sixteen or seventeen was separated from her father and mother, and all her relations, and every one she had formerly known. This not unfrequently happens, although I was told, and believe, that there is a general wish to keep relations together, where it can be done.

"The following extract of a letter from a gentleman at Charleston, to a friend of his at New York, published in the New York newspapers while I was there, contains even a more shocking account of the public sales of slaves here.—"Curiosity sometimes leads me to the auction sales of the negroes. A few days since I attended one which exhibited the beauties of slavery in all their sickening deformity. The bodies of these wretched beings were placed upright on a table,—their physical proportions examined,—their defects and beauties noted.—"A prime lot, here they go!" There I saw the father looking sullen contempt upon the crowd, and expressing an indignation in his countenance that he durst not speak; and the mother, pressing her infants closer to her bosom with an involuntary grasp, and exclaiming in wild and simple earnestness, while the tears chased down her cheeks in quick succession, "I can't leff my children! I won't leff my children." But on the hammer went, reckless alike whether it united or sundered forever. On another stand, I saw a man apparently as white as myself, exposed to sale. I turned away from the humiliating spectacle."

Detestable as this is, Mr. Stuart did not find the treatment of the slaves at all improved at New Orleans.

"All the waiters in the hotel where I lodged," says he, "were slaves, but they were not positively ill treated, like the unfortunate creatures at Charleston. They had no beds, however, to sleep upon,—all lying, like dogs, in the passages of the house. Their punishment was committed by Mr. Lavand to Mr. Smith, the clerk of the house, who told me that never an evening passed on which he had not to give some of them stripes; and on many occasions to such an extent, that he was unable to perform the duty, and sent the unhappy creatures to the prison, that they might have their punishment inflicted there by the goaler. Nothing is more common here, than for the masters and mistresses of slaves, when they wish them, either male or female, to be punished, to send them to the prison, with a note to the goaler, specifying the number of lashes to be inflicted. The slave must carry back a note to his master, telling him that the punishment has been inflicted. If the mas-

ter so orders it, the slave receives his whipping laid flat upon his face upon the earth, with his hands and feet bound to posts. In passing the prison in the morning, the cries of the poor creatures are dreadful. I was anxious to get into the inside of this place, but though a friend applied for me I did not succeed. Mr. Smith told me that he was very desirous to leave his situation, merely because he felt it so very disagreeable a duty to be obliged to whip the slaves.

"There were about 1000 slaves for sale at New Orleans while I was there. Although I did not myself witness, as I had done at Charleston, the master or the mistress of the house treating the slaves with barbarity, yet I heard enough to convince me that at New Orleans there were many Mrs. Streets. The Duke of Saxe Weimar, who was at New Orleans in 1826, and who lodged in the boarding house of the well known Madame Herries, one of the best boarding houses at New Orleans, has given a detailed account of the savage conduct of this lady to one of her slaves, which I transcribe in his own words:—"One particular scene, which roused my indignation in the highest manner, on the 22d March, I cannot suffer to pass in silence. There was a young Virginian female slave in our boarding house, employed as a chamber maid, a cleanly, attentive, quiet, and very regular individual. A Frenchman residing in the house called in the morning early for water to wash. As the water was not instantly brought to him, he went down the steps and encountered the poor girl, who just then had some other occupation in hand. He struck her immediately with his fist in the face, so that the blood ran from her forehead. The poor creature, roused by this unmerited abuse, put herself on her defence and caught the Frenchman by the throat. He screamed for help, but no one would interfere. The fellow then ran to his room, gathered his things together, and was about to leave the house. But when our landlady, Madame Herries, was informed of this, in order to satisfy the wretch, she disgraced herself, by having twenty-six lashes inflicted upon the poor girl with a cowhide, and refined upon her cruelty so much, that she forced the sweetheart of the girl, a young negro slave who waited in the house, to count off the lashes upon her. This Frenchman, a merchant's clerk from Montpelier, was not satisfied with this; he went to the police; lodged a complaint against the girl; had her arrested by two constables, and whipped again by them in his presence. I regret that I did not take a note of this miscreant's name, in order that I might give his disgraceful conduct its merited publicity."

All Englishmen believe that there is in America an unbounded freedom of the press; and that no abuse of any kind can be perpe-

tated without its being immediately exposed; but this is true only of the northern and western States. In as far, indeed, as respects Louisiana, it is destitute, not only of the freedom of the press, but even of the *freedom of speech*. An individual who should libel the Czar in a Pittsburgh paper, or assail the "beloved Ferdinand" in the Madrid Gazette, could not possibly fare worse than he who should presume to print or say anything in favour of the slaves at New Orleans! The following is the substance of two acts passed by the legislature of Louisiana, so late as 1830.

"The first act provides, 1st. That whosoever shall write, print, publish, or distribute any thing *having a tendency* to create discontent among the free coloured population of this state, or insubordination among the slaves therein, shall, at the discretion of the court, suffer death, or imprisonment at hard labour for life.

"2nd. That whosoever shall use language in any public discourse, from the bar, the bench, the stage, the pulpit, or in any place, or in private discourse or conversation, or shall make use of signs or actions *having a tendency to produce discontent* among the free coloured population in this state, or to excite insubordination among the slaves therein; or whoever shall knowingly be instrumental in bringing into this state any paper, pamphlet, or book, having such tendency, as aforesaid, shall, at the discretion of the court, suffer at hard labour not less than three years, nor more than twenty years, or death.

"3d. That all persons who shall teach, or permit, or cause to be taught, any slave in this state to read or write, shall be imprisoned not less than one, nor more than twelve months.

"The second act provides, 1st. For the expulsion from the state of all free persons of colour, who came into it subsequently to the year 1807; and then confirms a former law, prohibiting all free persons of colour whatever, from entering the state of Louisiana.

2nd. It sentences to imprisonment, or hard labour for life, all free persons of colour, who, having come into the state, disobey an order for their departure.

3d. It enacts, that if any white person shall be convicted of being the author, printer, or publisher of any written or printed paper within the state, or shall use any language with the intent to disturb the peace, or security of the same, in relation to the slaves or the people of this state, or to diminish that respect which is commanded to free people of colour for the whites, such person shall be fined in a sum not less than 300 dollars, nor exceeding 1000 dollars, and imprisoned for a term not less than six months, nor exceeding three years; and

that, if any free person of colour shall be convicted of such offence, he shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding 1000 dollars, and imprisoned at hard labour for a time not less than three years, and not exceeding five years, and afterwards banished for life.

"And, 4th. It enacts, that in all cases, it shall be the duty of the attorney-general, and the several district attorneys, *under the penalty of removal from office*, to prosecute the said free persons of colour for violations of the act, or, whenever they shall be required to prosecute the said free persons of colour by any citizen of this state."

Whether there be any thing in the archives of Madrid or Algiers to match this, we know not; but it is absurd, where such laws exist, to talk about liberty, and something worse than preposterous, for any country which tolerates them to sing its own praises. Siberia contrasts, in this respect, most advantageously with Louisiana: in the former, the lieutenants of the Emperor occasionally imprison an obnoxious or troublesome individual; but in the latter, more than half the population are slaves, who may be maltreated at the pleasure of their masters; it being a serious offence even to allude to the manner in which these petty despots abuse their authority. Mr. Stuart tells us, that while he was at New Orleans, a slave was hung for some trifling offence; and that not one of the newspapers took the slightest notice of the circumstance.

For the *existence* of slavery America is not accountable. She derived it, as well as her peculiar laws and institutions, from the mother country. But *she is accountable* for her conduct to the slaves since the era of her independence; and to those who ask, what has she done for the improvement of so large a portion of her population, what answer can she make? At the very outset of the Declaration of Independence it is said, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that *all men* are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, *liberty* and the pursuit of happiness." But such is the inconsistency of human nature, that the very people who made such sacrifices to vindicate these principles, are themselves conspicuous for trampling them under foot! Slavery is the plague-spot in American society. Its existence, or rather the absence of all vigorous efforts for its mitigation and ultimate extinction, are circumstances of which America ought to be ashamed; and of which she cannot too soon, or too sincerely repent. Anxious as we are for her happiness and lasting prosperity, we look with horror and dismay at the vast mass of discontent she is nursing in her southern provinces. The opposition of interests that exists among the States,

gives additional importance to this subject. The antipathy to slavery is as strong among the inhabitants of New England as among ourselves; and it has been doubted by many, whether, if a rebellion among the slaves were to break out, they would take any part in the contest. We do, therefore, hope that the Congress will, while it is yet time, open their eyes to the danger with which the "bondage of the blacks" threatens the Union; and that they will provide for their instruction and gradual emancipation.

Mr. Stuart gives an account of the unsuccessful attack made by the British troops on New Orleans, during the late unfortunate war. The Americans had every advantage on their side. Placed under cover of intrenchments made of cotton bags, their marksmen took deliberate aim, and, with little or no loss to themselves, kept up so overpowering and murderous a fire, that our hardy veterans were obliged to retreat with the loss of nearly a third of their number killed and wounded. It is believed in America that Sir Edward Pakenham, who lost his life when advancing at the head of the British, endeavoured to excite the ardour of his troops, by promising them the plunder of New Orleans; and it is even asserted that "*Booty and Beauty*" was the watch-word of the British army on that disastrous day. But, notwithstanding the confidence with which this statement has been made, we cannot for a moment doubt that, on investigation it will be found to be a calumny. It is not conceivable that a brave and experienced officer, like General Pakenham, should have authorized a license which he must have known would make himself infamous, and entail disgrace on the British name. However, as the statement has been credited by persons holding high rank in America, we trust it will be authoritatively contradicted. Mr. Stuart does justice to the decision and talent displayed on this occasion by General Jackson. No man could have conducted himself with greater ability and address, in the difficult situation in which he was placed.

Mr. Stuart lays before his readers much interesting information with respect to the conduct followed by some of the State legislatures and congress, towards the Indians settled within the territory of the republic—particularly the Cherokees, the most civilized of all the native tribes. The details are not at all to the credit of the Americans. In dealing with this unfortunate race, they have not scrupled to infringe the most solemn stipulations, and to avow the robber's principle, that '*force makes right*.' But for the interference of the supreme court of the United States, the Cherokees would have been expelled from their homes. Congress, as well as the legislature of Georgia, turned a deaf ear to their well-founded com-

plaints. "It is mortifying," says Mr. Stuart, "to be obliged to confess, that upon such a question as this, the principles of the President of the United States, and of the American government, as well as of the government of the state of Georgia, have been proved to be as overbearing and arbitrary, as those of some European governments towards the unfortunate Poles, and the unoffending inhabitants of Hindooostan."

From New Orleans, Mr. Stuart sailed up the "father of floods" in a magnificent steam boat, or rather floating hotel. Mrs. Trollope seems to have been unlucky in her river trips, and delicately states that she would have preferred a party of "well-conditioned pigs" to that of a steam-boat. Mr. Stuart, who knows something of what is called "good society," differs materially from the lady. It is singular, that those who put their faith in Mrs. Trollope's accounts of American manners, should be so much disposed to censure general Pillet's equally veracious descriptions of English ladies, and English dinner parties. The voyage from New Orleans to Cincinnati, of 1600 miles, is performed with ease in eleven or twelve days; but the navigation is in some places difficult, and requires the greatest care and attention. The settlements on the banks of the river are still, in many places, "few and far between;" and Mr. Stuart gives various statements illustrative of the half savage manners incident to such a state of society.

The chapter on Illinois is exceedingly instructive; but we regret that we can do little more than recommend it to the particular notice of our readers, and especially of those intending to set out for this land of promise. "It contains nearly 59,000 square miles; is the fourth state in point of extent in the Union, being only inferior in this respect to Virginia, Georgia, and Missouri; its general level does not vary above sixty feet, and it consists, with little interruption, of one vast prairie of admirable soil, extending from the Mississippi to Lake Michigan. It is the richest country in point of soil in the world. The French call it the Terrestrial Paradise."

In this part of America, Mr. Stuart met with several Scotch and English families, comfortably settled and prosperous. Vandalia, the capital, and a thriving town, with antiquarian and historical societies, newspapers, magazines, &c., was founded so late as 1821. The land generally consists of almost boundless prairies, of extraordinary fertility, ornamented with trees disposed in groves and stripes. Neither is it swampy nor liable to be overflowed; it is in fact a dry, undulating, champaign country. The climate is mild; and, provided settlers take care to be near a supply of water, no place can be more healthy. It pos-

sesses vast beds of coal, with lead, lime, and rock salt; so that its mineral are hardly inferior to its agricultural capacities. It is bounded by the Mississippi on the west, and touches lake Michigan on the north-east. Hence, though in the centre of the American continent, the vast lakes, rivers and canals by which it is bounded and intersected, or to which it has a ready access, give it most of the advantages of an insular situation, and insure its rapid advance in the career of prosperity. In point of soil and situation, the state of Missouri has also very great advantages; but it is afflicted with the curse of slavery, from which, fortunately, Illinois is entirely free. Mr. Stuart is decidedly of opinion, that no part of America deserves so much to be recommended to farmers emigrating from Europe as Illinois. The settlements founded by Messrs. Flower and Birkbeck are doing well. They are not, however, planted in the richest part of the state; but Mr. Stuart is satisfied of the general correctness of the statements made by Mr. Birkbeck in his Notes and Letters.

We regret that our limits will not permit us to follow farther the course of Mr. Stuart's narrative, or to make any more extracts from his instructive volumes. They furnish a vivid and a faithful picture of American life in every part of the Union, from Boston to New Orleans, and from St. Louis to New York. We feel assured of their possessing the invaluable quality of perfect trustworthiness. They have neither been written in a spirit of detraction nor of eulogy; but with a sincere desire to depict things as they really are. The reader, in a word, has everywhere the comfortable conviction, that he is accompanying an unpretending, candid, observing, and very intelligent man; of one, too, who has both the mind and qualities of a gentleman, and of a citizen of the world.

Mr. Stuart has not said much about American politics; but the eleventh chapter of his first volume contains a brief view of the more prominent points of the American constitution; with an account of the proceedings at a contested election in Saratoga. He seems to think well of the ballot; but instead of putting down canvassing, it appears to us to be carried on with greater activity in America than in England; and instead of affording concealment, it is quite as well known how every man votes in Baltimore or New York, as in Liverpool or Edinburgh. We are sick of the appeals so frequently made in this country, in political matters, to the example of America. Her experience is certainly not to be neglected, and it affords some valuable lessons by which we ought to profit. Still, however, her situation differs in so many respects from that of England, or any other European country, that nothing can be more

absurd than to contend, that an institution may be safely adopted here, because it has been found to answer in America. In the United States, every man who has got a couple of dollars in his pocket may acquire an acre of unoccupied land; the rate of wages, as compared with the cost of the principal necessities of life, is at least twice as high as in England; instead of there being an excess, there is a deficiency of labourers; all internal taxes have been abolished; and Caroline and Georgia threaten to withdraw from the Union, unless the Customs' duties be reduced a half or more. Universal suffrage and vote by Ballot may be harmless in such a country; and when our National Debt is paid off, and we can get a bottle of wine for sixpence, and an estate for twenty pounds, they may not be very injurious here; but till then, we believe we shall do well to shun any closer acquaintance with either one or the other.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Whenever Byron found himself in a difficulty,—and the occasions were frequent,—he had recourse to the example of others, which induced me to tell him that few people had so much profited by friends as he had; they always served “to point a moral and adorn a tale,” being his illustrations for all the errors to which human nature is heir, and his apologetic examples whenever he wished to find an excuse for unpoetical acts of worldly wisdom. Byron rather encouraged than discouraged such observations; he said they had novelty to recommend them, and has even wilfully provoked their recurrence. Whenever I gave him my opinions, and still oftener when one of the party, whose sentiments partook of all the chivalric honour, delicacy, and generosity of the *beau ideal* of the poetic character, expressed his, Byron used to say, “Now for a Utopian system of the good and beautiful united; Lord B. ought to have lived in the heroic ages, and if mankind would agree to act as he feels and acts, I agree with you we should all be certainly better, and, I do believe, happier than at present; but it would surely be absurd for a few—and to how few would it be limited—to set themselves up ‘doing as they would be done by,’ against the million who invariably act *vice versa*. No; if goodness is to become *a la mode*,—and I sincerely wish it were possible,—we must have a fair start, and all begin at the same time, otherwise it will be like exposing a few naked and unarmed men against a

multitude in armour.” Byron was never *de bonne foi* in giving such opinions; indeed the whole of his manner betrayed this, as it was playful and full of *plaisanterie*, but still he wanted the accompaniment of habitual acts of disinterested generosity to convince one that his practice was better than his theory. He was one of the many whose lives prove how much more effect *example* has than precept. All the elements of good were combined in his nature, but they lay dormant for want of emulation to excite their activity. He was the slave of his passions, and he submitted not without violent, though, alas! unsuccessful struggles to the chains they imposed, but each day brought him nearer to that age when reason triumphs over passion—when, had life been spared him, he would have subjugated those unworthy tyrants, and asserted his empire over that most rebellious of all dominions—self.

Byron never wished to live to be old; on the contrary, I have frequently heard him express the hope of dying young; and I remember his quoting Sir William Temple's opinion,—that life is like wine; who would drink it pure must not draw it to the dregs,—as being his way of thinking also. He said it was a mistaken idea that passions subsided with age, as they only changed, and not for the better. Avarice usurping the place vacated by Love, and suspicion filling up that of Confidence. “And this (continued Byron) is what age and experience brings us. No; let me not live to be old; give me youth which is the fever of reason, and not age, which is the palsy. I remember my youth, when my heart overflowed with affection toward all who showed any symptom of liking towards me; and now, at thirty-six, no very advanced period of life, I can scarcely, by raking up the dying embers of affection in that same heart, excite even a temporary flame to warm my chilled feelings.” Byron mourned over the lost feelings of his youth, as we regret the lost friends of the same happy period; there was something melancholy in the sentiment, and the more so, as one saw that it was sincere. He often talked of death, and never with dread. He said that its certainty furnished a better lesson than all the philosophy of the schools, as it enabled us to bear the ills of life, which would be unbearable, were life of unlimited duration. He quoted Cowley's lines—

“Oh Life! thou weak-built isthmus, which doth proudly stand betwix two eternities!”

[By rise

as an admirable description, and said they often recurred to his memory. He never mentioned the friends of whom Death had deprived him without visible emotion: he loved to dwell on their merits, and talked of them with a tenderness as if their deaths

had been recent instead of years ago. Talking of some of them, and deplored their loss, he observed, with a bitter smile, "But perhaps it is as well that they are gone: it is less bitter to mourn their deaths than to have to regret their alienation; and who knows but that, had they lived, they might have become as faithless as some others that I have known. Experience has taught me that the only friends we can call our own—that can know no change—are those over whom the grave has closed: the seal of death is the only seal of friendship. No wonder, then, that we cherish the memory of those who loved us, and comfort ourselves with the thought that they were unchanged to the last. The regret we feel at such afflictions has something in it that softens our hearts, and renders us better. We feel more kindly disposed to our fellow-creatures, because we are satisfied with ourselves—first, for being able to excite affection, and secondly for the gratitude with which we repay it,—to the memory of those we have lost; but the regret we feel at the alienation or unkindness of those we trusted and loved, is so mingled with bitter feelings, that they sear the heart, dry up the fountain of kindness in our breasts, and disgust us with human nature, by wounding our self-love in its most vulnerable part—the showing that we have failed to excite affection where we had lavished ours. One may learn to bear this uncomplainingly, and with outward calm: but the impression is indelible, and he must be made of different materials to the generality of men who does not become a cynic, if he become nothing worse, after once suffering such a disappointment."

I remarked that his early friends had not given him cause to speak feelingly on this subject, and named Mr. Hobhouse as a proof; he answered, "Yes, certainly, he has remained unchanged, and I believe is unchangeable; and if friendship, as most people imagine, consists in telling one truth—unvarnished, unadorned truth—he is indeed a friend; yet, hang it, I must be candid and say I have had many other, and more agreeable, proofs of Hobhouse's friendship than the truths he always told me; but the fact is, I wanted him to sugar them over a little with flattery, as nurses do the physic given to children, and he never would, and therefore I have never felt quite content with him, though, *au fond*, I respect him the more, while I respect myself very much less for this weakness of mine.

"William Banks is another of my early friends. He is very clever, very original, and has a fund of information; he is also very good-natured; but he is not much of a flatterer. How unjust it is to accuse you ladies of loving flattery so much; I am quite sure that we men are quite as much addicted to it, but have not the amiable can-

dour to show it, as you all do. Adulation is never disagreeable when addressed to ourselves, though let us hear only half the same degree of it addressed to another, and we vote the addressee a parasite, and the addressed a fool for swallowing it. But even though we may doubt the sincerity or the judgment of the adulator, the incense is nevertheless acceptable, as it proves we must be of some importance to induce him to take the trouble of flattering us. There are two things that we are all willing to take, and never think we can have too much of (continued Byron,) money and flattery; and the more we have of the *first* the more we are likely to get of the *second*, as far as I have observed, at all events in England, where I have seen wealth excite an attention and respect that virtue, genius, or valour would fail to meet with.

"I have frequently remarked (said Byron,) that in no country have I seen *pre-eminence* so universally followed by envy, jealousy, and all uncharitableness, as in England; those who are deterred by shame from openly attacking, endeavour to depreciate it, by holding up mediocrity to admiration, on the same principle that women, when they hear the beauty of another justly extolled, either deny, or assent with faint praise, to her claims, and lavish on some merely passable woman the highest encomiums, to prove they are not envious. The English treat their celebrated men as they do their climate, abuse them amongst themselves, and defend them out of *amour propre*, if attacked by strangers. Did you ever know a person of powerful abilities really liked in England? Are not the persons most popular in society precisely those who have no qualities to excite envy? Amiable, good-natured people, but negative characters; their very goodness (if mere good-nature can be called goodness) being caused by the want of any positive excellence, as white is produced by the absence of colour. People feel themselves equal, and generally think themselves superior to such persons; hence, as they cannot wound vanity, they become popular; all agree to praise them, because *each* individual, while praising, ministers to his own self-complacency, from his belief of superiority to him whom he praises. Notwithstanding their faults, the English, (said Byron,) that is to say, the well bred and well educated among them, are better calculated for the commerce of society than the individuals of other countries, from the simple circumstance that they *listen*. This makes one cautious of what one says, and prevents the hazarding the *mille petits riens* that escape when one takes courage from the noise of all talking together, as in other places; and this is a great point gained. In what country but England could the epigrammatic repartees

and spiritual anecdotes of a Jekyll have flourished? Place him at a French or Italian table, supposing him *au fait* of the languages, and this, our English Attic bee, could neither display his honey nor his sting; both would be useless in the hive of drones around him. St. Evremond, I think it is, who says that there is no better company than an Englishman who talks, and a Frenchman who thinks; but give me the man who *listens*, unless he can talk like a Jekyll, from the overflowing of a full mind, and not, as most of one's acquaintances do, make noise like drums, from their emptiness. An animated conversation has much the same effect on me as champagne—it elevates and makes me giddy, and I say a thousand foolish things while under its intoxicating influence: it takes a long time to sober me after; and I sink, under re-action, into a state of depression—half cross, half hippish, and out of humour with myself and the world. I find an interesting book the only sedative to restore me to my wonted calm; for, left alone to my own reflections, I feel so ashamed of myself—*vis-a-vis* to myself—for my levity and over-excitement, that all the follies I have uttered rise up in judgment against me, and I am as sheepish as a schoolboy, after his first degrading abandonment to intemperance."

"Did you know Curran? (asked Byron)—he was the most wonderful person I ever saw. In him was combined an imagination the most brilliant and profound, with a flexibility and tenderness, that would have justified the observation applied to _____, that his heart was in his head. I remember his once repeating some stanzas to me, four lines of which struck me so much, that I made him repeat them twice, and I wrote them down before I went to bed.

* While memory, with more than Egypt's art
Embalming all the sorrows of the heart,
Sits at the altar which she raised to woe,
And feeds the source whence tears eternal flow.'

I have caught myself repeating these lines fifty times; and, strange to say, they suggested an image on memory to me, with which they have no sort of resemblance in any way, and yet the idea came while repeating them; so unaccountable and incomprehensible is the power of association. My thought was—Memory, the mirror which affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied." He seemed pleased at my admiring his idea.* I told him that his thoughts, in comparison with those of others, were eagles brought into competi-

tion with sparrows. As an example, I gave him my definition of memory, which I said resembled a telescope bringing distant objects near to us. He said the simile was good; but I added it was mechanical, instead of poetical, which constituted the difference between excellence and mediocrity, as between the eagle and sparrow. This amused him, though his politeness refused to admit the verity of the comparison.

Talking of tact, Byron observed that it ought to be added to the catalogue of the cardinal virtues, and that our happiness frequently depended more on it than on all the accredited ones. "A man (said he) may have prudence, temperance, justice, and fortitude: yet wanting tact may, and must, render those around him *uncomfortable* (the English synonyme for unhappy;) and, by the never-failing retributive justice of Nemesis, be unhappy himself, as all are who make others so. I consider tact the real *panacea* of life, and have observed that those who most eminently possessed it were remarkable for feeling and sentiment; while, on the contrary, the persons most deficient in it were obtuse, frivolous, or insensible. To possess tact it is necessary to have a fine perception, and to be sensitive; for how can we know what will pain another without having some criterion in our own feelings, by which we can judge of his? Hence I maintain that our tact is always in proportion to our sensibility."

Talking of love and friendship, Byron said, that "friendship may, and often does, grow into love, but love never subsides into friendship." I maintained the contrary, and instanced the affectionate friendship which replaces the love of married people; a sentiment as tender, though less passionate, and more durable than the first. He said, "You should say more *enduring*; for depend on it, that the good natured passiveness, with which people submit to the conjugal yoke, is much more founded on the philosophical principle of what can't be cured must be endured, than the tender friendship you give them credit for. Who that has felt the all-engrossing passion of love (continued he,) could support the stagnant calm you refer to for the same object? No, the humiliation of discovering the frailty of our own nature, which is in no instance more proved than by the short duration of violent love, has something so painful in it, that, with our usual selfishness, we feel, if not a repugnance, at least an indifference to the object that once charmed, but can no longer charm us, and whose presence brings mortifying recollections; nay, such is our injustice, that we transfer the blame of the weakness of our own natures to the person who had not power to retain our love, and discover blemishes in her to excuse our

* "E'en as broken a mirror which the glass
In every fragment multiplies, and makes
A thousand images of one that was," &c.
Childe Harold, Canto iii. St. 33.

inconstancy. As indifference begets indifference, vanity is wounded on both sides; and though good sense may induce people to support and conceal their feelings, how can an affectionate friendship spring up like a phoenix, from the ashes of extinguished passion? I am afraid that the friendship, in such a case, would be as fabulous as the phoenix, as the recollection of burnt-out love would remain too mortifying a memento to admit the successor, friendship." I told Byron that this was mere sophistry, and could not be his real sentiments; as also that, a few days before, he admitted that passion subsides into a better, or at least a more durable feeling. I added, that persons who had felt the engrossing love he described, which was a tempestuous and selfish passion, were glad to sink into the refreshing calm of milder feelings, and looked back with complacency on the storms they had been exposed to, and with increased sympathy to the person who had shared them. The community of interest, of sorrows, and of joys, added new links to the chain of affection, and habit, which might wear away the gloss of the selfish passion he alluded to, gave force to friendship, by rendering the persons every day more necessary to each other. I added, that dreadful would be the fate of persons, if, after a few months of violent passion, they were to pass their lives in indifference, merely because their new feelings were less engrossing and exciting than the old. "Then (said Byron), if you admit that the violent love does, or must, subside in a few months, and, as in coursing, that we are mad for a minute to be melancholy for an hour, would it not be wiser to choose the friend, I mean the person most calculated for friendship, with whom the long years are to be spent, than the idol who is to be worshipped for some months, and then hurled from the altar we had raised to her, and left defaced and disfigured by the smoke of the incense she had received? I maintained that as the idols are chosen nearly always for their personal charms, they are seldom calculated for friendship; and hence the disappointment that ensues, when the violence of passion has abated, and the discovery is made that there are no solid qualities to replace the passion that has passed away with the novelty that excited it. When a man chooses a friend in a woman, he looks to her powers of conversation, her mental qualities, and agreeability; and as these win his regard the more they are known, love often takes the place of friendship, and certainly the foundation on which he builds is more likely to be lasting, and, in this case I admit, that affection, as you more prettily call it, tender friendship, may last for ever." I replied that I believed the only difference in our opinions is, that I denied that friendship could not succeed love, and that nothing

could change my opinion. "I suppose (said Byron) that (a woman like)

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

So that all my fine commentaries on my text have been useless; at all events I hope you give me credit for being *ingenious* as well as *ingenue* in my defence. Clever men (said Byron) commit a great mistake in selecting wives who are destitute of abilities; I allow that *une femme savante* is apt to be a bore, and it is to avoid this that people run into the opposite extreme, and condemn themselves to pass their lives with women, who are incapable of understanding or appreciating them. Men have an idea that a clever woman must be disputative and dictatorial, not considering that it is only pretenders who are either, and that this applies as much to one sex as the other. Now, my *beau ideal* would be a woman with talent enough to be able to understand and value mine, but not sufficient to be able to shine herself. All men with pretensions desire this, though few, if any, have courage to avow it: I believe the truth is, that a man must be very conscious of superior abilities to endure the thought of having a rival near the throne, though that rival was his wife; and as it is said that no man is a hero to his valet de chambre, it may be concluded, that few men can retain their position on the pedestal of *genius vis-à-vis* to one who has been behind the curtain, unless that one is unskilled in the art of judging, and consequently admires the more because she does not understand. Genius, like greatness, should be seen at a distance, for neither will bear a too close inspection. Imagine the hero of an hundred fights in his cotton night-cap, subject to all the infirmities of human nature, and there is an end of his sublimity,—and see a poet whose works have raised our thoughts above this sphere of common every-day existence, and who, Prometheus-like, has stolen fire from heaven to animate the children of clay,—see him in the throes of poetic labour, blotting, tearing, re-writing the lines we suppose him to have poured forth with Homeric inspiration, and, in the intervals, eating, drinking and sleeping, like the most ordinary mortal, and he soon sinks to a level with them in our estimation. I am sure, (said Byron,) we can never justly appreciate the works of those with whom we have lived on familiar terms; I have felt this myself, and it applies to poets more than all other writers. They should live in solitude, rendering their presence more desired by its rarity; never submit to the gratification of the animal appetite of eating in company, and be as distinct in their general habits, as in their genius, from the common herd of mankind." He laughed heartily when he had finished this speech, and added, "I have had serious thoughts of drawing up a little code of in-

structions for my brethren of the craft. I don't think my friend Moore would adopt it, and he, perhaps, is the only exception who would be privileged to adhere to his present regime, as he can certainly pass the ordeal of dinners without losing any of his poetical reputation, since the brilliant things that come from his lips reconcile one to the solid things that go into them."

"We have had 'Pleasures of Hope,' 'Pleasures of Memory,' 'Pleasures of Imagination,' and 'Pleasures of Love.' I wonder that no one has thought of writing 'Pleasures of Fear,' (said Byron.) It surely is a poetical subject, and much might be made of it in good hands. I answered, why do you not undertake it? He replied, "Why, I have endeavoured through life to make believe that I am unacquainted with the passion, so I must not now show any intimacy with it lest I be accused of cowardice, which is, I believe, the only charge that has not yet been brought against me. But, joking apart, it would be a fine subject, and has more of the true sublime than any of the other passions. I have always found more difficulty in hitting on a subject than in filling it up, and so I dare say do most people; and I have remarked that I could never make much of a subject suggested to me by another. I have sometimes dreamt of subjects and incidents (continued he,) may have nearly filled up an outline of a tale while under the influence of sleep, but have found it too wild to work up into any thing. Dreams are strange things; and here, again, is one of the incomprehensibilities of nature. I could tell you extraordinary things of dreams, and as true as extraordinary, but you would laugh at my superstition. Mine are always troubled and disagreeable; and one of the most fearful thoughts that ever crossed my mind during moments of gloomy scepticism, has been the possibility that the *last* sleep may not be dreamless. Fancy an endless dream of horror—it is too dreadful to think of—this thought alone would lead the veriest clod of animated clay that ever existed to aspirations after immortality. The difference between a religious and an irreligious man (said Byron,) is, that the one sacrifices the present to the future; and the other the future to the present." I observed, that grovelling must be the mind that can content itself with the *present*; even those who are occupied only with their pleasures find the insufficiency of it, and must have something to look forward to in the morrow of the future, so unsatisfying is the to-day of the present. Byron said that he agreed with me, and added, "The belief in the immortality of the soul is the only true panacea for the ills of life."

"You will like the Italian women (said Byron,) and I advise you to cultivate their

acquaintance. They are natural, frank, and good-natured, and have none of the affectation, pettiness, jealousy and malice, that characterize our more polished countrymen. This gives a raciness to their ideas as well as manners, that to me is peculiarly pleasing; and I feel with an Italian woman as if she was a full grown child, possessing the buoyancy and playfulness of infancy with the deep feeling of womanhood; none of that conventional *maniérisme* that one meets with from the first patrician circles in England, justly styled the marble age, so cold and polished, to the second and third coteries, where a coarse caricature is given of the unpenetrated and *impenetrable* mysteries of the *first*. When dullness supported by the *many*, silences talent and originality, upheld by the few, Madame de Staél used to say, that our great balls and assemblies of hundreds in London, to which all flocked, were admirably calculated to reduce all to the same level, and were got up with this intention. In the torrid zone of suffocating hundreds, mediocrity and excellence had equal chances, for neither could be remarked or distinguished; conversation was impracticable, reflection put *hors de combat*, and common sense, by universal accord, sent to Coventry; so that after a season in London one doubted one's own identity, and was tempted to repeat the lines in the child's book, 'If I be not I, who can I be?' So completely was one's faculties reduced to the conventional standard. The Italians know not this artificial state of society; their circles are limited and social; they love or hate; but then they 'do their hating gently'; the clever among them are allowed a distinguished place, and the less endowed admires, instead of depreciating, what he cannot attain, and all and each contribute to the general stock of happiness. Misanthropy is unknown in Italy, as are many of the other exotic passions, forced into flower by the hot-beds of civilization; and yet in *moral* England you will hear people express their horror of the freedom and immorality of the Italians, whose errors are but as the weeds which a too warm sun brings forth, while ours are stinging-nettles of a soil rendered rank by its too great richness. Nature is all-powerful in Italy, and who is it that would not prefer the sins of her exuberance to the crimes of art? Lay aside ceremony, and meet them with their own warmth and frankness, and I answer for it you will leave those whom you sought as acquaintances friends, instead of, as in England, scarcely retaining as acquaintances those with whom you started in life as friends. Who ever saw in Italy the nearest and dearest relations, bursting asunder all the ties of consanguinity, from some worldly and interested motive? And yet this so frequently takes place in England, that, after an ab-

sence of a year or two, one dare hardly inquire of a sister after a sister, or a brother after a brother, as one is afraid to be told not that they are dead—but that they have cut each other."

"I ought to be an excellent comic writer, (said Byron) if it be true, as some assert, that melancholy people succeed best in comedy, and gay people in tragedy; and Moore would make, by that rule, a first rate tragic writer. I have known, among amateur authors, some of the gayest persons, whose compositions were all of a melancholy turn; and for myself, some of my nearest approaches to comic have been written under a deep depression of spirits: this is strange, but so is all that appertains to our strange natures; and the more we analyse the anomalies in ourselves or others, the more incomprehensible they appear. I believe (continued Byron,) the less we reflect on them the better, at least I am sure those that reflect the least are the happiest. I once heard a clever medical man say, that if a person were to occupy himself a certain time in counting the pulsations of his heart, it would have the effect of accelerating its movements, and, if continued, would produce disease. So it is with the mind and nature of man; our examinations and reflections lead to no definitive conclusions, and often engender a morbid state of feeling, that increases the anomalies for which we sought to account. We know that we live (continued Byron,) and to live and to suffer are, in my opinion, synonymous. We know also, that we shall die, though the how, the when, and the where, we are ignorant of, the whole knowledge of man can pierce no farther, and centuries revolving on centuries have made us no wiser. I think it was Luther who said that the human mind was like a drunken man on horseback—prop it on one side, and it falls on the other: who that has entered into the recesses of his own mind, or examined all that is exposed in the minds of others, but must have discovered this tendency to weakness, which is generally in proportion to the strength of some other faculty. Great imagination is seldom accompanied by equal powers of reason, and vice versa, so that we rarely possess superiority on any one point, except at the expense of another. It is surely then unjust (continued Byron laughing,) to render poets responsible for their want of common sense, since it is only by the excess of imagination they can arrive at being poets, and this excess debars reason; indeed the very circumstance of a man's yielding to the vocation of a poet, ought to serve as a voucher that he is no longer of sound mind."

Byron always became gay when any subject afforded him an opportunity of ridiculing poets; he entered into it *con amore*, and

generally ended by some sarcasm on the profession, or on himself. He has often said "We of the craft are all crazy, but I more than the rest; some are affected by gaiety, others by melancholy, but all are more or less touched, though few except myself have the candour to avow it, which I do to spare my friends the pain of sending it forth to the world. This very candour is another proof that I am not of sound mind, (continued he,) for people will be sure to say how far gone he must be, when he admits it; on the principle that when a belle or beau owns to thirty-five, the world gives them credit for at least seven years more, from the belief that if we seldom speak the truth of others, we never do of ourselves, at least on subjects of personal interest or vanity."

Talking of an acquaintance, Byron said,— "Look at ——, and see how he gets on in the world—he is as unwilling to do a bad action as he is incapable of doing good: fear prevents the first, and *mechanceté* the second. The difference between —— and me is, that I abuse many, and really, with one or two exceptions, (and mind you, they are males,) hate none; and he abuses none and hates many, if not all. Fancy—in the Palace of Truth, what good fun it would be, to hear him, while he believed himself uttering the most honied compliments, giving vent to all the spite and rancour that has been pent up in his mind for years, and then to see the persons he has been so long flattering hearing his real sentiments for the first time: this would be rare fun! Now, I would appear to great advantage in the Palace of Truth (continued Byron,) though you look ill-naturedly incredulous; for while I thought I was vexing friends and foes with spiteful speeches, I should be saying good-natured things, for, *au fond*, I have no malice, at least none that lasts beyond the moment." Never was there a more true observation; Byron's is a fine nature, spite of all the weeds that may have sprung up in it; and I am convinced that it is the excellency of the poet, or rather let me say, the effect of that excellency that has produced the defects of the man. In proportion to the admiration one has excited, has been the severity of the censure bestowed on the other, and often most unjustly. The world has burnt incense before the poet, and heaped ashes on the head of the man. This has revolted and driven him out of the pale of social life: his wounded pride has avenged itself, by painting his own portrait in the most sombre colours, as if to give a still darker picture than has yet been drawn by his foes, while glorying in forcing even from his foes an admiration as unbounded for his genius as has been their disapprobation for his character. Had his errors met with more mercy, he might have been a

less grand poet, but he would have been a more estimable man; the good that is now dormant in his nature would have been called forth, and the evil would not have been excited. The blast that withers the rose destroys not its thorns, which often remain, the sole remembrancer of the flower they grow near; and so it is with some of our finest qualities,—blighted by unkindness, we can only trace them by the faults their destruction has made visible.

Lord Byron, in talking of his friend, La Comte Pietro Gamba, (the brother of La Contessa Guiccioli,) whom he had presented to us soon after our arrival at Genoa, remarked, that he was one of the most amiable, brave, and excellent young men, he had ever encountered, with a thirst for knowledge, and a disinterestedness rarely to be met with. "He is my grand *point d'appui* for Greece," said he, "as I know he will neither deceive nor flatter me." We have found La Comte Pietro Gamba exactly what Lord Byron had described him; sensible, mild, and amiable, devotedly attached to Lord B., and dreaming of glory and Greece. He is extremely good-looking, and Lord Byron told us he resembled his sister very much, which I dare say increased his partiality for him not a little.

Habit has a strong influence over Byron; he likes routine, and detests what he calls being put out of his way. He told me that any infringement on his habitual way of living, or passing his time, annoyed him. Talking of thin women he said, that if they were young and pretty, they reminded him of dried butterflies; but if neither, of spiders, whose nets would never catch him were he a fly, as they had nothing tempting. A new book is a treasure to him, provided it is really new; for having read more than perhaps any man of his age, he can immediately discover a want of originality, and throws by the book in disgust at the first wilful plagiary he detects.

Talking of Mr. Ward,* Lord Byron said— "Ward is one of the best informed men I know, and, in a *tête-à-tête*, is one of the most agreeable companions. He has great originality, and, being *tres distract*, it adds to the piquancy of his observations, which are sometimes somewhat *trop naïve*, though always amusing. This naïveté of his is the more piquant from his being really a good-natured man, who unconsciously thinks aloud. Interest Ward on a subject, and I know no one who can talk better. His expressions are concise without being poor, and terse and epigrammatic without being affected. He can compress (continued Byron) as much into a few words as any one I know; and if he gave more of his attention to his associates, and less to himself, he would be one

of the few whom one could praise, without being compelled to use the conjunction *but*. Ward has bad health, and unfortunately, like all valetudinarians, it occupies his attention too much, which will probably bring on a worse state, (continued Byron)—that of confirmed egoism,—a malady, that, though not to be found in the catalogue of ailments to which man is subject, yet perhaps is more to be dreaded than all that are."

I observed that egoism is in general the malady of the aged; and that, it appears, we become occupied with our own existence in proportion as it ceases to be interesting to others. "Yes, (said Byron,) on the same principle as we see the plainest people the vainest,—nature giving them vanity and self-love to supply the want of that admiration they never can find in others. I can therefore pity and forgive the vanity of the ugly and deformed, whose sole consolation it is; but the handsome, whose good looks are mirrored in the eyes of all around them, should be content with that, and not indulge in such egregious vanity as they give way to in general. But to return to Ward, (said Byron,) and this is not *apropos* to vanity, for I never saw any one who has less. He is not properly appreciated in England. The English can better understand and enjoy the *bon mots* of a *bon vivant*, who can at all times set the table in a roar, than the neat *répliques* of Ward, which, exciting reflection, are more likely to silence the rabble-riot of intemperance. They like better the person who makes them laugh, though often at their own expense, than he who forces them to think,—an operation which the mental faculties of few of them are calculated to perform: so that poor Ward, finding himself undervalued, sinks into self, and this, at the long run, is dangerous:—

* For well we know, the mind, too finely wrought,
Preys on itself, and is o'erpowered by thought.'

"There are many men in England of superior abilities, (continued Byron,) who are lost from the habits and inferiority of their associates. Such men, finding that they cannot raise their companions to their level, are but too apt to let themselves down to that of the persons they live with; and hence many a man condescends to be merely a wit, and man of pleasure, who was born for better things. Poor Sheridan often played this character in society; but he maintained his superiority over the herd, by having established a literary and poetical reputation; and as I have heard him more than once say, when his jokes had drawn down plaudits from companions, to whom, of an evening at least, sobriety and sadness were alike unknown,—'It is some consolation that if I set the table in a roar, I can at pleasure set the senate in a roar,' and this was muttered while under the influence of wine, and as

* Now Lord Dudley.

if apologizing to his own mind for the profanation it was evident he felt he had offered to it at the moment. Lord A—ley is a delightful companion, (said Byron,) brilliant, witty and playful; he can be irresistibly comic when he pleases, but what could he not be if he pleased? for he has talents to be any thing. I lose patience when I see such a man throw himself away; for there are plenty of men who could be witty, brilliant, and comic, but who could be nothing else, while he is all these, but could be much more. How many men have made a figure in public life, without half his abilities! But indolence and the love of pleasure will be the bane of A—y, as it has been of many a man of talent before."

The more I see of Byron, the more am I convinced that all he says and does should be judged more leniently than the sayings and doings of others—as his proceed from the impulse of the moment, and never from premeditated malice. He cannot resist expressing whatever comes into his mind; and the least shade of the ridiculous is seized by him at a glance, and portrayed with a facility and felicity that must encourage the propensity to ridicule which is inherent in him. All the malice of his nature has lodged itself on his lips and the fingers of his right hand—for there is none, I am persuaded, to be found in his heart, which has more of good than most people give him credit for, except those who have lived with him on habits of intimacy. He enters into society as children do their play-ground, for relaxation and amusement, when his mind has been strained to its utmost stretch, and that he feels the necessity of unbending it. Ridicule is his play; it amuses him perhaps the more that he sees it amuses others, and much of its severity is mitigated by the boyish glee, and laughing sportiveness, with which his sallies are uttered. All this is felt when he is conversing, but unfortunately it cannot be conveyed to the reader; the narrator would therefore deprecate the censure his sarcasms may excite, in memory of the smiles and gaiety that palliated them when spoken.

Byron is fond of talking of Napoleon; and told me that his admiration of him had much increased since he had been in Italy, and witnessed the stupendous works he had planned and executed. "To pass through Italy without thinking of Napoleon, (said he,) is like visiting Naples without looking at Vesuvius." Seeing me smile at the comparison, he added—"Though the works of one are indestructible, and the other destructive, still one is continually reminded of the power of both." "And yet (said I) there are days, that, like all your other favourites, Napoleon does not escape censure." "That may be, (said Byron,) but I find fault, and quarrel with Napoleon, as a lover does with the trifling faults of his mistress, from ex-

cessive liking, which tempts me to desire that he had been all faultless; and, like the lover, I return with renewed fondness after each quarrel. Napoleon (continued Byron) was a grand creature, and though he was hurled from his pedestal, after having made thrones his footstool, his memory still remains, like the colossal statue of the Memnon, though cast down from its seat of honour, still bearing the ineffaceable traces of grandeur and sublimity, to astonish future ages. When Metternich (continued Byron,) was depreciating the genius of Napoleon, in a circle at Vienna where his word was a law and his nod a decree, he appealed to John William Ward if Bonaparte had not been greatly overrare,—Ward's answer was as courageous as admirable. He replied, that 'Napoleon had rendered past glory doubtful, and future fame impossible.' This was expressed in French, and such pure French, that all present were struck with admiration, no less with the thought that with the mode of expressing it." I told Byron that this reminded me of a reply made by Mr. Ward to a lady at Vienna, who somewhat rudely remarked to him, that it was strange that all the best society at Vienna spoke French as well as German, while the English scarcely spoke French at all, or spoke it ill. Ward answered, that the English must be excused for their want of practice, as the French army had not been twice to London to teach them, as they had been at Vienna. "The coolness of Ward's manner (said Byron) must have lent force to such a reply: I have heard him say many things worth remembering, and the neatness of their expression was as remarkable as the justness of the thought. It is a pity (continued Byron) that Ward has not written any thing: his style, judging by letters of his that I have seen, is admirable, and reminded me of Sallust."

Having, one day, taken the liberty of (what he termed) scolding Lord Byron, and finding him take it with his usual good nature, I observed that I was agreeably surprised by the patience with which he listened to my lectures; he smiled, and replied. "No man dislikes being lectured by a woman, provided she be not his mother, sister, wife, or mistress: first, it implies that she takes an interest in him, and, secondly, that she does not think him irreclaimable: then, there is not that air of superiority in women when they give advice, that men, particularly one's contemporaries, affect; and even if there was, men think their own superiority so acknowledged, that they listen without humiliation to the *gentler*, I don't say weaker, sex. There is one exception, however, for I confess I could not stand being lectured by Lady —; but then she is neither of the weak nor gentle sex—she is a nondescript, having all the faults of both

sexes, without the virtues of either. Two lines in the 'Henriade' describing Catharine de Medicis, seem made for Lady — (continued Byron)—

"Pendant un mot, pour n'en pas dire plus,
Les défauts de son sexe, et peu de ses vertus."

I remember only one instance of Byron's being displeased with my frankness. We were returning on horseback from Nervi, and in defending a friend of mine, whom he reviled with all the slings and arrows of ridicule and sarcasm, I was obliged to be more frank than usual; and having at that moment arrived at the turn of the road that led to Albaro, he politely but coldly wished me good-bye, and galloped off. We had scarcely advanced a hundred yards, when he came galloping after us, and reaching out his hand, said to me, "Come, come, give me your hand, I cannot bear that we should part so formally: I am sure what you have said was right, and meant for my good, so God bless you, and to-morrow we shall ride again, and I promise to say nothing that can produce a lesson." We all agreed that we had never seen Byron appear to so much advantage. He gives me the idea of being the man the most easily to be managed I ever saw: I wish Lady Byron had discovered the means, and both might now be happier.

Lord Byron told me that La Contessa Guicciolli had repeatedly asked him to discontinue Don Juan, as its immorality shocked her, and that she could not bear that anything of the kind should be written under the same roof with her. "To please her, (said Byron) I gave it up for some time, and have only got permission to continue it on condition of making my hero a more moral person; I shall end by making him turn Methodist; this will please the English, and be an amende honourable for his sins and mine. I once got an anonymous letter, written in a very beautiful female hand (said Byron,) on the subject of Don Juan, with a beautiful drawing, beneath which was written—When Byron wrote the first Canto of Don Juan, Love, that had often guided his pen, resigned it to Sensuality—and Modesty, covering her face with her veil, to hide her blushes and dry her tears, fled from him forever. The drawing (continued Byron) represented Love and Modesty turning their backs on wicked Me,—and Sensuality, a fat, flushed, wingless Cupid, presenting me with a pen. Was not this a pretty conceit? at all events, it is some consolation to occupy the attention of women so much, though it is but by my faults; and I confess it gratifies me. Apropos to Cupid—it is strange (said Byron) that the ancients, in their mythology, should represent Wisdom by a woman, and Love by a boy; how do you account for this? I confess I have little faith in Minerva, and think that Wisdom is, perhaps, the last attribute I should be inclined to give women;

but then I do allow, that Love would be more suitably represented by a female than a male; for men or boys feel not the passion with the delicacy and purity that women do; and this is my real opinion, which must be my peace-offering for doubting the wisdom of your sex."

Byron is infirm of purpose—decides without reflection—and gives up his plans if they are opposed for any length of time; but, as far as I can judge of him, though he yields, he does it not with a good grace: he is a man likely to show that such a sacrifice of self-will was offered up more through indolence than affection, so that his yielding can seldom be quite satisfactory, at least to a delicate mind. He says that all women are *exigante*, and apt to be dissatisfied; he is, as I have told him, too selfish and indolent not to have given those who had more than a common interest in him cause to be so. It is such men as Byron who complain of women; they touch not the chords that give sweet music in woman's breast, but strike—with a bold and careless hand—those that jar and send forth discord. Byron has a false notion on the subject of women; he fancies that they are all disposed to be tyrants, and that the moment they know their power they abuse it. We have had many arguments on this point—I maintaining that the more disposed men were to yield to the empire of woman, the less were they inclined to exact, as submission disarmed, and attention and affection enslaved them.

Men are capable of making great sacrifices, who are not willing to make the lesser ones, on which so much of the happiness of life depends. The great sacrifices are seldom called for, but the minor ones are in daily requisition; and the making them with cheerfulness and grace enhances their value, and banishes from the domestic circle the various misunderstandings, discussions, and coldnesses, that arise to embitter existence, where a little self-denial might have kept them off. Woman is a creature of feeling,—easily wounded, but susceptible of all the soft and kind emotions: destroy this sensitiveness, and you rob her of her greatest attraction; study her happiness, and you insure your own.

"One of the things that most pleases me in the Italian character (said Byron) is the total absence of that belief which exists so generally in England in the mind of each individual, that the circle in which he lives, and which he dignifies by calling *The World*, is occupied with him and his actions,—an idea founded on the extreme vanity that characterizes the English, and that precludes the possibility of living for oneself or those immediately around one. How many of my *soi disant* friends in England are dupes to this vanity (continued Byron)—keeping up expensive establishments they

can ill afford—living in crowds, and with people who do not suit them—feeling ennuyed day after day, and yet submitting to all this tiresome routine of vapid reunions,—living, during the fashionable season, if living it can be called, in a state of intermitting fever, for the sake of being considered to belong to a certain set. During the time I passed in London, I always remarked that I never met a person who did not tell me how bored he or she had been the day or night before at Lady This or Lady That's; and when I've asked why do you go if it bores you? the invariable answer has been—'One can't help going; it would be so odd not to go.' Old and young, ugly and handsome, all have the rage in England of losing their identity in crowds; and prefer conjugating the verb *ennuyer*, *en masse* in heated rooms, to conning it over in privacy in a purer atmosphere. The constancy and perseverance with which our compatriots support fashionable life, have always been to me a subject of wonder if not of admiration, and proves what they might be capable of in a good cause. I am curious to know (continued Byron) if the rising generation will fall into the same insane routine; though it is to be hoped the march of intellect will have some influence in establishing something like society, which has hitherto been only to be found in country houses. I spent a week at Lady J——y's once, and very agreeably it passed: the guests were well chosen, the host and hostess 'on hospitable thoughts intent,' the establishment combining all the luxury of a *maison manteé en principe* with the ease and comfort of a well ordered home. How different do the same people appear in London and in the country!—they are hardly to be recognized. In the latter they are as natural and unaffected as they are insipid or over-excited in the former. A certain place (continued Byron) not to be named to 'ears polite,' is said to be paved with good intentions, and London (viewing the effect it produces on its fashionable inhabitants) may really be supposed to be paved with evil passions, as few can touch its *pavé* without contamination. I have been reading Lord John Russell's Essays on London Society, and find them clever and amusing (said Byron,) but too microscopic for my taste: he has, however, treated the subject with a lightness and playfulness best suited to it, and his reflections show an accuracy of observation that proves he is capable of better things. He who would take a just view of the world must neither examine it through a microscope nor a magnifying glass. Lord John is a sensible and amiable man, and bids fair to distinguish himself.

"Do you know Hallam? (said Byron.) Of course I need not ask you if you have read his Middle Ages: it is an admirable work,

full of research and does Hallam honour. I know no one capable of having written it except him; for, admitting that a writer could be found who could bring to the task his knowledge and talents, it would be difficult to find one who united to these his research, patience, and perspicuity of style.—The reflections of Hallam are at once just and profound—his language well chosen and impressive. I remember (continued Byron,) being struck by a passage, where, touching on the Venetians, he writes—'Too blind to avert danger, too cowardly to withstand it, the most ancient government in Europe made not an instant's resistance: the peasants of Underwald died upon their mountains—the nobles of Venice clung only to their lives.' This is the style in which history ought to be written, if it is wished to impress it on the memory; and I found myself, on my first perusal of the Middle Ages, repeating aloud many such passages as the one I have cited, they struck my fancy so much. Robertson's State of Europe, in his 'Charles the Fifth,' is another of my great favourites (continued Byron;) it contains an epitome of information. Such works do more towards the extension of knowledge than half the ponderous tomes that lumber up our libraries: they are the rail-roads to learning; while the others are the neglected old roads that deter us from attempting the journey.

"It is strange (said Byron) that we are in general much more influenced by the opinions of those whose sentiments ought to be a matter of indifference to us, than by that of near or dear friends; nay, we often do things totally opposed to the opinions of the latter (on whom much, if not all our comfort depends,) to cultivate that of the former, who are or can be nothing in the scale of our happiness. It is in this opposition between our conduct and our affections that much of our troubles originates; it loosens the bonds of affection between us and those we ought to please, and fails to excite any good will in those whom our vanity leads us to wish to propitiate, because they are regardless of us and of our actions. With all our selfishness, this is a great mistake (continued Byron;) for, as I take for granted, we have all some feelings of natural affection for our kindred or friends, and consequently wish to retain theirs, we never wound or offend them without its re-acting on ourselves, by alienating them from us: hence *selfishness* ought to make us study the wishes of those to whom we look for happiness; and the principle of doing as you would be done by, a principle, which, if acted upon, could not fail to add to the stock of general good, was founded in wisdom and knowledge of the selfishness of human nature."

Talking of Mr. D. K——, Byron said, "My friend Dug is a proof that a good heart cannot compensate for an irritable temper:

whenever he is named, people dwell on the last and pass over the first; and yet he really has an excellent heart, and a sound head, of which I, in common with many others of his friends, have had various proofs. He is clever too, and well-informed, and I do think would have made a figure in the world, were it not for his temper, which gives a dictatorial tone to his manner, that is offensive to the *amour propre* of those with whom he mixes; and when you alarm that (said Byron) there is an end of your influence. By tacitly admitting the claims of vanity of others, you make at least acquiescent beholders of your own, and this is something gained; for, depend on it, disguise it how you will, vanity is the prime mover in most, if not all of us, and some of the actions and works that have the most excited our admiration, have been inspired by this passion that *none* will own to, yet that influences *all*.

The great difference between the happy and unhappy (said Byron) is, that the former are afraid to contemplate death, and the latter look forward to it as a release from suffering. Now as death is inevitable, and life brief and uncertain, unhappiness, viewed in this point, is rather desirable than otherwise; but few, I fear, derive consolation from the reflection. I think of death often, (continued Byron) as I believe do most people who are not happy, and view it as a refuge 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' There is 'something calm and soothing to me in the thought of death; and the only time that I feel repugnance to it is on a fine day, in solitude, in a beautiful country, when all nature seems rejoicing in light and life. The contrast then between the beautiful and animated world around me, and the dark narrow grave, gives a chill to the feelings; for, with all the boasted philosophy of man, his physical being influences his notions of that state where they can be felt no more. The nailed-down coffin, and the dark gloomy vault, or grave, always mingle with our thoughts of death; then the decomposition of our mortal frames, the being preyed on by reptiles, add to the disgusting horror of the picture, and one has need of all the hopes of immortality to enable one to pass over this bridge between the life we know and the life we hope to find.

"Do you know (said Byron) that when I have looked on some face that I love, imagination has often figured the changes that Death must one day produce on it—the worm rioting on lips now smiling, the features and hues of health changed to the livid and ghastly tints of putrefaction; and the image conjured up by my fancy, but which is as true as it is a fearful anticipation of what must arrive, has left an impression for hours that the actual presence of the object, in all the bloom of health, has not been able to banish: this is one of my pleasures of imagination."

Talking of hypochondriasm, Byron said that the world had little compassion for two of the most serious ills that human nature is subject to,—mental or bodily hypochondriasm: "Real ailments may be cured, (said he,) but imaginary ones, either moral or physical, admit of no remedy. People analyse the supposed causes of maladies of the mind; and if the sufferer be rich, well born, well looking, and clever in any way, they conclude he, or she, can have no cause for unhappiness; nay, assign the cleverness, which is often the source of unhappiness, as among the adventitious gifts that increase, or ought to increase, felicity, and pity not the unhappiness they cannot understand. They take the same view of imaginary physical ailments, never reflecting that happiness (or health) is often but in opinion; and that he who believes himself wretched or ill suffers perhaps more than he who has real cause for wretchedness, or who is labouring under disease with less acute sensibility to feel his troubles, and nerves subdued by ill health, which prevents his suffering from bodily ills as severely as does the hypochondriac from imaginary ones. The irritability of genius (continued Byron) is nothing more or less than a delicacy of organization, which gives a susceptibility to impressions to which coarser minds are never subject, and cultivation and refinement but increase it, until the unhappy victim becomes a prey to mental hypochondriasm."

Byron furnished a melancholy illustration of the fate of genius; and, while he dwelt on the diseases to which it is subject, I looked at his fine features, already marked by premature age, and his face "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and stamped with decay, until I felt that *his* was no hypothetical statement. Alas!

"Noblest minds

*Sink soonest into ruin, like a tree
That, with the weight of its own golden fruitage,
Is bent down to the dust.*

"Do you know Mackintosh? (asked Lord Byron)—this is a mind of powerful calibre. Madame de Staél used to extol him to the skies, and was perfectly sincere in her admiration of him, which was not the case with all whom she praised. Mackintosh also praised her; but his is a mind that, as Moore writes, 'rather loves to praise than blame,' for with a judgment so comprehensive, a knowledge so general, and a critical acumen rarely to be met with, his sentences were never severe. He is a powerful writer and speaker; there is an earnestness and vigour in his style, and a force and purity in his language, equally free from inflation and loquacity. Lord Erskine is, I know, a friend of yours (continued Byron,) and a most gifted person he is: the Scotch are certainly very superior people; with intellects naturally more acute than the English, they are

better educated and make better men of business. Erskine is full of imagination, and in this he resembles your countrymen the Irish more than the Scotch. The Irish would make better poets, and the Scotch philosopher; but this excess of imagination gives a redundancy to the writings and speeches of the Irish that I object to: they come down on one with similes, tropes, and metaphors, a superabundance of riches that makes one long for a little plain matter of fact. An Irishman, of course I mean a clever one, (continued Byron,) educated in Scotland, would be perfection, for the Scots professors would prune down the over-luxuriant shoots of his imagination, and strengthen his reasoning powers. I hope you are not very much offended with me for this critique on your countrymen (continued Byron;) but *en-révanche*, I give you *carte blanche* to attack mine, as much as you please, and will join you in your strictures to the utmost extent to which you wish to go. Lord Erskine is, or was, (said Byron,)—for I suppose age has not improved him more than it generally does people,—the most brilliant person imaginable;—quick, vivacious, and sparkling, he spoke so well that I never felt tired of listening to him, even when he abandoned himself to that subject of which all his other friends and acquaintances expressed themselves so fatigued—*self*. His egotism was remarkable, but there was a *bonhomie* in it that showed he had a better opinion of mankind than they deserved; for it implied a belief that his listeners could be interested in what concerned him, whom they professed to like. He was deceived in this (continued Byron) as are all who have a favourable opinion of their fellow-men: in society all and each are occupied with *self*, and can rarely pardon any one who presumes to draw their attention to other subjects for any length of time. Erskine had been a great man, and he knew it: and in talking so continually of *self*, imagined that he was but the echo of fame. All his talents, wit, and brilliancy were insufficient to excuse this weakness in the opinion of his friends; and I have seen bores, acknowledged bores, turn from this clever man, with every symptom of ennui, when he has been reciting an interesting anecdote, merely because he was the principal actor in it.

"This fastidiousness of the English (continued Byron,) and habit of pronouncing people bores, often impose on strangers and stupid people, who conceive that it arises from delicacy of taste and superior abilities. I never was taken in by it, for I have generally found that those who were the most ready to pronounce others bores, had the most indisputable claims to that title in their own persons. The truth is (continued Byron) the English are very envious, being *au fond*, conscious that they are dreadfully dull; being loquacious without liveliness, proud without

dignity, and *brusque* without sincerity, they never forgive those who show that they have made the same discovery, or who occupy public attention, of which they are jealous. An Englishman rarely condescends to take the trouble of conciliating admiration (though he is jealous of esteem,) and he as rarely pardons those who have succeeded in attaining it. They are jealous (continued Byron) of popularity of every sort, and not only depreciate the talents that obtain it, whatever they may be, but the person who possesses them. I have seen in London, in one of the circles the most *récherche*, a literary man *a-la-mode* universally attacked by the *élite* of the party, who were damning his merits with faint praise, and drawing his defects into notice, until some other candidate for approbation as a conversationist, a singer, or even a dancer, was named, when all fell upon him—proving that a superiority of tongue, voice, or heel, was as little to be pardoned as genius or talent. I have known people (continued Byron) talk of the highest efforts of genius as if they had been within the reach of each of the commonplace individuals of the circle; and comment on the acute reasonings of some logician as if they could have made the same deductions from the same premises, though ignorant of the most simple syllogism. Their very ignorance of the subjects on which they pronounce is perhaps the cause of the fearless decisions they give, for, knowing nought, they think every thing easy; but this impertinence (continued Byron) is difficult to be borne by those who know 'how painful 'tis to climb,' and who having, by labour, gained some one of the eminences in literature—which, alas! as we all know, are but as mole-hills compared to the acclivity they aim at ascending—are the more deeply impressed with the difficulties that they have yet to surmount. I have never yet been satisfied with any one of my own productions; I cannot read them over without detecting a thousand faults; but when I read critiques upon them by those who could not have written them, I lose my patience."

"There is an old and stupid song (said Byron) that says—'Friendship with women is sister to love.' There is some truth in this; for let a man form a friendship with a woman, even 'tough she be no longer young or handsome, there is a softness and tenderness attached to it that no male friendship can know. A proof of this is, that Lady M——, who might have been my mother, excited an interest in my feelings that few young women have been able to awaken. She was a charming person—a sort of modern Aspasia, uniting the energy of a man's mind with the delicacy and tenderness of a woman's. She wrote and spoke admirably, because she felt admirably. Envy, malice, hatred, or uncharitableness found no place in her feelings." (To be continued.)

From Frazer's Magazine.

COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

"More gorgeous Lady Blessington." Here she is; and, for want of a better, we apply to her ladyship the liquorish epithet with which the late Dr. Parr, of Whig and wig memory, addressed her, in a note of thanks for a large, spicy, delicious, and magnificent twelfth cake, and because it is well known, all the world over, that there is no such judges of beauties and sweets as the priesthood.

It is clear that our ancient and venerable friend,

"With twinkling eyes and visage chubby,"

did in this renowned adjective endeavour to express, by one word, the many rare and racy qualities for which the countess is distinguished, blending the saccharine remembrance of the cake with his relish of her intellectual piety. As to her beauty, it would not have been becoming his cloth to have made more than a remote allusion; for, in consideration of their professional privileges, the clergy have renounced the enjoyments of the world, and only consent to plenish the earth in obedience to the first commandment given to him in the Book of Genesis.

The old doctor had, among the alloy of his Whiggish predilections and penchants, a very rich vein of opinion concerning Lady Blessington's understanding, and once said that she would be more interesting when an old woman, with her shrewd and masculine mind, than even now with all her beauty; adding, with a luxuriant laugh, quite ineffable, "that meteors were not stars, however bright, though more gazed at."

Though Lady Blessington is not sufficiently of a "certain age" to entitle her to rank among the *bon bleus*, yet the prediction of the perspicacious doctor begins to be fulfilled, and she is now dawning to the public with the radiance that has long delighted her friends.

Since the publication of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, nothing of the kind so good as her *Conversations with Lord Byron* has appeared: their only fault arises from showing his lordship always in his best bib and tucker, as if he had some innate apprehension that she saw through him. Indeed, it is a truth she did; for with a keen perception of his good qualities, she has not hesitated to show his ridiculous affectation of seeming worse than he could be, by her verbatim version of what he said.

But she has been very indulgent, and put herself under a greater restraint than was at all necessary. She should have given the uninitiated world the names at full length, and told us something of the amiable sentiments which his lordship cherished Lord Brougham, who did so much in the *Edinburgh Review* to make him a poet. Considering her sex, however, it is natural to suppose she stood in awe of the Lord Chancellor's—wig; for throughout

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her composition it is evident she had a due regard for the dogmatic critic who wrote in the aforesaid Review that exceedingly judicious article respecting the Spaniard Cevallos, and therefore she withheld every thing concerning him likely to render him ridiculous.

Her ladyship when abroad made, we understand, many sketches of eminent characters, which we hope she will be induced to publish; for if the *vraisemblable* is equal to the mirror-like reflection of Byron, they will be as acceptable, though some of the originals may perhaps not to be so well known here. It is in the exercise of the feminine faculty of discerning the peculiarities of character that her ladyship excels; and in her talent for this species of portraiture she possesses a wand of enchantment that can only be duly appreciated by those who are acquainted with the subjects of her art and potency.

But we must conclude; for our brief limits only allow us to remark, that, although the *Conversations with Lord Byron* derive particular interest from the noble poet, the countess would "show the glory of her art" better in an original work.

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From the Spectator.

HISTORY OF THE WESLEY FAMILY.

THE WESLEYS, for several generations, were a race remarkable for conscientiousness, piety, learning, and great mental energy. The "Wesley Family" embraces, besides the celebrated founder of Arminian Methodism, a number of characters well worth studying and drawing: much remains concerning their lives, besides their various works; and numerous anecdotes are remembered of them: the result is, that they readily form the materials of an interesting work. Dr. Adam Clarke, one of the apostles of the founder himself, had already undertaken and performed the task: not, however, in a popular manner, and with a too exclusive reference to purely religious questions and ecclesiastical history. His bulky volume Mr. Dove has abridged; and incorporated with his abridgment "a considerable quantity of new matter collected from a variety of sources." It is long since we took up a volume more pregnant with instruction—with subjects for reflection—with incidents throwing so much light on poor human nature, or more varied with trying cases of worldly experience. There are, too, many instances of scrupulous conscience—of self-devotion and lofty disinterestedness—which, shown as they are frequently in the history of persecution, fill the reader with the deepest admiration of individual greatness, while they throw a dark and hateful shade upon the mass of our fellow men, more especially that small but concentrated mass that happens for the day to be the wielder of the physical force. No part of the history of England is more instructive than that of its Reformed Church; and it

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is interesting to find an epitome of it in the different members of that family from which at last, sprang the most powerful, numerous, and well-governed dissenting church in the world—the Methodists of the Arminian persuasion.

Of all the varied lives in this small but condensed and copious volume, the life of the Parish Priest of Epworth, Samuel Wesley, the father of the great John Wesley,—the controversialist, the preacher, struggling against debt, difficulties, public enemies and private grudges, fires, prison, and an enormous family,—is the fullest of incident, of improvement, and we may add amusement. No man ever so wrestled through the world. How piteous his complaints of cruel creditors! how noble his perseverance in his duties and his studies! how light and how thankful a spirit he bore, even in gaol—even over the embers of his house, his books, his manuscripts—even amidst mobs that sought his life! He accepts the charity of some of the Bishops and the Nobility; but with what a gracious and dignified humility! At the same time, his warmth of temper, his various pursuits and publications, his almost intemperate political zeal, involve him in situations and cause incidents that the genius of Fielding, had he had the handling of them, would have formed into a fine pendant for the immortal Adams.—This learned and most vigorous toiler in the vineyard not only struggled on to a very advanced age, through all species of trials, but had to bear the burden of a family of five-and-twenty children. His friend and patron Archbishop Sharp proposed to get passed for him a brief for *losses sustained by child-bearing*.—This would certainly have been one of the most singular briefs ever read in our churches.

The latest act of the life of this most extraordinary man was the publication of his great work on Job, presented to Queen Caroline. He was so desirous of having it complete in all respects, that he procured a portrait of Lord Oxford's Bloody Arab to adorn it, as the representative of the War Horse described by Job.

His wife was a woman of an extraordinarily powerful mind—learned, acute, pious, and above all, excellent in the management of her family. She died his widow, at an advanced age; and was indeed converted, from a state of what most persons would have deemed sanctity, to "true knowledge of Christianity," by her son John, at the ripe age of seventy-three, after, as her epitaph says,

"A legal night of three-score and ten."

The lives of her numerous daughters are some of them romances of real life. The female part of the family was as remarkable for intellectual endowments as the male.

From the same.

BERKELEY THE BANKER.

In Miss Martineau's "Illustration" of last month, the accessory circumstances were con-

ceived and described with so much power, that they utterly eclipsed the subject it was intended to throw light upon. We make no such complaint this time: the characters, the incidents, the dialogue, all hold a subordinate position: we are almost inclined to quarrel with the author that she has so forcibly kept down her imagination, and subdued it to the sober colour of the science she works for. Banking is the subject matter of *Berkeley the Banker*; by means of whose history, the uses of paper money are shown, as well as its abuses—the nature and danger of paper issues—the folly and crime of legislative measures that have been passed respecting the currency—and the danger and misery arising from irresponsible firms and their failures; the features of which are strikingly exhibited in the establishment of the Haleham Bank, by an adventurer called Cavendish. The history of the fraudulent banker, Montague Cavendish, Esq., is a fact far more striking and amusing than that of the honourable banker Berkeley; though the whole history of the latter—of his entrance into the firm—his domestic life—and more than all, the description of the "run" on his bank—are described with a truth and life and reality that almost defy the idea of fiction. There are two grand qualities in Miss Martineau,—first, her extraordinary knowledge of the details of life and business; and next, her power of telling the tale of her imagination with the air of one who is merely relating what has actually passed before her eyes. In Defoe, this effect was produced by dwelling on little particularities; in Miss Martineau, by the perfect keeping of the whole mass of incidents and sentiments.

One of the most extractable passages we can hit upon, is the History of the Establishment of a Bank in 1814, just previous to that enormous series of failures which shook the country to its foundations, and is only thrown into the shade by the more lurid horrors of the Panic.

A change was indeed inevitable, as Mr. Cavendish well knew; and to prepare for it had been the great object of his life for some time past. To make the most of his credit, while the credit of bankers was high, was what he talked of to his wife as the duty of a family man; and she fully agreed in it, as she well might, since she had brought him a little fortune, which had long ago been lost, partly through speculation and partly through the extravagance which had marked the beginning of their married life. Mrs. Cavendish had not the least objection to getting this money back again, if it could be obtained by her husband's credit; and she spared no pains to lessen the family expenses, and increase, by her influence, the disposable means of the bank, on the understanding that, as soon as the profits should amount to a sufficient sum, they should be applied to the purchase of an estate, which was to be settled upon herself. Thus she would not only regain her due, but some resource would be secured in case of the

very probable crash before all Mr. Cavendish's objects were attained. Economy was therefore secretly practised by both in their respective departments, while they kept up a show of opulence; and the activity of the gentleman in his various concerns, procured him the name of Jack of all trades. Nobody could justly say, however, that he was master of none; for in the art of trading with other people's money he was an adept.

When he opened his bank, his disposable means were somewhat short of those with which bankers generally set up business. He had, like others, the deposits lodged by customers, which immediately amounted to a considerable sum, as he did not disdain to receive the smallest deposits, used no ceremony in asking for them from all the simple folks who came in his way, and offered a larger interest than common upon them. He had also the advantage of lodgments of money to be transmitted to some distant place, or paid at some future time; and he could occasionally make these payments in the paper of his bank. Again, he had his own notes, which he circulated very extensively, without being particularly scrupulous as to whether he should be able to answer the demands they might bring upon him. One class of disposable means, however, he managed to begin banking without,—and that was, capital of his own.—The little that he had, and what he had been able to borrow, were invested in the corn, coal, and timber concern; and upon this concern the bank wholly depended. He undersold all the corn, coal, and timber merchants in the county, which it was less immediately ruinous to do when prices were at the highest than either before or after; and, by thus driving a trade, he raised money enough to meet the first return of his notes. This nervous beginning being got over, he went on flourishingly, getting his paper out in all directions, and always contriving to extend his other business in proportion, by a greater or less degree of underselling, till he began to grow so sanguine, that his wife took upon herself the task of watching whether he kept cash enough in the bank to meet any unexpected demand. The money thus kept in hand yielding no interest, while every other employment of banker's capital,—the discounting of bills, the advancement of money in overdrawn accounts, and the investment in government securities,—does yield interest, bankers are naturally desirous of keeping as small a sum as possible in this unproductive state; and never ventured banker to reduce his cash in hand to a smaller amount than Cavendish. His wife perpetually asked him how he was prepared for the run of a single hour upon his bank, if such a thing should happen? to which he as often replied by asking when he had ever pretended to be so prepared! and, moreover, what occasion was there to be so prepared, when nobody was dreaming of a run, and when she knew perfectly well that the best thing he could do would be stop payment at

the very commencement of a panic, having beforehand placed all his property out of the reach of his creditors.

Such were his means, and such the principles of his profits;—means which could be successfully employed, principles which could be plausibly acted upon, only in the times of banking run mad, when, the currency having been desperately tampered with, the door was opened to abuses of every sort; and the imprudence of some parties encouraged the knavery of others, to the permanent injury of every class of society in turn.

As for the expenses of the Haleham Bank, they were easily met. The owner of the house took out the rent and repairs in coals; and Enoch Pye was paid in the same way for the necessary stationary, stamps, &c.; so that there remained only the taxes, and the salaries of the people employed—a part of the latter being detained as deposits. Thus Mr. Cavendish achieved his policy of having as many incomings and as few outgoings, except his own notes, as possible.

It is not to be supposed but that Cavendish suffered much from apprehension of his credit being shaken, not by any circumstances which should suggest the idea of a run to his confiding neighbours, but through the watchfulness of other banking firms. As it is for the interest of all banks that banking credit should be preserved, a jealous observation is naturally exercised by the fraternity, the consciousness of which must be extremely irksome to the unsound. The neighbourhood of the Berkeley family was very unpleasant to the Cavendishes, though no people could be more unsuspecting or less prying: such, at least, was the character of the ladies; and Mr. Berkeley was, though a shrewd man, so open in his manner, and, notwithstanding a strong tinge of worldliness, so simple in his ways of thinking and acting, that even Mr. Cavendish would have had no fear of him, but for the fact of his having a son of high reputation as a man of business in a bank in London. Cavendish could not bear to hear of Horace; and dreaded, above all things, the occasional visits of the young man to his family. Never, since he settled at Haleham, had he been so panic-struck, as on learning, in the next spring, that Horace had been seen alighting at his father's gate from the stage-coach from London.

We are to have a second part of *Berkeley the Banker*; but what is to be done with him after the stoppage of his Bank at D—, we cannot guess. Perhaps the history is to be continued in his son Horace; who will make a fortune, and survive, by his sagacity and caution, the misfortunes of the last great "run" or "fall" of 1825—the Niagara of the Banks.

From the *Athenaeum*.

COUSIN'S INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.*

WHILE the literature of England is frittered away by penny Cyclopedias, sixpenny tracts, and compilations nick-named Entertaining, the literature of America is daily receiving valuable accessions, both of original and translated works, worthy of the age and of the country. Dulness rules over the Row; the potentates of Albemarle and Burlington streets are paralyzed; nothing of importance comes from beyond the Tweed; and we are forced to look across the Atlantic for works of permanent interest and real utility. That ruin is falling on our literature is now but too evident; it is fast sinking to the babble of childhood, and, to aid its "diffusion," will, we suppose, be brought down to the prattle of infancy; no bookseller dares speculate in an original work, because he knows it will be pirated by some compiler who executes books "as per order"—no man of genius can bear to enter into competition with the anonymous scribblers whose demerits are shielded by the names of their titled employers. There are, however, those in the land "who have not bowed the knee to Baal;" there are many who share our anxiety to increase the stores of information, to *promote knowledge* as well as *diffuse* it; and by such we are encouraged, while the genius of England remains fettered, to seek fresh fields and pastures new, where *soi-disant* societies for diffusing knowledge are as yet happily unknown.

Victor Cousin enjoys, and deserves to enjoy, great continental fame; his philosophical speculations are not matters of learned curiosity and elegant entertainment—they are pre-eminently practical, and tend to promote both social and individual happiness. He has performed the same service for what are called Metaphysics, that Socrates executed for Ethics; he has brought the philosophy of mind down to our wants and our capacities; in his hands that noble science ceases to be a mere theory—it becomes a guide to the duties, the hopes, and the great destiny of man. His works realize the beautiful description of Seneca: "Non est philosophia popularis artificium nec ostentationis paratum; non in verbis sed in rebus est. Nec in hoc adhibetur ut aliqua oblectacione consumatur dies, ut dematur otio nausea. Animum format et fabricat, vitam disponit, actiones regit, agenda et omittenda demonstrat, sedet ad gubernaculum, et per auncipit fluctuantum dirigit cursum." There was a time when we should have been surprised, and perhaps envious, that America should have the fame of first introducing Victor Cousin to the English people; but we have fallen on evil days, and must perform take patience.

The object of the course of lectures translated by Mr. Linberg, is to prove, that the His-

tory of Philosophy is, in a great degree, identified with the Philosophy of History. He shows, that the various systems of philosophy which have in different ages acquired dominion over great masses of mankind, are not to be regarded as the arbitrary productions of individual minds. A man of acknowledged genius is an impersonation of the general spirit of thought and action, which, at a particular epoch, pervaded great bodies of men. His merits consist in having presented to the minds of his brethren definite and luminous ideas of that general spirit; he creates representatives of these ideas, which are recognized and welcomed by the affections of the men to whom they are addressed—in the words of Lord Bacon, "he accommodates the shews of things to the desires of the mind." The productions of true genius are consequently recognized almost by instinct; not because they bring us information from without, but because they enable us to see and use the information that lies within; they rarely surprise, because they do not come to us as strangers, but are verily part and parcel of our existence, "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh."

For wit is reason to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

From these principles, it follows, that the History of Philosophy is not merely a subsidiary part of General History, but is absolutely the true guide to all historical knowledge worthy of the name: for what is History, but a systematic account of the successive development of all the elements that constitute humanity? In order, therefore, to study it aright, we must become acquainted with those elements, and learn the natural order in which they appear.

From the *Monthly Magazine*.

HAZLITT'S DEATH-BED.

THE late William Hazlitt was hailed at the commencement of his term of authorship as a star. Vast things were predicted of him: and he, looking at the flattering picture, pressed a happy voyage through life; but how soon was the scene changed! His determined bent of thought having been ascertained to be on the popular side, he was soon marked down as a fit object for legal calumny—the fitter because the more conspicuous. I use the term legal calumny with the intention of distinguishing that sort of wrong from illegal calumny, or libel. To say he was an infidel, that his associates were the same, to assail the integrity of his opinions and the motives from which he supported them, were the lightest missiles hurled at him by his enemies. Would he had lived to see his principles triumphant?

The harassing nature of his occupation, the periodical supply of a certain quantum of copy, at length produced its effect. Those who are doomed to the same drudgery can ap-

* Translated by Henning Gotfried Linberg. Boston: Hilliard & Co.; London, Rich.

ree, iden-tory. He philosophy ed domi-nated were not to ons of in-diged general spirit particular His me-minds of as of that ativities of welcom-ing them and Bacon, go to the es of true knost by for-mation able us to within; not come and par-one, and spre-wl. that the sub-sidiary- absolutely knowledge ory, but de-vel-ute ba- right, see ele- which at the ip as a : and mes-saged v soon d bent on the n as a because legal i-shing or li- assi- ciety of ch he sailes e had , the copy, alone sp. bed.

preciate my simile when I liken the press to "the horse-leech, which cries Give! Give!" and this eternal cry, together with the application of stimuli to enable him to supply the demand, brought on that deprivation of the stomach which is the usual effect of such a course of life.

Reluctantly, nay, tremblingly, do I lift the veil which now hangs over the death-bed of poor Hazlitt. Imagine this highly-gifted man stretched on a couch in the back room of a second floor, his only child, and Martin, his faithful companion and friend, watching over him. Others were not deficient in their attentions, and in providing the means of existence for him; for know, reader, that the death-bed of this author was not distinguished by the circumstances of his possessing wherewith to support life when exertion was not in his power. It seems that some sudden turn of memory caused a pang in the dying man's bosom, and calling to one, whom I shall conceal under the name of Basilius,* he gently said, "Basilus, stoop down and let me talk to you."

Basilius, crouching by the bedside. What can I do for you, my dear Hazlitt?

Hazlitt. Rid me of a pang.

Basilius. Willingly, dear friend.

Hazlitt. Lend me forty pounds.

Basilius. Forty pounds! Dear Hazlitt, what can you want with forty pounds?

Hazlitt. Lend me forty pounds.

Basilius. Do not talk so, my dear Hazlitt. You cannot want forty pounds.

Hazlitt. I know—I know, Basilius, what I ask. Lend it me—lend it me—I want it. 'Twill ease my mind—I want it. Lend it me: and think, Basilius, think what the world will say when it is known that you lent a dying man forty pounds without a hope of being repaid.

The argument of Hazlitt did not prevail. Very shortly after he said to Martin (whose attendance was constant,) "Martin, come here."

Martin approached.

Hazlitt. Martin, I want you to write a letter for me (*starting up with energy.*) Swear you'll do it!

Martin went through the ceremony of an oath.

Hazlitt. Now write, "Dear sir."

Martin. "Dear sir."

Hazlitt. "I am at the last gasp."

Martin. "I am at the last gasp."

Hazlitt. "Pray send me a hundred pounds."

Martin. "Pray send me a hundred pounds."

Hazlitt. "Yours truly—"

Martin. "Yours truly—"

Hazlitt. "William Hazlitt."

Martin. "William Hazlitt."

Hazlitt. Now, fold the letter.

Martin folded it.

Hazlitt. Write: "To Francis Jeffrey, Esq. Edinburgh."

Martin superscribed the letter.

Hazlitt. Now I am satisfied.

Martin. Shall I not put in a word, Hazlitt, stating who wrote it?

Hazlitt, starting up. Swear, Martin, you won't do so; swear you'll send it as it is!

Martin sent the letter: Hazlitt died very soon after; and on the day subsequent to his death, a letter from Jeffrey arrived with an enclosure of fifty pounds.†



From the Literary Gazette and Journal of Belles Lettres.
THE NEW CONTINENT.

The discoveries of land towards the south pole, were made by Capt. Biscoe, in the brig Tula, accompanied by the Lively cutter; both vessels belonging to Messrs. Enderbys, extensive owners of ships in the whale fishery; and the log, together with other particulars, were communicated to the Royal Geographical Society. It is supposed that this land forms part of a vast continent, extending from about long. $47^{\circ} 30'$ E. to long. $69^{\circ} 29'$ W.; or from the long. of Madagascar round the whole of the southern and South Pacific ocean, as far as the long. of Cape Horn.

On the 28th Feb. 1831, Capt. Biscoe discovered land; and during the following month remained in the vicinity. He clearly discerned the black peaks of mountains above the snow; but he was, from the state of the weather and the ice, unable to approach nearer than about thirty miles. The stormy petrels were the only birds seen, and no fish. It has been named Enderby's Land, long. $47^{\circ} 30'$ E. lat. $66^{\circ} 30'$. An extent of about three hundred miles was seen. The range of mountains E. N. E.

In consequence of the bad state of the health of the crew, Capt. Biscoe was compelled to return into warmer latitudes. He wintered at

* Hone called on the previous day: he met a physician, who had attended Hazlitt, at the door, about to depart. "How is your patient, sir?" inquired Hone. " 'Tis all over," replied the medical man. "Clinically speaking, he ought to have died two days ago; he seemed to live, during the last eight-and-forty hours, purely in obedience to his own will." A third person, who had just come up, here observed, "He was waiting, perhaps, until return of post, for Jeffrey's reply. What he could have wanted with that forty pounds is a perfect mystery."

A few months before, Hone had met Hazlitt in the street, and kindly inquired as to his health and circumstances. Both were bad. "You are aware," said Hazlitt, "of some of my difficulties (those dreadful bills—those back accounts)—but no human being knows all. I have carried a volcano in my bosom, up and down Paternoster-Row, for a good two hours and a half. Even now I struggle—struggle mortally to quench—to quell it—but I can't. Its pent-up throes and agonies, I fear, will break out—Can you lend me a shilling?—I have been *without food* these two days!"

To state what Hone felt and did, on hearing this, would be needless."

* To the gentleman thus designated, poor Hazlitt was already under deep obligations.—Ed.

Van Diemen's Land, and was rejoined by the cutter, from which he had been separated during the stormy weather in the high south latitude. In Oct. 1831, he proceeded to New Zealand. In the beginning of Feb. 1832, he was in the immediate neighbourhood of an immense iceberg, when it fell to pieces, accompanied by a tremendous noise. On the 15th of the same month land was seen to the south-east, long. $69^{\circ} 29' W.$ lat. $67^{\circ} 15'$. It was found to be an island, near the headland of what may hereafter be called the Southern Continent. On the island, about four miles from the shore, was a high peak, and some smaller ones; about one-third of the highest was covered with a thin scattering of snow, and two-thirds completely with snow and ice. The appearance of the peaks was peculiar; the shape was conical, but with a broad base. This island has been named Adelaide island, in honour of her Majesty. Mountains were seen to the south, at a great distance inland, supposed about ninety miles. On the 21st of February, 1832, Captain Biscoe landed in a spacious bay on the main land, and took possession in the name of his Majesty, William the Fourth. The appearance was one of utter desolation, there being no vestige whatever of animal or vegetable life. In future this part of this continent, if such it prove, will be known as Graham's Land.



From the *Spectator*.

THE CHARMED SEA

Is another triumph of female genius. The subject is the wrongs of Poland. Miss Martineau conducts a troop of exiles to their place of slavery and servitude in the inmost recesses of Asiatic Siberia. She has thrown her whole soul into the dramatic delineation of their wrongs. No one can follow her without being suffocated with indignation against the Russian despot. The moral power of the descriptive part is of so high and engrossing a character, that the interests of Political Economy look cold and insignificant by the side of her tale of Polish wrongs: never was the union of instruction and narrative so imperfect as in the *Charmed Sea*. The reader glows with far too much passion to stop for illustrations of the principles of exchange: they seem as if they could wait, till the wrongs of Poland, now crying out for vengeance, were righted and revenged.

The Polish societies must get the *Charmed Sea* translated into French, cutting out the Economy: it will naturally circulate all over Europe, and do the work of more than an army. There are plenty of Poles both in this country and Belgium, if not in France, equal to the task of transferring it into both French and German: in these languages it will travel; and much are we mistaken, if it does not, by its quiet power, its searching truth, its depth of

feeling, make a far juster impression of the duties of mankind in this righteous cause, than any thing that has yet come from the mind of man.

From the *Athenaeum*.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON IRVING.

[The friends of this distinguished writer will be well pleased to hear of him, and still more to read of his intended visit to Europe. To the public generally, the following sketch of his journeys among the wild tribes beyond the verge of civilization, cannot fail to be acceptable; and we earnestly hope, that it will not be long before we have something more than a sketch of this interesting tour.]

Washington City, Dec. 18, 1832.

I arrived here a few days since, from a tour of several months, which carried me far to the West, beyond the bounds of civilization.

After I wrote to you in August, from, I think, Niagara, I proceeded, with my agreeable fellow-travellers, Mr. L. and Mr. P.* to Buffalo, and we embarked at Black Rock, on Lake Erie. On board of the steamboat was Mr. E., one of the commissioners appointed by government to superintend the settlement of the emigrant Indian tribes, to the west of the Mississippi. He was on his way to the place of rendezvous, and on his invitation, we agreed to accompany him in his expedition. The offer was too tempting to be resisted: I should have an opportunity of seeing the remnants of those great Indian tribes, which are now about to disappear as independent nations, or to be amalgamated under some new form of government. I should see those fine countries of the "far west," while still in a state of pristine wilderness, and behold herds of buffaloes scouring their native prairies, before they are driven beyond the reach of a civilized tourist.

We, accordingly, traversed the centre of Ohio, and embarked in a steamboat at Cincinnati, for Louisville, in Kentucky. Thence we descended the Ohio river in another steamboat, and ascended the Mississippi to St. Louis. Our voyage was prolonged by repeatedly running aground, in consequence of the lowness of the waters, and on the last occasion we were nearly wrecked and sent to the bottom, by encountering another steamboat coming with all the impetus of a high pressure engine, and a rapid current. Fortunately he had time to sheer a little so as to receive the blow obliquely, which carried away part of a wheel, and all the upper works on one side of the boat.

From St. Louis I went to Fort Jefferson, about nine miles distant, to see Black Hawk,

* Mr. Latrobe and Count Portalis. Mr. Irving had met with those gentlemen at Boston, in July, and they had travelled together to the White Mountains of New Hampshire, through a country which he describes as beautiful, with a fine mixture of lakes and forests, and bright, pure, running streams.

the Indian warrior, and his fellow prisoners—a torn crew, emaciated and ejected—the redoubtable chieftain himself, a meagre old man upwards of seventy. He has, however, a fine head, a Roman style of face, and a prepossessing countenance. * * *

At St. Louis, we bought horses for ourselves, and a covered wagon for our baggage, tents, provisions, &c.; and travelled by land to Independence, a small frontier hamlet of log-houses, situated between two and three hundred miles up the Missouri, on the utmost verge of civilization. * * *

From Independence, we struck across the Indian country, along the line of Indian missions; and arrived, on the 8th of October, after ten or eleven days' tramp, at Fort Gibson, a frontier fort in Arkansas. Our journey lay almost entirely through vast prairies, or open grassy plains, diversified occasionally by beautiful groves, and deep fertile bottoms along the streams of water. We lived in frontier and almost Indian style, camping out at nights, except when we stopped at the Missionaries, scattered here and there in this vast wilderness. The weather was serene, and we encountered but one rainy night and one thunder storm, and I found sleeping in a tent a very sweet and healthy repose. It was now upwards of three weeks since I had left St. Louis and taken to travelling on horseback, and it agreed with me admirably.

On arriving at Fort Gibson, we found that a mounted body of Rangers, nearly a hundred, had set off two days before to make a wide tour to the west and south, through the wild hunting countries; by way of protecting the friendly Indians, who had gone to the buffalo hunting, and to overawe the Pawnees, who are the wandering Arabs of the West, and continually on the maraud. We determined to proceed on the track of this party, escorted by a dozen or fourteen horsemen, (that we might have nothing to apprehend from any straggling party of Pawnees,) and with three or four Indians as guides and interpreters, including a captive Pawnee woman. A couple of Creek Indians were despatched by the commander of the Fort to overtake the party of Rangers, and order them to await our coming up with them. We were now to travel in still simpler and rougher style, taking as little baggage as possible, and depending on our hunting for supplies; but were to go through a country abounding with game. The finest sport we had hitherto had, was an incidental wolf hunt, as we were traversing a prairie; which was very animated and picturesque. I felt now completely launched in a savage life, and extremely excited and interested by this wild country, and the wild scenes and people by which I was surrounded. Our rangers were expert hunters, being mostly from Illinois, Tennessee, &c.

We overtook the exploring party of mounted Rangers in the course of three days, on the banks of the Arkansas; and the whole trou-

crossed that river on the 16th of October, some on rafts, some fording. Our own immediate party had a couple of half bred Indians as servants, who understood the Indian customs. They constructed a kind of boat or raft out of a buffalo skin, on which Mr. E. and myself crossed the river and its branches, at several times, on the top of about a hundred weight of baggage—an odd mode of crossing a river a quarter of a mile wide.

We now led a true hunting life, sleeping in the open air, and living upon the produce of the chase, for we were three hundred miles beyond human habitation, and part of the time, in a country hitherto unexplored.

We got to the region of buffaloes and wild horses; killed some of the former, and caught some of the latter. We were, moreover, on the hunting grounds of the Pawnees, the terror of that frontier; a race who scour the Prairies on fleet horses, and are like the Tartars or roving Arabs.

We had to set guards round our camp, and tie up our horses for fear of surprise; but though we had an occasional alarm, we passed through the country without seeing a single Pawnee. I brought off, however, the tongue of a buffalo, of my own shooting, as a trophy of my hunting, and am determined to rest my renown as a hunter, upon that exploit, and never to descend to smaller game. We returned to Fort Gibson, after a campaign of about thirty days, well seasoned by hunter's fare and hunter's life. * * * * *

From Fort Gibson, I was about five days descending the Arkansas to the Mississippi, in a steamboat, a distance of several hundred miles; I then continued down the latter river to New Orleans, where I passed some days very pleasantly.

New Orleans is one of the most motley and amusing places in the United States; a mixture of America and Europe. The French part of the city is a counterpart of some French provincial towns; and the levee, or esplanade, along the river, presents the most whimsical groupes of people of all nations, castes, and colours; French, Spanish, Indian, Half-breeds, Creoles, Mulattoes, Kentuckians, &c. I passed two days with M., on his sugar plantation, just at the time when they were making sugar.

* * * * *

From New Orleans I set off, on the mail stage, through Mobile, and proceeded on, through Alabama, Georgia, South and North Carolina, and Virginia, to Washington, a long and rather a dreary journey, travelling frequently day and night, and much of the road through pine forests, in the winter season.

* * * * *

At Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, I passed a day most cordially with our friend P. I dined also with G. H., whom I had known in New York, when a young man, and who is a perfect gentleman, though somewhat a Hotspur in politics. It is really lamentable to see

so fine a set of gallant fellows, as the leading Nullifiers are, so sadly in the wrong. They have just cause of complaint, and have been hardly dealt with, but they are putting themselves completely in the wrong, by the mode they take to redress themselves. As a committee of Congress is now occupied in the formation of a bill for the reduction of the Tariff, I hope that such a bill may be devised and carried, as will satisfy the moderate part of the Nullifiers. But I grieve to see so many elements of national prejudice, hostility, and selfishness, stirring and fermenting, with activity and acrimony. * * *

I intended stopping but a few days at Washington, and then proceeding to New York; but I doubt now whether I shall not linger for some time. I am very pleasantly situated: I have a snug, cheery, cosey, little apartment in the immediate neighborhood of Mr. —, and take my meals at his house—and, in fact, make it my home. I have thus the advantage of a family circle, and that a delightful one, and the precious comfort of a little bachelor retreat and *sanctum sanctorum*, where I can be as lonely and independent as I please. Washington is an interesting place to see public characters, and this is an interesting crisis. Everybody, too, is so much occupied with his own or the public business that, now that I have got through the formal visits, I can have my time pretty much to myself. * * *

As to the kind of pledge I gave, you are correct in your opinion. It was given in the warmth and excitement of the moment—was from my lips before I was aware of its unqualified extent, and is to be taken *cum grano salis*. It is absolutely my intention to make our country my home for the residue of my days; and the more I see of it, the more I am convinced, that I can live here with more enjoyment than in Europe; but I shall certainly pay my friends in France, and relations in England, a visit in the course of a year or two, to pass joyously a season in holiday style.

You have no idea how agreeably one can live in this country, especially one, like myself, who can change place at will, and meet friends at every turn. Politics also, which makes such a figure in the newspapers, do not enter so much as you imagine into private life; and I think there is a much better tone respecting them, generally, in society, than there was formerly; in fact, the mode of living, the sources of quiet enjoyment, and the sphere of friendly and domestic pleasures, are improved and multiplied to a degree that would delightfully surprise you.

From the *Athenaeum*.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY AND THE SOCIETY FOR DIFFUSING KNOWLEDGE.

We couple these Institutions together, because no two can be more intimately connected:

they were projected, and have been supported by the same parties—men anxious for the general education and instruction of the people; the same influential names will be found in the Council of the one and the Committee of the other; and the known proceedings, and the now known result, in the one case, may be made to illustrate the unknown proceedings and the probable result in the other.

We have just received a most melancholy Report, addressed by the Council of the London University to the proprietors,—the substance of which is, briefly, that the Council having expended the £158,882 10s. subscribed by the proprietors, the University was, in October last, in debt £2,946; that, under circumstances, the Council thought it better “to delay” communicating these facts to the proprietors, and take the chance of a new session; that they accordingly borrowed £1,100 to enable them to proceed: that the result has not justified their hopes; and they now “consider it their duty to disclose everything relating to the Institution in the very fullest manner to the proprietors and the public; being persuaded that an institution, founded on the principles of this University, can only be successfully conducted *by the most open dealing*,”—which disclosure amounts to this, that at the end of the present session the University will be about £4000 in debt; and that it will be impossible to proceed, unless the proprietors consent to raise, by subscription, £1000 a year *at least*. This the Council entertain sanguine hopes the proprietors will do, because “the sum of 20s. annually would not be felt by any one;” and if “1000 persons subscribe this amount, £1000 per annum would then be obtained”—a truth that cannot be questioned; and it is accordingly proposed, that a book be provided, in which all who are willing should inscribe their names; “after which the collector would call annually upon the subscribers for the amount, in a manner similar to that adopted by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge”—another truth, also, of which we entertain no doubt. One ground of the sanguine hopes of the Council is, “the security against *future mismanagement*,” which the proprietors must have in the *present conduct* of the University”—the value of which security we leave others to determine, being content ourselves to note the admission that there *has been mismanagement*. And what is the result?—that the University is brought down to bankruptcy; and *now*, when it is utterly impossible to proceed even to open another session, the Council consider it their duty to “disclose everything.”

The Council have, it appears, pleasant visions of future prosperity; and so have we; but ours will melt into thin air in a moment, if the University is to continue under the same management, which in reference to the *past*, they themselves admit was *mishandled*. The Council anticipate that great good will

result from the establishment of the University School; and so do we,—but were they not urged and stimulated on to establish the school, and other branch schools, at the very outset? Further, the Council have hopes that good will result from instituting a Professorship of Civil Engineering. "It has been," it appears, "suggested to the Council, that some other branches of learning than those for which there are at present classes, might be usefully taught at the University;" they have, in consequence, "taken the subject into their consideration; and have now under deliberation the question of instituting Professorships of Civil Engineering, and some other subjects not hitherto taught in British Universities;"—that is to say, the Council have just found out that the opinion which influenced many of the proprietors, and which was first prominently put forth by the projectors of the London University, namely, that the old cloistered and monkish institutions of the middle ages were not suited to the intellectual wants of the nineteenth century, is worthy of being taken into consideration. Why this very Professorship of Civil Engineering, the proposed establishment of which is now under deliberation, is among the *especial advantages* held out in the Prospectus dated 8th May, 1826! As the fact may seem scarcely credible, we will here quote the passage. After speaking of the benefit to the medical profession, promised in the establishment of the University, the Prospectus proceeds as follows:

"The young men who are intended for the scientific profession of a Civil Engineer, which has of late been raised so high by men of genius, and exercised with such signal advantage to the public, have almost as strong reasons as those who are destined for the practice of medicine, for desiring that a system of academical education should be accessible to them, where they can be best trained to skill and expertness under masters of the first eminence."

This was the announcement in the Prospectus of 1826; and now—that is, seven years afterwards—when the University is bankrupt, we are informed that such an appointment has been suggested to the Council, who have taken the subject into their consideration.

Let us not be misunderstood. We pretend to know nothing of the management, either of the London University, or the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, but what the several Committees please to communicate; and it is a great ground of complaint against both, that no one can know more than what the Council or the Committee choose to tell;—the close borough system is in both these Institutions the system of management: a few names are thrust prominently forward; and whoever ventures to hint a suspicion that all is not right, is instantly reviled, as if he were questioning the moral conduct of men whom the whole country respect; although the fact is notorious to the well informed, that those persons rarely attend the meetings of the Com-

mittees, and know nothing of its proceedings; for instance, my Lord Brougham has not attended *one single meeting*, in the last year, of the Council of the London University; Mr. Baring, Mr. James Mill, Viscount Sandon, and Mr. John Smith, only one; Lord King, two; Viscount Ebrington, four. It is a melancholy fact, that the committees of most Institutions will be found constituted after the following manner: a few influential names—a few weak and vain followers—and some selfish and intriguing people who contrive to get the whole power into their hands. As a choice specimen of the proceedings of the Council of the London University, we will here give an account of the election of the Secretary from their own Report:

"The office of Secretary having become vacant by the resignation of the Warden, Mr. Horner, the Council, took the following steps to fill up the vacancy. They published advertisements, calling upon candidates to send in their applications addressed to the Chairman of the Council. The advertisements stated that the salary would not exceed £300 a year; that the Secretary would be required to give daily attendance at the University during such hours as the Council should direct; that he should keep the records of the Council, and act as its minister in its absence."

Now, as the Council only met seventeen times in the last year, and as we have given a specimen of the attendance of its influential members, the Council were right enough in desiring to obtain "the whole undivided services" of the gentleman to be chosen as Secretary, who was to "act as its minister in its absence." Well, what was the result of the published advertisements?

"A considerable number of applications were in consequence received, and the Council proceeded to examine the claims of the various candidates. The Council were desirous to obtain the whole undivided services of a gentleman fitted to fill this office; but at the period of election the Council considering the state of the institution; and that Mr. Coates, who had acted as their Secretary since the retirement of the Warden, and whose zeal and assiduity, together with his acquaintance with the state of the University, had been highly beneficial to the Institution, was in many respects peculiarly qualified for the situation; determined, under the circumstances, to elect that gentleman, although with a previous knowledge that whilst he undertook to discharge all the duties of the office, he would not be able to give constantly more than three hours attendance at the University during the day. In consideration of this diminished portion of service, they offered the situation to him at the reduced salary of £200 per annum."

This strikes us as about the strangest piece of mummery we ever heard of. We quite agree with the Council in their estimate of the zeal and ability of Mr. Coates: and we are

the more scrupulous in recording this, because Mr. Coates is also Secretary to the Society for diffusing Useful Knowledge, and has, we hear, expressed himself hurt at our comments on the proceedings of that Society: but, whatever merit Mr. Coates might possess, it was known to the Council before they issued out their advertisements—and it was nothing less than a mockery to require gentlemen to send in applications, no doubt accompanied with testimonials and all the helping support that anxious men could add to their pretensions, when Mr. Coates was deemed in so "many respects peculiarly qualified" that, "with a previous knowledge that he would not be able to give constantly *more than three hours attendance*," the Council felt bound to elect him. If any man could discharge "*all the duties*" with three hours attendance, why was the Council so desirous of obtaining undivided services!—and if Mr. Coates was so peculiarly qualified for the office of Secretary, why *advertise* for another person? We do not say, or insinuate, that there was any undue preference shown to Mr. Coates, or that the advertising was only an expensive colouring thrown over his appointment;—but we feel bound to state, that Mr. Coates was, we are informed, originally clerk to Mr. Tooke—that Mr. Tooke, himself solicitor to the University, is *one of the Council*, and an influential one it will be believed, when we add that he is on the Committee of Management, and that from the minutes of attendance it appears that he was forty-two times present at the meetings of the Council and the Committee, at which Lord Brougham, whose name is, somehow or other, more frequently before the public in connexion with the Institution, was not once present.

But, it may be asked, was no warning voice raised in time to save so noble an Institution from that ruin which has now overtaken it? Assuredly there was; but it spoke to the "deaf adder that stoppeth her ear." But what encouragement is there for independent men to interest themselves on these occasions? What was the result of our anxious and public inquiries addressed to the same parties in their capacity of Managers of the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge! The readers of the Athenaeum cannot have forgotten, that early in the last year we drew attention to the strange proceedings of that Society—we *proved*, from their own Reports, that, though thousands and tens of thousands were avowedly sold of their publications—not one shilling of profit had, according to the accounts, ever been derived from them—and the reply to this, put forth officially, was, that we were in error; that there were large profits, *only they did not appear in the accounts*;—and there the matter ended; not one of the noblemen or gentlemen whose names are registered on the Committee thinking the subject deserving further inquiry. Observe, that for five consecutive

years the published accounts show an invariable loss; and these noblemen and gentlemen are content to be told, when the truth of this is questioned, that there were large profits, *only they do not appear in the accounts!* Why, so brazen an assertion was never before thrown in the face of inquiry—and yet it is held to be conclusive; or, perhaps the Committee think it well "to delay" communicating further particulars until "the result has not justified their hopes;" and then we shall have full information, and a conviction expressed that there is nothing like "the most open dealing." But this was not the only consequence of our inquiries, for when our publisher called shortly after, in the ordinary course of his business, in Pall Mall East, he was informed that Mr. Knight* considered the *attack* as personal, and the Athenaeum should never have another of the advertisements,—and, strange as it may appear, he has been enabled to keep his word! This fact, ridiculously unimportant to the proprietors of a paper which, for months, has constantly omitted a great number of advertisements, ought not to be overlooked as proving a very extraordinary power in one of the professed agents of the Society. The advertisements of the Society's volumes of Entertaining Knowledge were sent by Mr. Knight to the Athenaeum when, as is known, its sale was not the tenth part of what it is now; and how could they, with due consideration of the *interest* of the Society, be subsequently withheld?—But we were thus to be punished instead of honoured for our zeal—we might subscribe our hundred pounds to the University, and our annual guinea to the Society, but these were as nothing to the enormous offence of venturing to hint that there was jobbing in the management of the Institution. It is our firm belief—and why therefore should we hesitate to avow it?—that up to the beginning of last year, when we first drew attention to their proceedings, the books, reviews, and magazines of the Society were principally manufactured by some half dozen of what are called the *active* men of the Committee, with the aid of two or three outside literary journeymen; and that among these, the printer, the stationer, and the publishers, the whole profits of the concern were swallowed up. If we err in our suspicions, we are most willing to publish the explanatory proof. We are, in truth, most anxious that if we are in error, it should be proved—but *withholding advertisements is no proof*.

So far as the London University is concerned, it is, we fear, too late for remonstrance; our annual subscription the Council shall have, and we wish them success; but we most anxiously hope, that the noblemen and gentlemen whose names are placarded all over the king-

* Publisher of the *Entertaining Knowledge* volume, not of the *Useful Knowledge*.

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dom* as presiding over the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, will now feel that they have a duty to perform to the public, and that they are not justified in abandoning the interests of the Institution to any parties who may be pleased to ingratiate themselves into office and power.

From the *Athenaeum*.

GOSSIP ON LITERATURE, &c.

PERIODICALS go on increasing; the Cobbets and the Buckinghams are making fresh experiments in literature, not at all dismayed by the intelligence which must, ere this, have reached them, that two magazines of merit, and of some standing, are about to resolve themselves into one. The truth is, that depression of almost all branches of literature has thrown much talent on the town, and learning and genius are largely employed just now in the daily, weekly, and monthly publications.

Cobbet's Magazine is the work of the two sons of the far-famed William Cobbett, M. P.: the beginning is promising. There are good papers in it, both literary and political: of the latter, that on the war with Holland, and another on Ireland, will please many; and, of the former, that on Banion's novels will ensure readers. The moral merits of some of the standard novels are well hit off. "Would you seduce a wife? Falkland shall teach you to do it with gravity and dignity. Would you murder? Eugene Aram shall show you its necessity for the public advantage. Would you rob? Paul Clifford shall convince you of the injustice of security, and of the abominableness of the safety of a purse on a moonlight night. Would you eat? Turn with Harry Bertram and Dandie Dinmont to the round of beef. Would you drink? Friar Tuck is the jolliest of companions. Would you dance, dress, and draw? Pelham shall take you into tuition. Would you lie, fawn, and flatter? Andrew Wylie shall instruct you to crawl upward without the slime betraying your path. Would you yawn, dose, sleep, or dream? Clodesley shall do it for you for the space of the first volume."

In the dullest of all days for matters of science and genius, we are glad to hear the announcement of any work which promises infor-

mation to the mind, or pleasure to the fancy. Edwin Landseer has all but finished a noble picture of Sir Walter Scott. The great poet is sitting meditating in the Rymer's Glen, of Abbotsford, with his two favourite stag-hounds at his side. A little stream, called the Huntly burn, is glimmering among the bushes; and the inspired look of the bard, and the romantic aspect of the scene recall, it is said, those fine verses of the old ballad describing True Thomas, the minstrel, conscious of the presence of the queen of Elfland. This will form a fine companion to the more domestic picture by Allan, in which Scott is seated in the Waverley Study, reading a manuscript.

We hear, also, that some one is manufacturing a Life of Sir Walter Scott, for Mr. Bentley, and that it will soon be ready for publication. We have not heard the writer named; it is, however, a bold enterprise, as the family papers, and the memoranda and correspondence of Scott, are in the hands of Mr. Lockhart, to be employed in the Memoir now preparing. There were several Lives of Johnson published, before the inimitable one of Boswell outstripped all competition.

On New Year's Day, a new Monthly Journal, the exclusive subject of which is to be the Fine Arts, was to be published at Milan, under the title of *Giornale delle arti del Disegno*. Some of the most eminent literati of Italy, such as Count Bossi, Professor Romagnosi, Sacchi (the antiquarian), Palagi and Migliari (painters), Monti (the sculptor), Durella and Canonica (architects,) and Anderloni, (the engraver,) are engaged to write for this publication.

Much uncertainty prevails about the opening of the Italian Opera. The frequent changes in the administration of this establishment are highly injurious to all parties. We suspect that Laporte was too late to secure an efficient company for the early part of the season, when he took possession. 'Corradino,' or Mozart's 'Figaro,' we hear, will be the first opera. Signor Costa is engaged as Maestro: he is a clever musician, but much too young to have the control of the musical department; and much too accommodating in patching up operas with his own compositions. Mad. de Meric, who sang in Italian, French, and German operas last season, is engaged to sing in the English version of 'Don Juan,' at Drury Lane, and also at the King's Theatre, in the Italian operas.

Capt. Polhill is making great efforts to secure talent for his German operas. Some valuable acquisitions are to be added to the band. The vocal department, says Monsieur the Director, cannot be equalled! The bewitching Herbele is said to have married, and retired from the stage.

A sale of three days' continuance has dispersed among many purchasers Mr. Anderson's

* We have just had a specimen of these placards drawn out for us by a friend who saw them posted about Lincolns-in-the-Bowery—the following is the typographical appearance:—

SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE
President LORD BROUGHAM
Vice-President LORD JOHN RUSSELL
HAVE JUST COMMENCED PUBLISHING
THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA

Why, we have already received at least fifty letters on the blunderings in the Cyclopaedia, which it appears, these noble lords "have just commenced publishing."—The "Ablative Case" alone has brought us twenty.

collection of autographs, which Evans justly called "the most important, curious, and interesting ever offered in a public sale." So much was their worth felt, that, even in the present depressed state of the market for whatever is rare or elegant, they brought high prices; though low undoubtedly to what they would have done five or six years ago, when autograph fanciers were numerous in the land. They were much beyond mere autographs, for among them we noticed Martin Luther's famous letter to Charles V.; an agreement between Ariosto and a husbandman, in which the poet allows the latter the use of his cattle for five years—profits to be mutually shared; a leaf from the poems of Tasso, in his own handwriting; a letter concerning the Cid, by the great Corneille; a letter to the Carlo Dati, by the greater Milton; some twenty letters, many of them full of pleasant gossip, by Dryden; one of the best was addressed to the Earl of Halifax, and mentioned the poet's intention of translating Homer. There was also Pope's preface to his works, containing curious specimens of correction; and Byron's letter to Miller, the bookseller, on his declining to print Childe Harold. In truth, with the exception of Shakespeare and Scott, all the eminent men of Europe during the last five hundred years had contributed something to this singular collection. The whole brought about five hundred pounds. A very interesting volume, throwing much light on the domestic condition of many men of genius, might be made out of what we looked over.

A Fleet taken by a charge of Horse.—At the time of Pichegru's eruption into Holland (1795), the frost was unprecedently severe, and the Texel so completely ice-bound, that he ordered some squadrons of cavalry to charge across the frozen element, and capture the Dutch fleet locked up in it. They accordingly clapped spurs to their horses' sides, surrounded the ships, and made a caption of them at the first summons, though their whole means of offence against a broadside were a few hundred sabres and horse-pistols! We believe that the occurrence stands without a parallel in ancient or modern story.

The illustrated volumes of Sir Walter Scott's poetry will begin, we are told, to make their appearance in the month of May; they are to be printed and bound up in the manner of Murray's Byron; each volume will contain two landscapes from the pencil of Turner, and illustrations in prose in the hand of Mr. Lockhart. It will make a beautiful and popular publication, and will be followed by the Life and Correspondence of the illustrious poet.—*Milton, his Life, Times, and Religious and Political Opinions,* is a work promised by Mr. Ivemay. The author has taken a wide field; he will in the historic picture, have to crowd his canvas so with figures, that the poet will be lost, as Charles was among the roses of

Kneller's painting.—*A Memoir of the Life and Medical Opinions of Dr. Armstrong,* is promised by his intimate friend, Dr. Boot, a gentleman well known for his literary taste and medical knowledge, both in England and America.

Discovery in the Pacific.—A Captain Covel, commander of an American merchant ship, lately arrived in the United States, mentions that, in lat. 4° 20' N., long. 168° 40', he discovered a group of fourteen islands, not laid down on any chart. They were all inhabited, and the natives spoke the Spanish language.

East Florida.—An exploring party has lately found in the prairies near the river Sineba, large quantities of wild white grapes, of excellent flavour and large size—as well as a species of indigenous cotton.—U. & pa.

Election Wit.—At the late Philadelphia election, a voter was challenged for not being "naturalized."—"A pretty objection to a true Yankee," he replied; "but are you naturalized yourself?"—"Yes, sir."—"Well, you are not *civilized* by a considerable majority, I reckon."

We are glad to see by the Scotch paper that the creditors of Sir Walter Scott have, contrary to the predictions of one of our London journals, met his executors in a spirit of moderation and equity, and accepted as payment the identical sum for which, in the year 1820, he became bound. In England also, something equally pleasant deserves to be made known. Sir Herbert Taylor has, by command of His Majesty, written a very kind letter to the present Sir Walter Scott, informing him, that a pension of two hundred a year has been granted to Miss Scott from the Civil List; and as this, we believe, required the concurrence of his ministers, we may consider it as secured to her for life.

Great Canal of Gotha.—This magnificent water-line, which passes through the heart of Sweden, and unites the North Sea and the Baltic, was opened with great solemnities on the 26th of September last. It will admit vessels drawing nine feet and a half water, and two and twenty feet in width; and they may make the passage into the Baltic in eight days, with the aid of steam-boats across the lakes which occur on its line. It has been two-and-twenty years in construction, and costs rather more than \$10,430,000, (£1,255,000,) of which \$6,378,334, were contributed by the state.

ERRATA.

The Young Napoleon, p. 60, is from the Foreign Quarterly Review, and not from the Quarterly Review.

The remarks on Capt. Back's expedition are from the Monthly Magazine, and not from the New Monthly Magazine.

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Allan Cunningham

AUTHOR OF THE "LIVES OF THE BRITISH PAINTERS" &c.

Published by E. Littell, Philad.⁺